★ Nov. 2, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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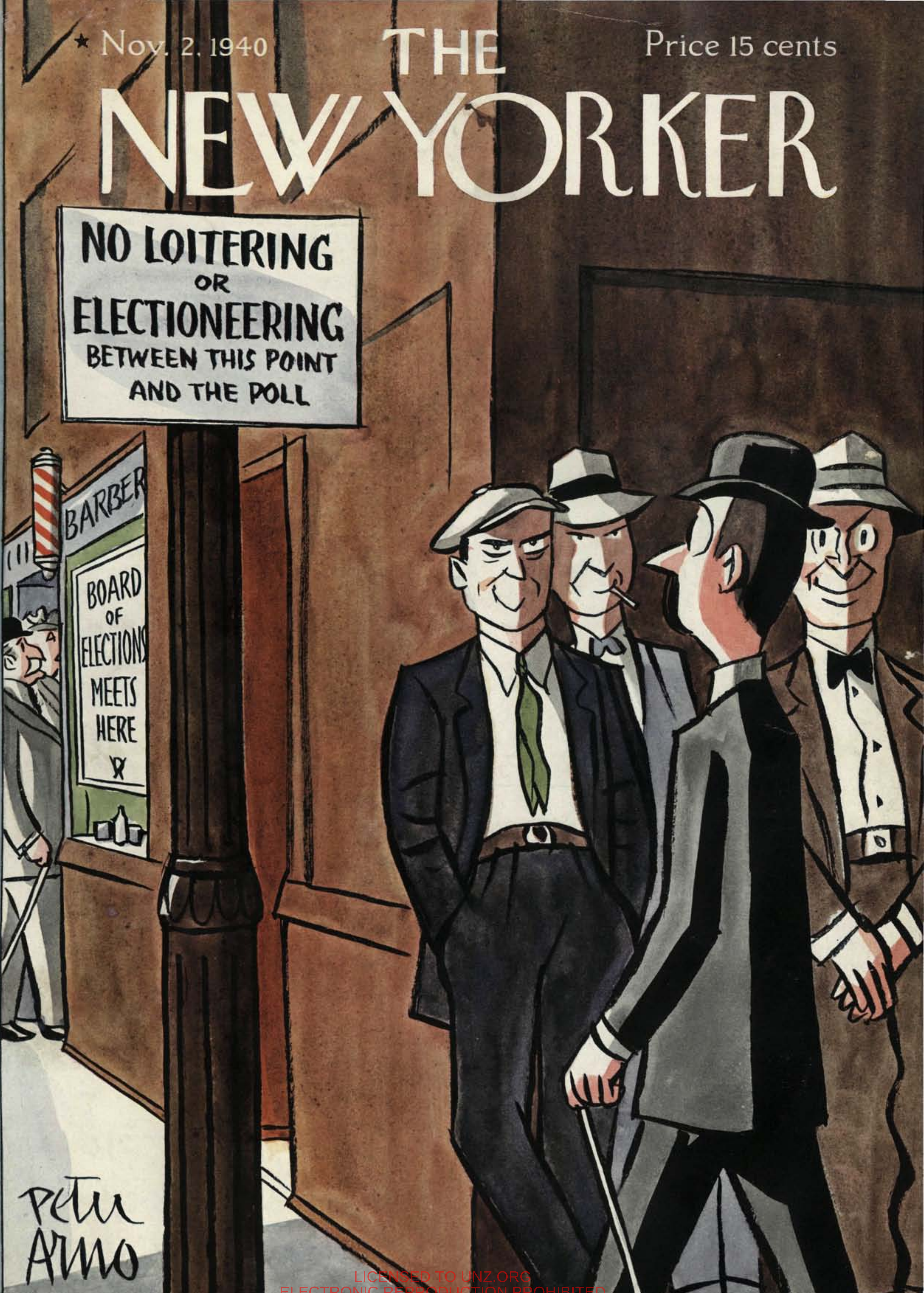

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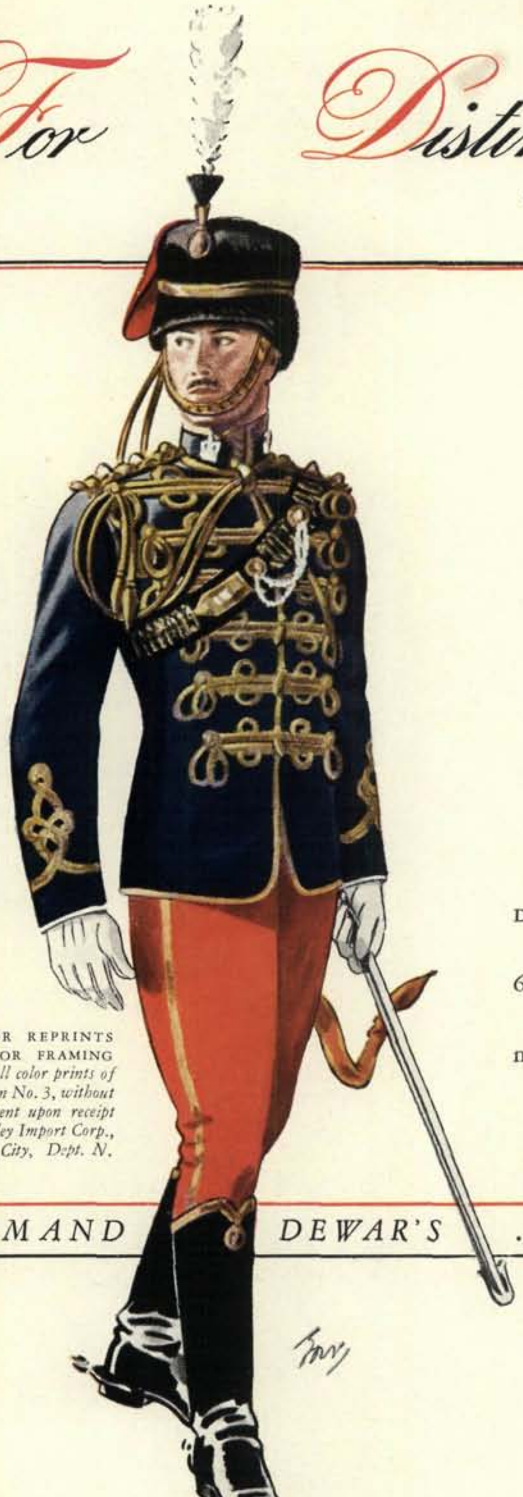

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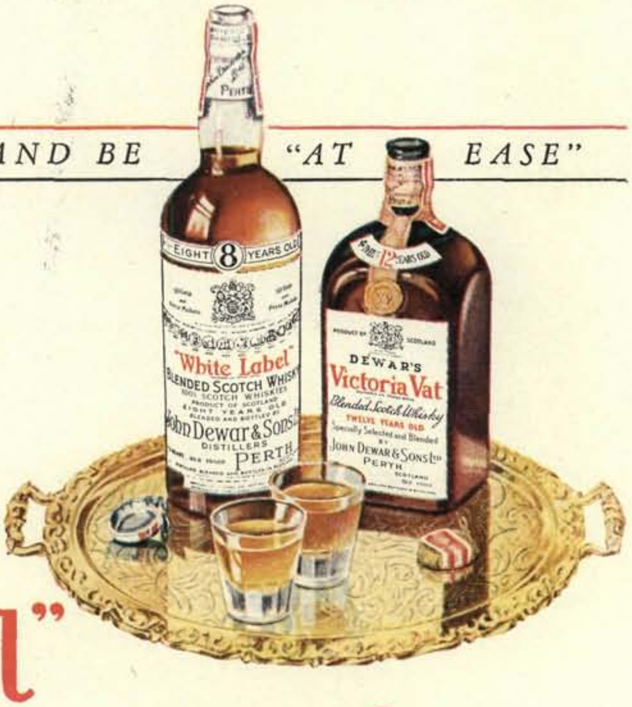
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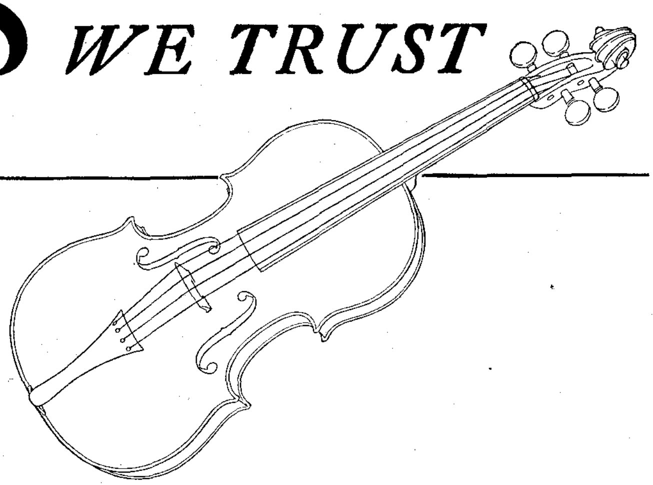

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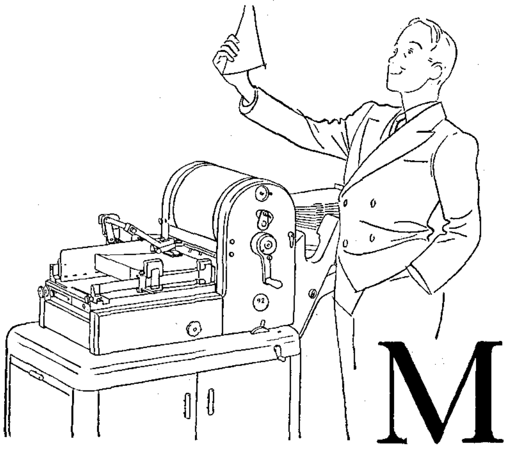

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Next week, as noted below, there will be some shifts in midweek matinées to accommodate Election Day audiences. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, check with the newspapers.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—Roy Hargrave tough and fine as the gangster who is driven to suicide by psychoanalysis. Not very plausible, but fairly good fun. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Charley's Aunt—Remarkable direction and a splendid performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart discuss life in the country in a way to make your blood run cold. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Kind Lady—A gentle old lady is kept prisoner in her house by a lot of thugs who pretend she's crazy. Grace George is still splendid in this revival of one of the best English melodramas in years. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—If you get around much with literary people, you will find this comedy in which Monty Woolley is supposed to be Alexander Woollcott very, very funny. You will probably find it fairly funny anyway. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40. Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business made into a powerful and eloquent play. The Lunts are excellent, and they are very capably supported by Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 2.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Suzanna and the Elders—A comedy about a socialized community by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, with Morris Carnovsky and Haila Stoddard. Produced by Jack Kirkland. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. this week, Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a little elaborate. Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her handsomely. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—A big and bawdy but funny show, with Gypsy Rose Lee, Bert Lahr, and music by Cole Porter. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

VOTE FOR
MAN OF THE PEOPLE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 6, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 5.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Panama Hattie—Another B. G. De Sylva production, with Ethel Merman in the starring rôle. Cole Porter's done the music and Raoul Pène du Bois the sets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat. this week, Tues. and Sat. Election Week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Return Engagement—A comedy about summer theatres by Lawrence Riley, with Mady Christians and Bert Lytell. Opens Fri., Nov. 1. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The White-Haired Boy—A farce by Beatrice Kaufman and Charles Martin, with Keenan Wynn and Betty Garde. Staged and produced by George Abbott. Opens Wed., Nov. 6. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Beverly Hills—Ilka Chase, Violet Heming, and Helen Claire in a comedy by Lynn Starling and Howard J. Green. Produced by Laurence Schwab and Otto L. Preminger. Opens Thurs., Nov. 7. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

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MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras help out.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—On Tues., Nov. 5, the Persian Room's big floor show, with John Buckmaster, Dixie Dunbar, and Gerry Morton's orchestra, will be replaced by Paul Haakon at the dinner hour and by the De Marcos at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, with Dorothy Lewis and a few other skaters in it. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is in the Café Lounge, dwelling musically on the lives and loves of his favorite people. Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with the Hartmans and Desi Arnaz, and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room are Eddy Duchin's orchestra, a team of Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos, and, at the supper hour, Carol Bruce. Must dress.... Kay Kyser's orchestra is in the informal Empire Room, and Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new little stage over in one corner.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the entertainers here include Billie Haywood, Cliff Allen, and, of course, Spivy herself. ... **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller singing some charming songs, and Cy Walter playing the piano.... **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): the Virginia Morley-Livingston Gearhart piano team, Norbert Faconi, and some others.

Miscellaneous—At the **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. Two orchestras play for dancing.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Val Ernie's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon.... **CLUB CUBA,** 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively young people trying out their conga ideas. ... **PAGO PAGO,** 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, all where the old American Music Hall used to be.... **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs one, with South American entertainment.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116):

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 38, November 2, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a new one, with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's band, and the Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Shep Fields' orchestra (through Tues., Nov. 5). No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 *W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring,* and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's band all mixed up in South Sea atmosphere. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . ***18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858):* Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Mostly for Music—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Teddy Powell's large band is the main attraction. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL *3-2313*). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

British Benefits—Loan exhibitions of Paris and London scenes from the seventeenth century to the present, arranged, with the help of museums and private collectors, to aid the British War Relief Society. Views of London at the Knoedler Gallery, 14 E. 57; views of Paris at Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16. . . . An exhibition of prints by British artists now in military service, also for the British War Relief Society: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Nov. 5 through Nov. 23.

Cikovsky—Recent portraits, still lifes, and landscapes by one of the talented younger artists: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Contemporary French—Paintings by Derain, De Segonzac, Dufy, Matisse, and other French masters, and sculptures by Degas, Despiau, and Maillol: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 *A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.*

Davis—New oils, sensitively handled if at times a little sweet in color: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Di Chirico—Seventeen paintings, from 1908 to 1918, representing just about the pick of this artist's best period: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

Europeans and Americans—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Grosser—Paintings of Negro cabins in the South by an artist who heretofore has been known mostly for his still lifes: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.

Groups—At the **WALKER**, 108 E. 57: fifth anniversary exhibition by Curry, Grosz, Ruellan, and others in this gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.;

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

through Nov. 2. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: water colors and black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: Doris Rosenthal, Frederick Taubes, and others in an annual group show of oils, water colors, and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, now at 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition, ranging from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Klee—A hundred paintings and water colors in a memorial showing of this artist's work that's likely to remain the definitive one for some time. Well worth seeing: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, *both at 32* E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Buchholz through Nov. 9, Willard through Nov. 2.

Lebduska—Recent paintings by one of the most ingratiating of the modern primitives: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Moses—Gently fanciful oils by an eighty-year-old farm woman: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Cândido Portinari (through Nov. 17); also, selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection (through Dec. 31). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Nineteenth-Century Americans—Fifteen canvases by George Inness, and about as many more by a number of his contemporaries: Findlay, 69 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Portraits—Pleasant things by Marjorie Ryerson and Henriette Wyeth in a generally conservative exhibit: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Post-Impressionists—Eighteen paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec, many of them never before shown in this country: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Prints—A large collection of original woodcuts and engravings by Mantegna, Hieronymous Bosch, and other early European masters: Harlow, Keppel, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Sixteenth-Century European—Twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Works in several media by members of the National Society of Mural Painters. Sketches, working drawings, and cartoons are shown along with completed murals. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 20.

Here and There—At **HOLLAND HOUSE**, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by modern Dutch artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 8. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by Darrel Austin. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Revington Arthur. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . ***ARTISTS'**, 113* W. 13: sculpture by Irma Rothstein. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M. (also Tues., Thurs., and Sun. Eves., 8 to 10); through Nov. 9. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: retrospective show of drawings and prints by Wanda Gág. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: water colors by Allen Ingles Palmer. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Bouché, Glackens, Sloan, Guy Pène du Bois, Schnakenberg, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: Henry Major shows landscapes of Cape Cod and portraits. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Baylinson, Harsanyi, Maurer, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 15. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: sculptures by Marianne Gold and Frederic Littman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **A.C.A.**, 52 W. 8: paintings by Jacob Kainen. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings of Mexico and France by Valetta Swann. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8:30 (benefit, with only part of the personnel); Sun. Aft., Nov. 3, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:45. (Soloists: Kaminsky, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1; Ricci and Kent, Nov. 2; List, Nov. 3; Piatigorsky, Nov. 9.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11.

New York City Symphony—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra in the second of a series of concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:45. (Soloist: Milstein.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Kirsten Flagstad, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:30; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 2:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 4 and 8, at 9.

Town Hall—Jan Smeterlin, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 8:30; Viola Wasterlain, Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3; New Friends of Music (Perolé String Quartet, Béla Bartók, and others), Sun. Aft., Nov. 3, at 5:30; Rose Pauly, Sun. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:30; Josef Hofmann, Wed. Eve., Nov. 6, at 8:30; Carroll Glenn, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:30; Celius Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:30; Elisabeth Schumann, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 3.

Elsewhere—At the **HOTEL PIERRE**: Pitts Sanborn will discuss Verdi operas and Rosa Tentoni and Arthur Carron will sing illustrative selections from them in another of a series of lecture-recitals sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild; Wed. Aft., Nov. 6, at 3:15. (RE 4-2408.) . . . **FRIENDSHIP HOUSE**: this European refugee centre will present the first of a series of concerts on Tues. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:30. The soloists include Roman Totenberg and Robert Goldsand. (1010 Park Ave., at 85. BU 8-8065.) . . . **JUNIOR LEAGUE**: Robert Virovai, Wed. Morn., Nov. 6, at 11. (221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Leonide Massine and his company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Schéhérazade," "The New Yorker," and "Vienna—1814," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The New Yorker," "Bacchanale," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Fri. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2. . . . "Poker Game," "The Nutcracker," and "The New Yorker," Sat. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Coppelia," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Vienna—1814," Sun. Aft., Nov. 3. . . . "Serenade," "Poker Game," "The New Yorker," and "Vienna—1814," final performance of the fall season, Sun. Eve., Nov. 3. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

Original Ballet Russe—This company, under the direction of Colonel W. de Basil, will present the following ballets: "Aurora's Wedding," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 6-7, and Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "The Hundred Kisses," "Paganini," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve., Nov. 8. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

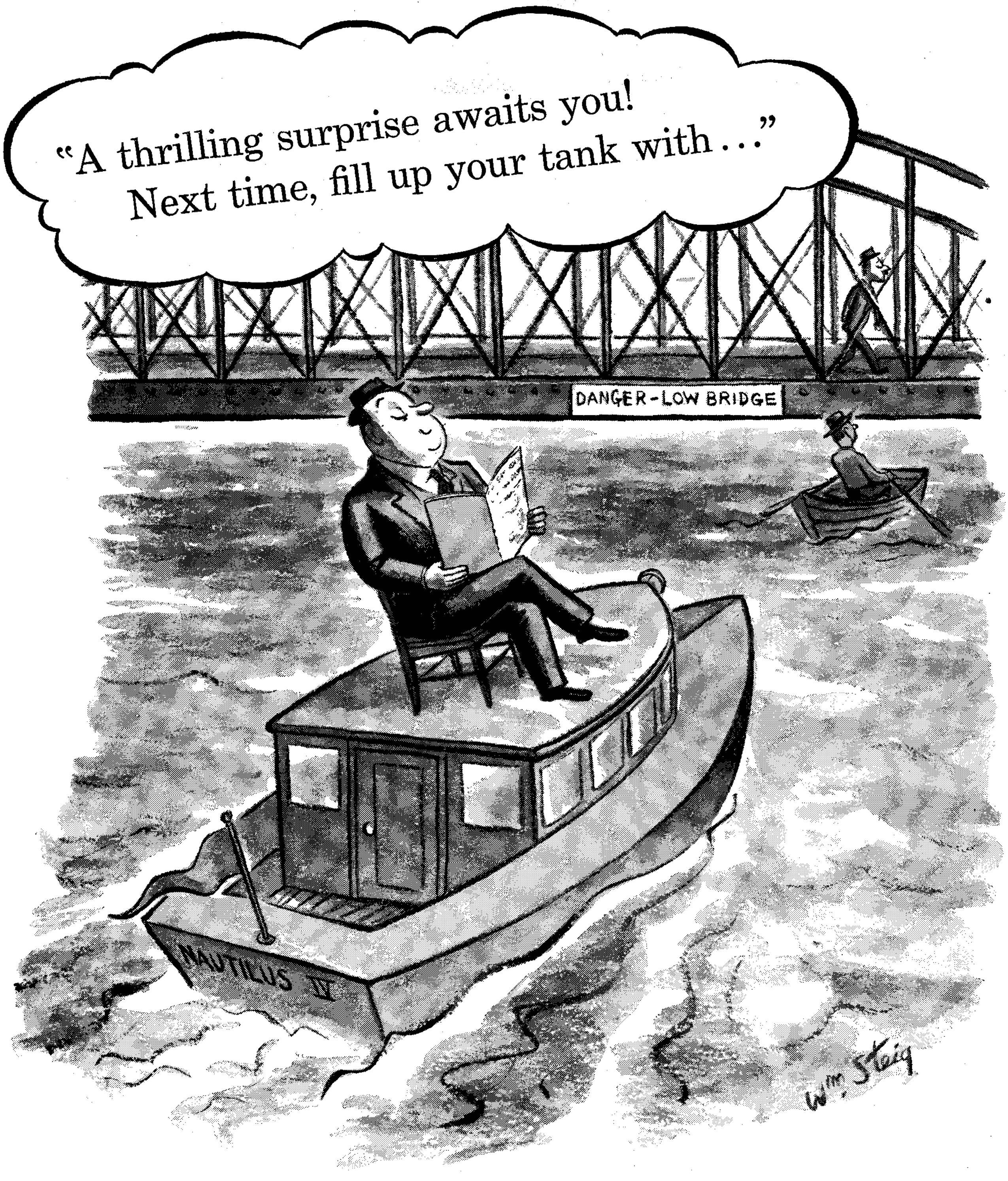
National Horse Show—This year it's a benefit for the Red Cross: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., Nov. 7, through Wed., Nov. 13. Eves. at about 7:45; Afts., except Sun., at about 2.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, for the middleweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 2**: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30; Fordham vs. North Carolina, Polo Grounds, at 2; Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 2; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 9: Columbia vs. Wisconsin, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds, at 2; Manhattan vs. Marquette, Yankee Stadium, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Franklin and Marshall, Ohio Field, at 2; Army vs. Brown, West Point, at 2; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at 2; Rutgers vs. Lafayette, New Brunswick, at 2; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, at 2.

The last trains which ought to get you to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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8 A.M. (arriving South Station, Boston, 12:40 P.M.); for Philadelphia, from Penn. Station, 11:30 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Station, 9:30 A.M.; for Princeton, special train from Penn. Station, 11:50 A.M.; for New Brunswick, from Penn. Station, 12:25 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Sun. Aft., Nov. 3: Dodgers vs. Giants, Ebbets Field, at 2:15; Yankees vs. Buffalo, Yankee Stadium, at 2.

HUNT RACES—Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa., Sat., Nov. 2, at 1:30 P.M.... West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L.I., Sat., Nov. 2, at 1:45 P.M.... United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Tues., Nov. 5, at 1:30 P.M.... Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat., Nov. 9, at 1:30 P.M.

RACING—Daily at Empire City, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 2. Autumn Day Stakes and Westchester Handicap, Nov. 2. (Special trains will leave Grand Central daily at 12:40 and 1:10 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tues., Nov. 5, will be from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

WENDELL WILLKIE—Addressing members of his party in Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Nov. 2.

PUBLIC BALLS—Bowl of Rice Ball, with dinner and entertainment, for the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 7:30.... Bundles for Britain Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 10.... Horse Show Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 10.

FLOWER SHOW—Annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 8-9, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Sun., Nov. 10, from 1 to 5 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Autograph letters, manuscripts, and rare books, collected by the late John Gribbel: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2.... Early American glass, from the W. T. H. Howe collection: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Nov. 7-8, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Contemporary American paintings, including works by Brackman, Philipp, Luks, Corbino, and Lebduska, belonging to H. Leonard Simmons: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 9, WEAF, WEVD, WHN, WOR, WQXR.... Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 9, WABC, WEAF, WHN, WQXR. ... Mon. Eve., Nov. 4, at 10, WEAF, WJZ, WOR.

WENDELL WILLKIE—Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:30, WABC.... Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 10:15, WABC. ... Mon. Eve., Nov. 4, at 10:15, WABC.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Nov. 2: Army vs. Notre Dame, at 1:15, WABC; Yale vs. Brown, at 1:45, WOR. ... Sat. Aft., Nov. 9: Yale vs. Cornell, at 1:45, WOR.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.... N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ.... Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC; Ganz conducting (Young People's Concert), Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11:05, WABC.... Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.... Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves at 8:35, WOR.

DANCE BANDS—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ.... Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.... Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC.... New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ.... Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. ... Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF.... George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF.... Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ.... "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ.... Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF.... Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

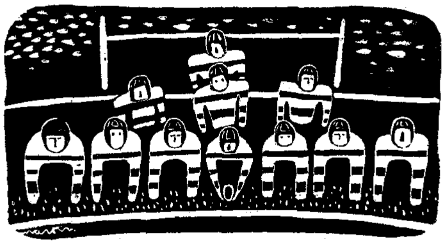
TELEVISION—It's started up again, and will present Wendell Willkie addressing the Republican rally in Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8:30, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

ARISE, MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, the war in Europe, and, of course, love and liveliness. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Nov. 5.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—Life, or very close to life anyhow, in a prewar French village, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BOOM TOWN—An all-star Western of the old type, with Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Nov. 6.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 5-9.)



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—The war in Europe, with blackouts, spies, plots, and planes. An Alfred Hitchcock thriller of the first rank, with a fine cast that includes Joel McCrea in the rôle of his life. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Nov. 4.... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., Nov. 6.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 1-3.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 1-4.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's strange dissertation on the ways of dictators. A film that is quite wonderful and certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 6 P.M. ... Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY—Everybody seems to like this comedy about a politician who winds up behind the eight ball. With Muriel Angelus and Brian Donlevy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 31.... Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Nov. 1.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Nov. 1.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 2-5.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—William Powell as a confidence man who wakes up after a lengthy bout with amnesia to discover that he has married Myrna Loy and become an Elk. Enjoyable. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 31.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Nov. 1.... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Nov. 4.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—Of the sea and its men—sombre and dramatic. From Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays. Directed by John Ford. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Mon., Nov. 4.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—What happens when an American girl discovers that her husband is a Nazi sympathizer. Recommended as one of the best of the serious Hollywood commentaries on the international situation. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer are in it. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 1-4.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—A good-humored, literate adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 2-4.... Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 4-5.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Victoria and her consort. A Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," and very handsome. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 1-4.)

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—The March of Time tries out a full-length feature film which has to do with American history since the coming of the World War and is perhaps too experimental in treatment. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 2-4.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 2-5.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 5-7.)

REVIVALS

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The great fantastic classic of the early era. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Mon., Nov. 4.)

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—George Kelly's old play. Rosalind Russell and John Boles. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 5-6.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 1.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 1.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 5-6.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Oct. 31.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Nov. 1.... Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 2-4.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 5-7.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Yes, Shakespeare. James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Mon., Nov. 4.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 2.)

POWER (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 8-9.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 2-4.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Thurs., Oct. 31. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with Joan Blondell and James Cagney, Fri., Nov. 1. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Sat., Nov. 2. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Sun., Nov. 3. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Mon., Nov. 4. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Tues., Nov. 5. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Wed., Nov. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

FOOTBALL—On **NOV. 16:** Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover; Columbia vs. Navy, Baker Field; Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton; Amherst vs. Williams, Amherst; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge; Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse.... **NOV. 23:** Princeton vs. Army, Princeton; Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence; Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field.... **NOV. 28:** Brown vs. Columbia, Providence.... **NOV. 30:** Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden start Nov. 14.

HUNT RACE—*Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Nov. 16.*

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through Nov. 17, and Dec. 7-15; Mitropolous conducting, starting Dec. 19. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Nov. 12 and Dec. 17; Stokowski conducting, Dec. 3. Chicago Symphony, Stock conducting, Nov. 20 and 22. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Nov. 23 and Dec. 28. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 21 and 23 (Aft.). Recitals: Serkin, Nov. 15; Rosina and Josef Lhevinne, Nov. 17; Spalding, Nov. 18; Feuermann, Nov. 19; John Charles Thomas, Nov. 25; Gorodnitzki, Nov. 29; Anderson, Dec. 1; Menuhin, Dec. 2; Heifetz, Dec. 7 (Aft.); Kreisler, Dec. 15.... **TOWN HALL:** New Friends of Music, Sun. Afts., through Dec. 8; Bartók, Nov. 24; Robeson, Nov. 27.... **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** season starts Dec. 2, with "Un Ballo in Maschera."

RACING—Pimlico, through Nov. 15.... Bowie, Nov. 16-30.... Tropical Park, Fla., starting Dec. 30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next month or so: "Glamour Preferred," a comedy by Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson, with Flora Campbell, and produced by Brock Pemberton; "Twelfth Night," the Shakespeare comedy, with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans, produced by the Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller; "Hi'Ya, Gentlemen!," a musical comedy, with Max Baer and music by Johnny Green; "Mr. and Mrs. North," a dramatization by Owen Davis of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockridge's "The Norths Meet Murder," produced by William Harris, Jr.; "The Corn Is Green," a play by Emlyn Williams, with Ethel Barrymore, produced by Herman Shumlin; "Peep Show," a comedy by Ernest Pascal, produced by Gilbert Miller; "Retreat to Pleasure," a play by Irwin Shaw, produced by the Group Theatre; "Night of Love," a musical based on "Tonight or Never," by Lili Hatvany, produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert; "The Old Foolishness," a comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, produced by John Golden.

OTHER DATES—"Night of Stars" benefit show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 27.... December Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Dec. 5.... Ice Follies, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 2-7 and 9-11.... Lambs Gambol, Waldorf-Astoria, Dec. 31.... The official Thanksgiving Day will be Nov. 21.... Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Dec. 15.... The Queens-Midtown Tunnel is scheduled to open around Dec. 15.... Christmas falls on a Wednesday.

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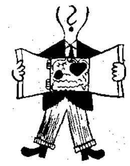
ON WILLIAM SAROYAN



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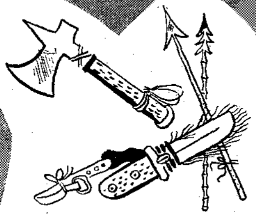
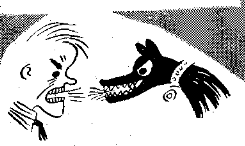


LETTERS OF A LAST-NIGHTER
by
CLARE BOOTHE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY INCE PUB. COMPANY

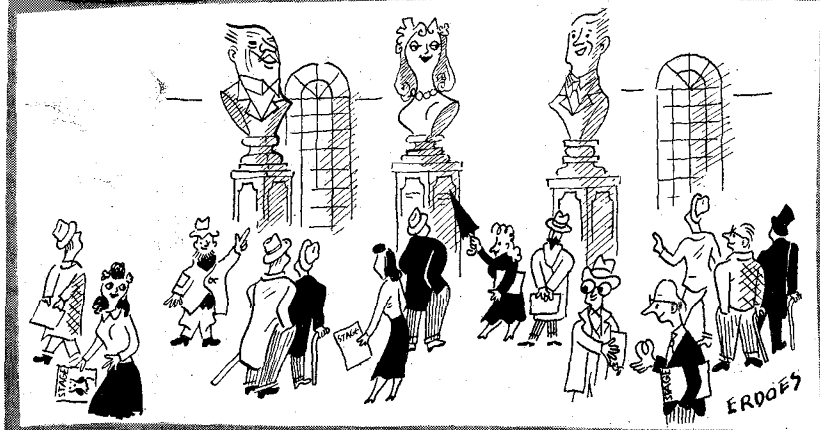
OPERA
BALLET

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
by
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
and
MOSS HART
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



MAN BITES CRITIC

LAYOUT BY METCALF ALASTAIRE



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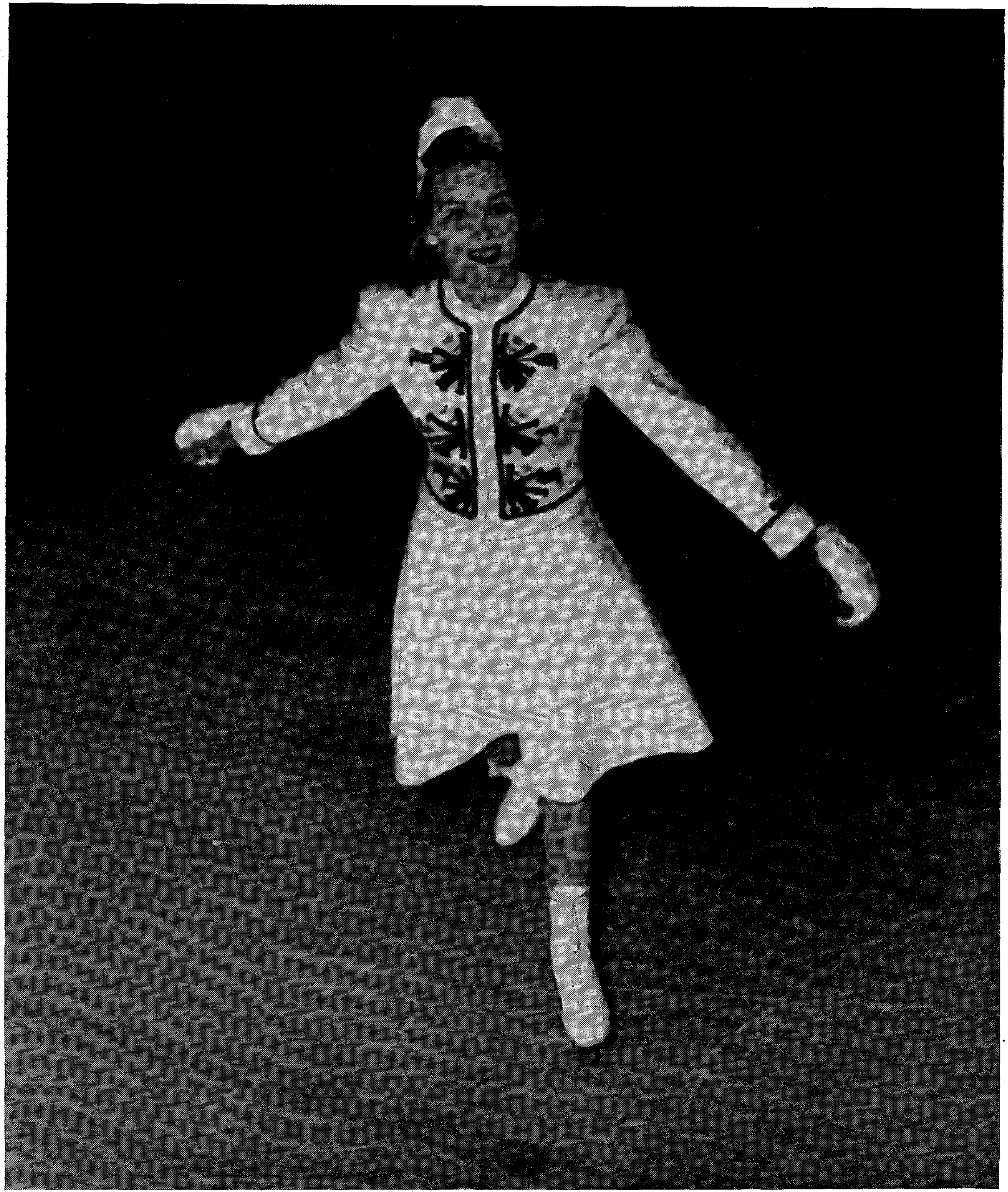
white and fluffy as drifted snow . . . skating jacket and skirt designed for Altman by Louella Ballerino of California whose fame for picturesque skating clothes has traveled across a continent. Bright wool embroidery on frosty white wool-and-rayon woven with a soft nap surface, and lined with blaze red cotton poplin. The jacket, 19.95; the skirt 12.95; the amusing little dunce cap, 5.00. Sizes 12 to 16. (Photographed at Gay Blades.) third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.



FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET MU. 9-7000 ALSO AT OUR EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS SHOPS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"THIS building has been planned throughout for the convenience and comfort of our customers and the utmost efficiency in service," said an invitation we got from Tiffany's, asking us to look over their new place up on Fifty-seventh Street. "It is equipped with the most advanced lighting and air-conditioning." Well, we can't help feeling that this is no way for a jewelry store to be. It reminds us of Woolworth's—no glamour, no intrigue. Let us buy even the crown jewels of Russia in such a high-class dump and we would come away depressed, convinced that we had merely exchanged a price nicely adjusted to the world market, with a reasonable profit to the management. If Tiffany's is interested, we have a dream store in the back of our mind. No scientific lighting, no comforts, no air-conditioning. You go in through a manhole, and a girl in a tight dress, smoking a reefer, takes you up to meet a clerk called the Professor, a man with a false beard, no eyebrows, and acid stains on his fingers. He takes you in the back room and unscrews a table leg, revealing a cunning cache. The rocks, glowing and slightly bloodstained, roll out in your trembling hand and you give him a wad of folding money. Just then the lights go up and down in a secret code and you peer through the dusty shutters to see a sinister man in a black hat and yellow shoes, lurking in front of Bonwit Teller's. Gathering up the ice, you escape hilariously through an underground passage that lets you out in the lobby of River House, your heart pounding like a hammer. That's *our* jewelry store. Send a man over with some secret ink, Tiffany, and we'll give you the rest of the dope.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, who has wrestled before with the problem of getting various little words into print, has thought of a new scheme in his book called "For Whom the Bell Tolls." When an exasperated character—and most of Mr. Hemingway's characters live in a state of perpetual exasperation—uses language that seems likely to antagonize the Post Office Department, Mr. Hemingway just writes the word "obscenity." "To obscenity with all obscenity Fascists," you are apt to hear one of them say in the course of a political discussion. "What obscenity kind of an obscenity makes such obscenities as these?" It is an ingenious device, keeping the reader up on his toes, trying to figure things out, and Mr. Hemingway's book in the United States mails. Everybody in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" talks much the same way, but there is a formidable lady named Pilar who is even better at it than the rest, her obscenities being such that even the gentlemen are reluctantly impressed. Following Pilar's euphemisms with an admiring eye, we suddenly found ourself remembering another lady, somewhat younger but just as deadly and given to the same technique. Finding an old copy of "Seventeen," we turned to the part where little Jane Baxter is quoting Mr. Parcher on the subject of love. Jane, too, is constrained from saying what she really means by the authorities, in this case her mother. Just the same, she gets an effect. "An' Mr. Parcher said [Jane speaking] when he was young he wasn't such a—such a word fool as these young word fools. He said in all his born days Willie Baxter was the wordest fool he ever saw. . . . An' he kept gettin' crosser, an' he said 'Word! Word! *Word!* WORD!' " It seems to us that these girls would have got on nicely together. We like to think of them sitting in the sun, the light head and the dark one, eating bread and butter and applesauce and chattering away about all their word little obscenities.

OF the two schools of advertising thought dominating the scene this season—the Patriotic and the Escapist—our money is on the red, white, and blue. This is because it's been the Patriotic school that compelled our attention, and the most effective advertising, we heard a fellow say once, is that which keeps the sucker reading. Full of this wisdom, we looked over a few papers and magazines a while ago to learn what things people would be buying this winter. Here's the dope. They'll buy a telephone, because "the Bell System is ready to do its part in national defence." They'll buy a Vita-Felt hat, because "here is an achievement in technical skill and industrial organization which should give encouragement to all who believe in the American System." They'll buy Patriot Red lipstick "in Defence of Glamour," and Pall Mall cigarettes, because aviators and soldiers pause occasionally to show one another how much longer Pall Malls are. They'll buy Virginia Rounds, because "they're All-American."

They'll make provision for their families with John Hancock life insurance, because, "in the defence of a nation—or of a family—provisions play an essential part." (On the other hand, they'll also buy Penn Mutual life insurance, because its president, John A. Stevenson, says, "Our Number One

Business is America.") They'll buy Lee tires, because these tires are made with the accuracy of military maps, and Goodrich tires, because they are "a Vital Contribution to Preparedness." They'll buy Parke, Davis & Co. drugs and "thank this patriot of 1776" (General John Morgan). They'll buy a Dictaphone, moved by the picture of an unfortunate, dictaphoneless secretary, sitting in idleness and murmuring fretfully, "Here I sit—holding up the defence program." They may trot out and buy a bag of cement from the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, now "speeding up the First Lines of Defence," and have the stuff brought around to the house by the American Trucking Association, all of whose trucks are *"ready* when and where you need 'em, Uncle Sam." All right, everybody, get going.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A recent Republican broadcast was presented from a New England station during a period obligingly relinquished by a program called "Uncle Walter's Doghouse."

A shipment of native arts-and-crafts knickknacks ordered by Macy's from an Indian tribe in Maine has been delayed. The items were intended for use in connection with Macy's current promotion of goods demonstrating the American way of life. The Indians are on strike.

Among the items in the archives of the Wellesley College Library is a thesis, written by a candidate for an M.A. in Physical Education, entitled "Factors Influencing the Height of a Running Front Dive."

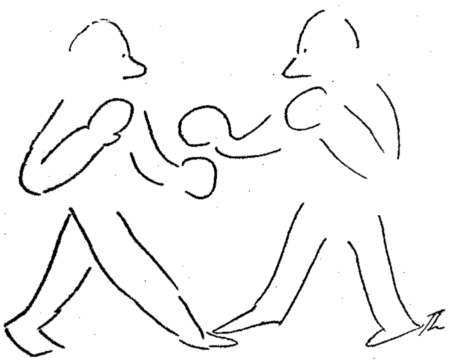
The G. A. Hosmer Company of Buffalo bottles, for connoisseurs, a furniture polish called Extra Dry.

Goodbye

WE kept our journalistic hand on the pulse of the World's Fair while it flickered and finally died—a cold, grim assignment. American Express, an organization which has been amazingly tolerant of our quirks, had a motorized chair waiting for us, but the driver was a stranger. "Where's Frank Gates?" we asked him, referring to our usual American Express young man. "In the Army," the driver said. He told us that his name was Walter Kalvio, and that he didn't know what he was going to do the next day. Look for a job, he guessed. The World of Tomorrow was caving in rapidly. At 10:20 the Waltham clock over the I.R.T. entrance said 9:17. A dirge came bellowing out of the loudspeakers, and a solitary Scoutmaster headed for the outer world, a roll of bedding over his shoulder. When we took Kalvio into the Brass Rail for some hot coffee, somebody stole our chair. In response to a telephone call, an American Express supervisor named Mr. Roscoe came whizzing up in No. 60, a special, high-speed job. We went tooling about the grounds in No. 60, and finally located the missing chair outside Ballantine's, in the Amusement Area. It was being driven by a small, boozy man with baggy pants, who made good his escape.

Memories, memories . . . The General Motors Futurama closed up five hours early. Shortly after midnight, Billy Rose was denied admission to the Barbary Coast, his own saloon, by a Marine on guard duty who said he'd never heard of Billy Rose. The armadillo at the Nyzos exhibit twitched uneasily in his sleep, as if he were having nightmares. The brass rail at the Gay New Orleans bar collapsed, appropriately, for good. Late in the evening, souvenir-hunting came into fashion, but in a singularly misdirected way. The most popular souvenir was shrubbery, with or without its roots. Stout women, with the eager look in their eyes of women who have got something, anything, for nothing, came to the exits trailing bits of ivy, which the cops made them discard inside the gates. By midnight, there was quite a big pile of foliage at each gate. "Whatever is *this?*" we heard one woman say, stooping to look at it. "Leave it lay, Madam," a cop said grandly. At one cold, windy corner, a woman flagged our chair to a halt and said, "Got pliers?" "What?" we asked. "My boy's in those bushes, taking the wheel out of a little wheelbarrow he found, and he needs pliers," she said.

It had been announced that the closing of the Fair was to be symbolized by "Taps," played at midnight from the top of the Helicline. At midnight, seven of the half million who had passed through the turnstiles that last day were gathered under the statue of the Astronomer at the foot of the Helicline. We were one of the seven. Another was the lad in charge of the information booth nearby. "I'm off duty, but I happen to be one of those who liked the Fair," he said, a trifle defensively. None of the seven sentimentalists waiting for "Taps" was a lady; the ladies were all down in the amusement area, drinking hot Zombies. "Taps" was never played while we were there, although we waited until a quarter to one; this seemed to us to symbolize the end of the Fair quite as patly as if it had been. The only person who felt really bad about it was a photographer from the *News.* "It'd make a fine picture—all that white, with the bugler way up there," he said. He shaded his eyes and peered up at the imaginary scene. "Probably the bugler got a jag on," he said, coming back to earth. "I'm going to get the hell out of here."

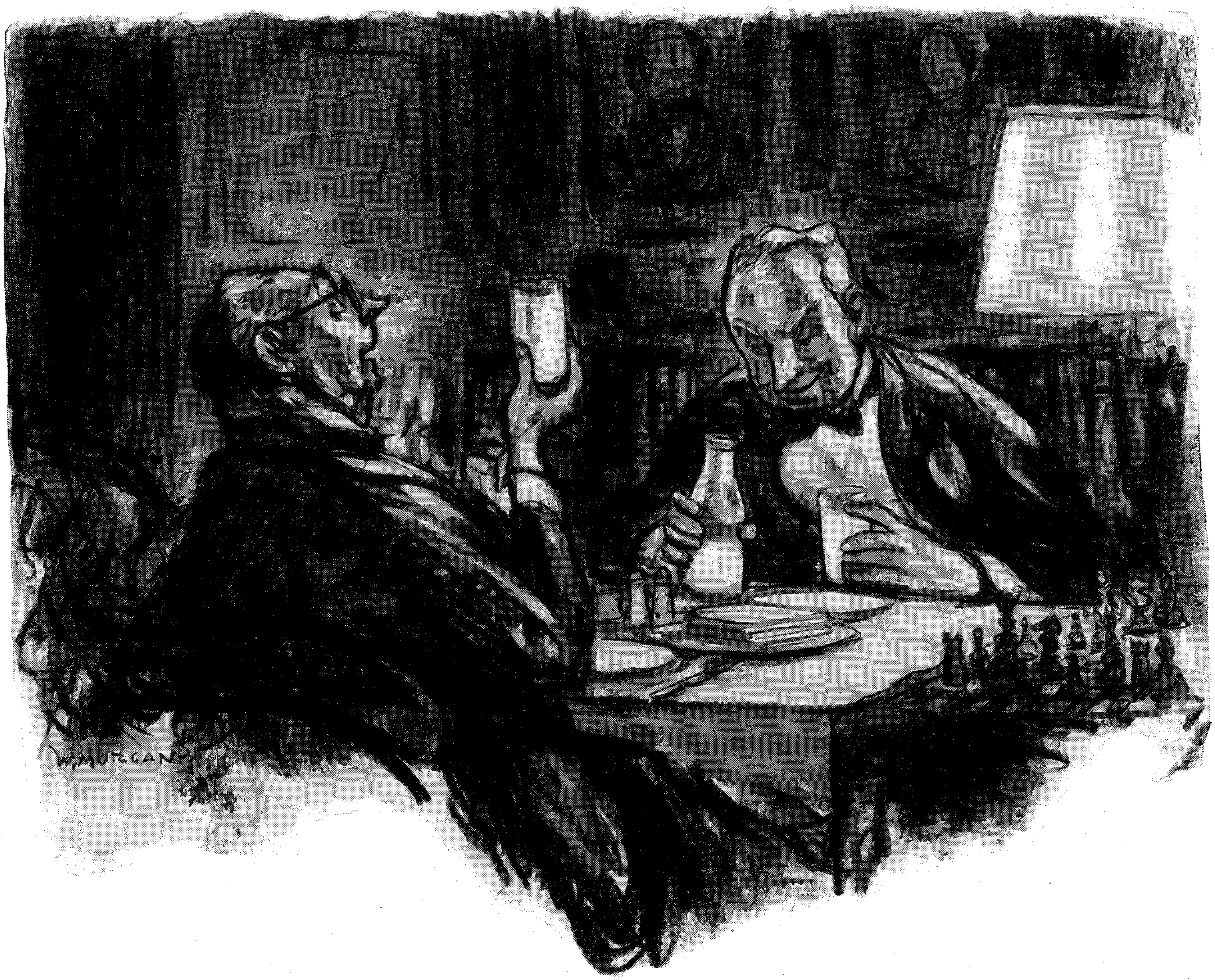


Proper Perspective

THE course of the war, the uncertainties of the Presidential campaign, the belligerence of Japan, and the approach of a winter of famine and disease in Europe evidently weighed heavily on the mind of a lady whom we overheard unburdening herself to a luncheon companion at Schrafft's. Finally the other lady paused between forkfuls of creamed chicken with almonds and rice, and patted her friend's hand. "You mark my words, Grace, someday we'll look back at all this and *laugh,*" she said brightly.

Inflationist

AT the head of any list of professional blowers-up of toy balloons would stand the name of P. Raymond Warny; in fact, his name would, as far as we know, be the only one on the list. Mr. Warny and his sister, Helen, operate the Toy Balloon Company, at 202 East Thirty-eighth Street. Miss Warny is president of the company. Her brother, as junior partner, has no title. He just blows up balloons. The two claim for their company the distinction of selling more balloons for party decorations than any other outfit. The annual turnover is about six million balloons, ranging in size from the kind kids carry on a stick to big giraffes,



"This is real Grade A, Oliver—smuggled in from Connecticut."

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hippos, elephants, and snakes designed by Tony Sarg. Under government licence, the Warnys use up about twenty thousand cubic feet of helium gas a year; that's fourteen hundred dollars' worth. It will give you some idea of the Toy Balloon Company's standing in the party-decoration world when we tell you that Elsa (Dear Elsa) Maxwell has called for its services no less than six times.

The "P." in P. Raymond Warny stands for Pierre. Mr. Warny, who is only twenty-five, started blowing up toy balloons for money when he was fifteen, using his mouth and lungs. Before he was fifteen, P. Raymond used to go out after school with one of the Toy Balloon Company salesmen. "Salesmen couldn't blow up balloons and give a sales talk, and do justice to both," Warny explains. After graduating from high school, he devoted his full time to the work. In case you've been wondering why balloon-blowing isn't done entirely mechanically, we might explain that all helium balloons and all large orders of air-filled balloons are done that way, but it isn't practical to rely on compressed air for casual demonstrations. And of course there are emergencies. This summer, for instance, young Warny went out to the Rockaway Hunt Club to deliver and blow up nine hundred and seventy-five small balloons. A tank of compressed air was supposed to arrive, but it didn't, so Warny had to blow up all the balloons by lung power. It took him three hours. "For four hours afterward I couldn't talk, for twelve hours I couldn't eat, and my face was purple for two days," he told us. Ordinarily, he inflates three or four dozen balloons a day, with no ill effect unless they are very large balloons; then he gets dizzy. One of the dizziest days of his life was three years ago, when Miss Rosita Royce, still in her pre-dove phase, came into the shop to look at balloons for a bubble dance.

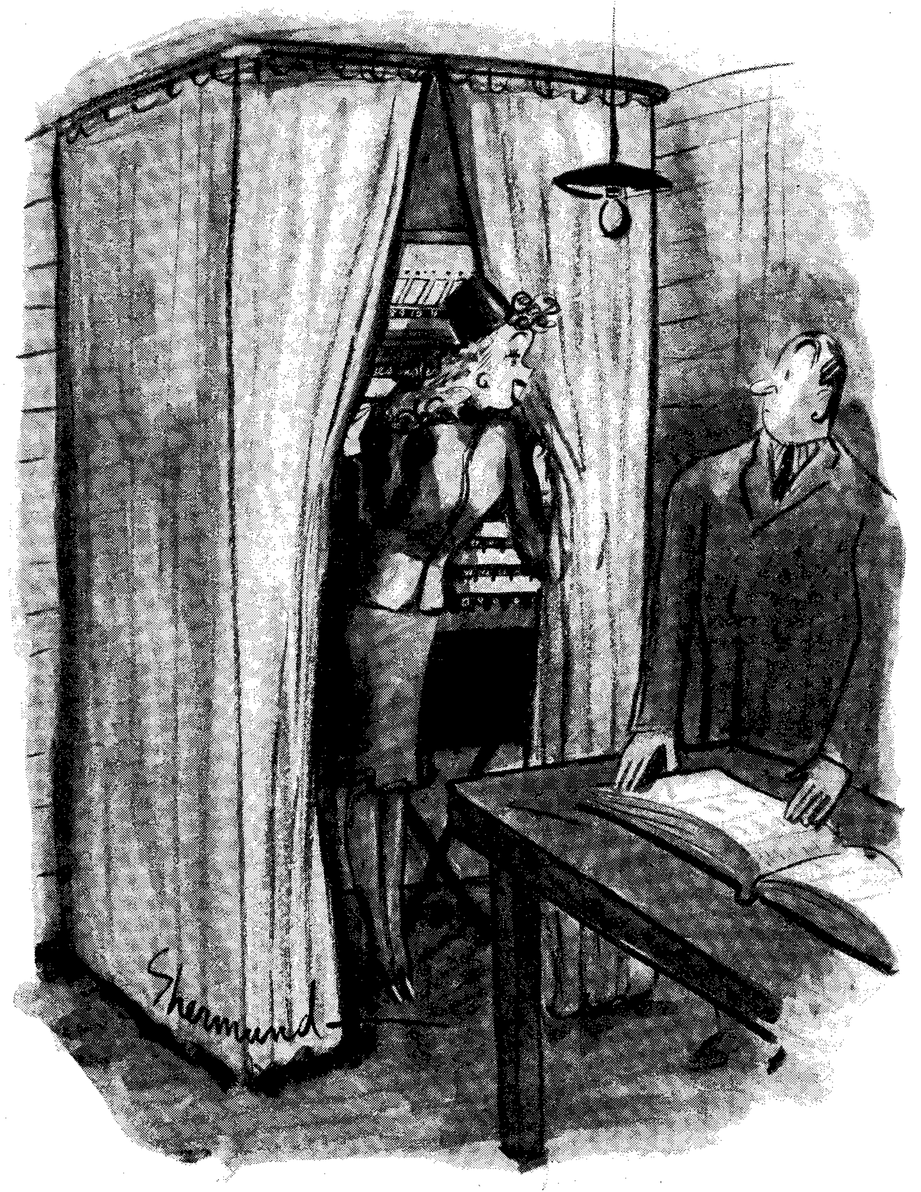
It is a quaint facet of our civilization that Warny's talent has got him on the radio. He's a fixture on "Uncle Jim's Question Bee"—blows up an enormous balloon while questions are being put to the contestants, to rattle them and make the audience laugh. He possesses the virtuoso-like ability to explode a balloon whenever he wants to. His sense of pressure is that keen. The biggest order the Toy Balloon Company has had recently, if you're interested, called for a hundred thousand small balloons bearing the slogan "No Third Term." These were released last week all over New York, converting thousands of voters. Mr. Warny couldn't tell us whether this order came from the Republican National Committee, the Young Republicans, the Democrats for Willkie, or who the hell. He dealt with a Mr. Zimic, but who Mr. Zimic represented he can't say. A combine of big bankers, possibly.

Atmosphere

RUNNING out of cigarettes during a stroll about the upper East Side, a friend of ours went into a corner drugstore. It turned out to be one of the nice, old-fashioned kind, with rows and rows of bottles bearing labels in Latin, and a fine drugstore smell. Our friend chatted with the elderly pharmacist on duty, and said how pleasant it was to meet such a smell again. "Funny thing about this smell," the pharmacist said. "One of the trade journals sent out a questionnaire, trying to find out just what makes it. Seems like one of these big chains of drugstores wants to get the formula so they can spray it around their stores with an atomizer. But I don't know any way to get it except by selling prescriptions for fifteen or twenty years in the same store."

Guns for Britain

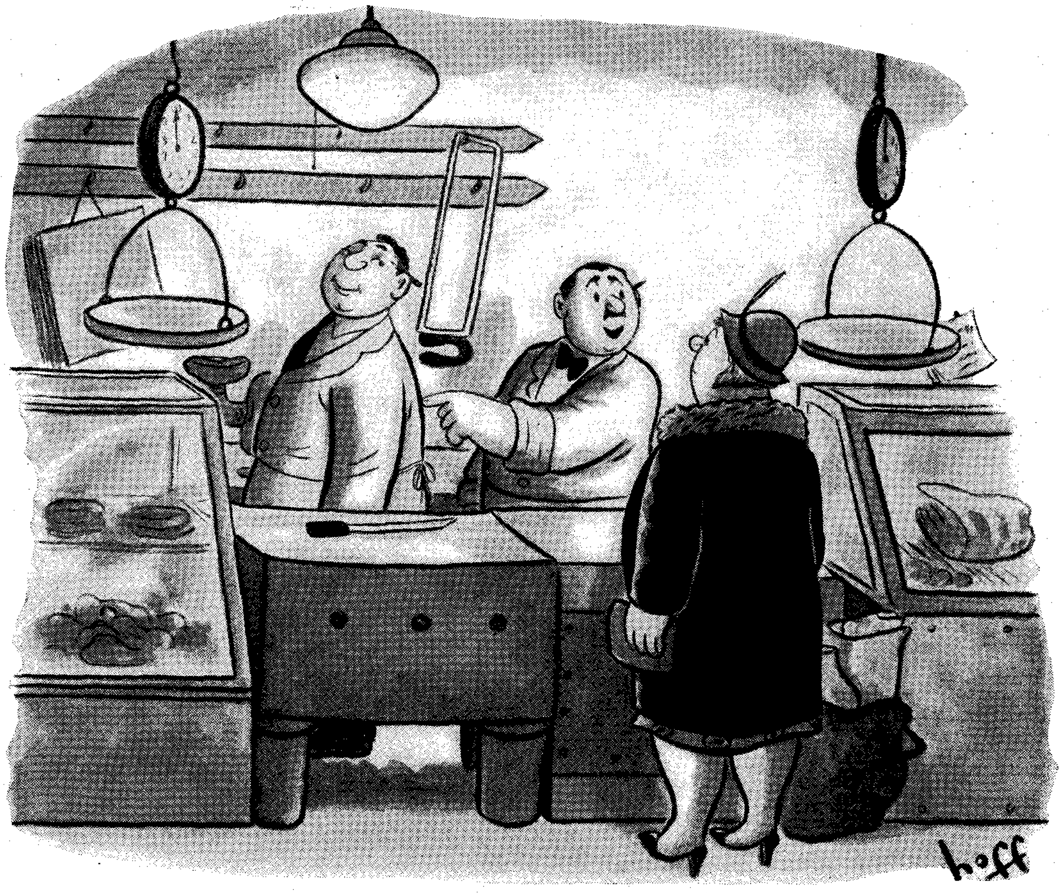
ANY rifles, shotguns, revolvers, ammunition, and binoculars that may be rusting in your trunk room will be gratefully received at 10 Warren Street by Major Anthony Fiala, technical adviser for the American Committee for Defence of British Homes. The Committee, which was formed in September by C. Suydam Cutting, has already received over thirteen hundred gifts of firearms and binoculars, as well as 91,092 rounds of assorted ammunition. Any sort of firearm, with or without ammunition, is welcomed. If any of the guns the Committee gets are obsolete or impractical, it trades them for other weapons, or sells them. Some unarmed well-wishers have made gifts of money, and this is used for ammunition. The Committee plans to send a hundred and fifty rounds, at least, with each firearm. The idea, of course, is to outfit English householders and members of the Home Guard against a possible invasion. Binoculars are so badly needed over there for aerial and coast defence that each pair the Committee receives is rushed down to the British Consulate for immediate shipment.



"How do I change my mind?"

Springfield .45-70's and Krag-Jörgensen .30-40's, used by the American forces in the Spanish-American War, have turned up in quantity. "I used both of these in Cuba, and they're all right," Major Fiala told us. (The Major, incidentally, is a veteran of both the Spanish-American and first World Wars, and occupied the interval between with Arctic exploration. Now he shares quarters with the Harry C. Lee sporting-goods company, having his own business as outfitter to explorers and far-flung engineers.) Most firearms over voting age will be provided with special ammunition containing old-fashioned black powder; the smokeless powder now commonly in use might be too explosive for the strength of the barrel. All sorts of people have brought in all sorts of guns and pistols. Down in the cellar at 10 Warren Street, awaiting boxing, are an 1874 French Army rifle, complete with needle bayonet, and another French Army rifle, vintage 1894. Probably the weirdest weapon brought in to date was an 1888 Stevens horse pistol with a skeleton steel shoulder piece. Major Fiala was nonetheless grateful. Whatever can't be sent to England can at least be sold or traded. A housewife of Providence, Rhode Island, rather inexplicably turned up with 6,654 rounds of assorted ammunition, and a lady from Boston came in lugging a suitcase containing a dozen fine pistols collected by her husband, now dead. While we were talking to Major Fiala, an elderly clergyman, the Reverend Charles C. Albertson, brought in a nice little .32 Savage automatic which he had once used on muskellunge, instead of a gaff. The Major was also interrupted five or six times by telephone calls, an indication of the interest the Committee has aroused.

Some very aristocratic weapons are going over to protect British homes. John McCloy, a downtown lawyer, turned in a Griffin & Howe sporting rifle that couldn't, the Major thinks, have cost a cent less than $200. Herbert Pratt, of Standard Oil, donated a number of fine pieces, among them a 12-gauge Charles Daly trap gun, a Lang double-barrelled shotgun, a rather elderly Steyer carbine, and a Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifle. Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt sent in a hunting rifle used by T.R. The Committee is attacking the other end of the social scale by circularizing the governors of all forty-eight states, asking for guns which the police would otherwise confiscate from criminals and destroy. "Anything that goes off with a bang, we can use," Major Fiala says. "They all make holes."



"You're thinking of a different cut, Mrs. Sigmond. This piece comes from about here."

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Alert

A THIRTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD man we know recently sent the Bureau of Motor Vehicles his application for a renewal of his driver's licence, along with a check covering the fee and the old licence, on which, through an understandable error on the part of some typist, the date of his birth appeared as 1980 instead of 1908. The latter date appeared on the renewal application, but the Bureau didn't take the citizen's casual word for it. Back in the mail came the whole batch of documents, with this searching query: "Date of birth year? 1980—1908?" They probably don't suspect his honesty; just want to be sure.

Ferrer

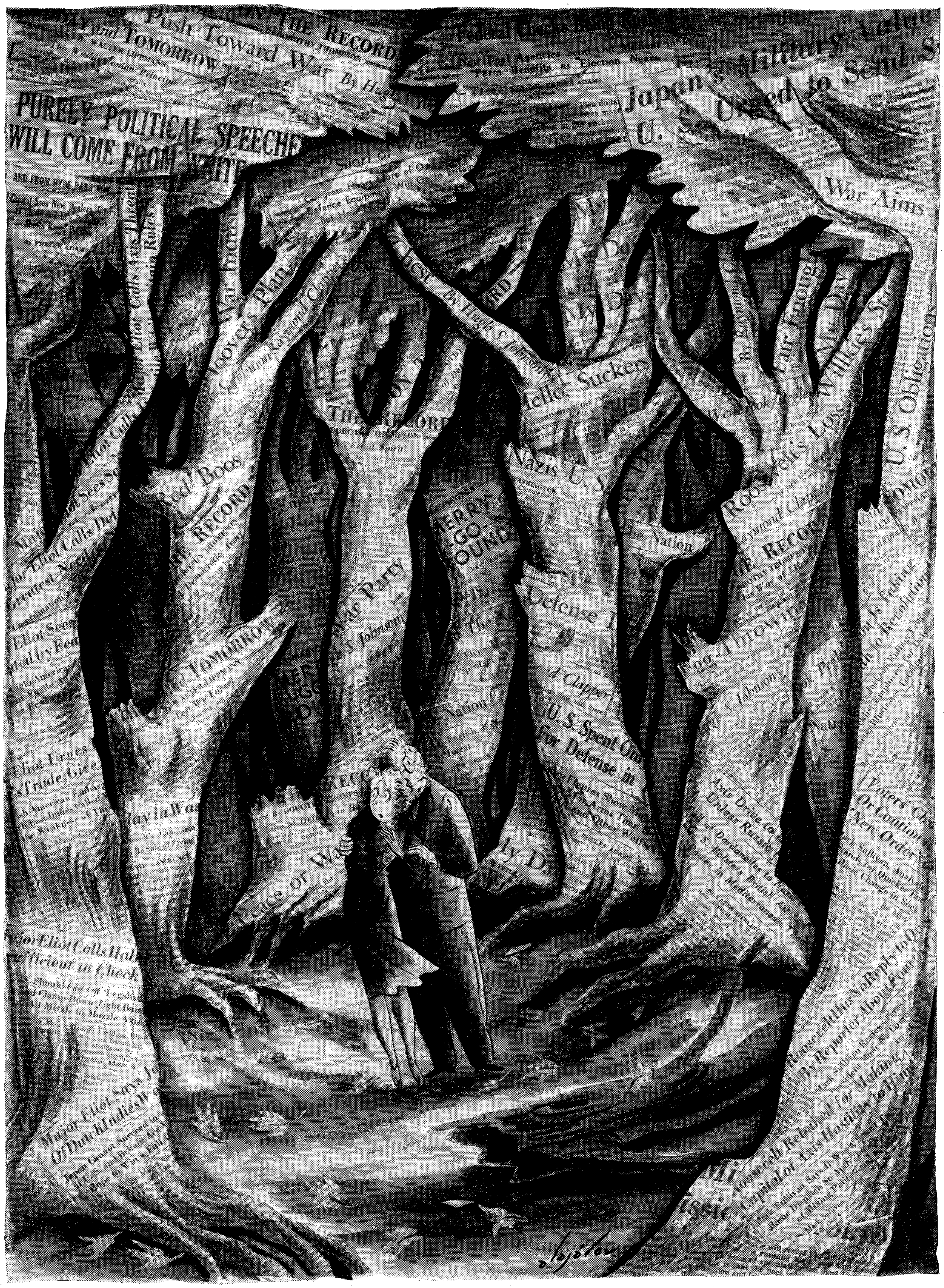
WHEN the leading man of a Princeton Triangle Club show goes on the professional stage and is hailed by Richard Watts only seven years later as "high among contemporary comedians"—well, you want to know about him. Thus we found ourself in Room 1202 of Doctors' Hospital, interviewing José Ferrer, the star of the foolishly successful revival of "Charley's Aunt." Room 1202 was officially occupied, we should explain, not by Mr. Ferrer but by his wife, Uta Hagen, who presented him with a daughter on October 15th, just when he was all snarled up with dress rehearsals. She lay in bed throughout our chat, knitting tiny garments and looking beautiful. The Ferrers are certainly the most mispronounced couple on the American stage. Ideally, she should be called *Oo*-ta *Hah*-gen, he Ho-*zay* Fair-*rare*. Few think it worth the trouble, though.

Ferrer is only twenty-eight. He was born in Puerto Rico, of Spanish parents who had become naturalized Americans, and brought up in the United States. When he entered college, he intended to become an architect, and studied to that end, but a Triangle Club play called "It's the Valet" (in which he played the valet, to great applause) was produced and settled the matter of his future for him. His Broadway career includes parts in "Mamba's Daughters," "Missouri Legend," "Brother Rat," and "Key Largo." "Key Largo" had only a fair-to-middling run, but he can't complain, because it was the occasion of his meeting Miss Hagen, who was also in the cast. This summer Ferrer directed plays at the Westchester Playhouse, in Mount Kisco. The presentation of "Charley's Aunt," with Ferrer in the lead, was so well received that the backers of the theatre decided to bring it into New York.

Ferrer remembers very well the famous Syd Chaplin movie version of the play, which came out in 1925, and borrowed two or three bits of business from it. Here and there he has added a line of his own to the printed text. Many of the gags in "Charley's Aunt" centre about the fact that Lord Fancourt Babberley can't understand Portuguese; Ferrer, who plays the part, can understand Portuguese pretty well, but the show must go on. Before his marriage, Ferrer was a better-than-average hot pianist; now, with his wife, he plays Mozart, Haydn, and Bach duets. He cracks his knuckles continually, and has a compulsion to read any sort of print right through to the bitter end—labels on bottles, political speeches, anything. His legal name is José Vicente Ferrer Otero y Centrón.

Response

THE sales manager of Volupté, Inc., a firm which makes ladies' compacts, recently addressed to various wholesalers what he thought was a rather cute communication. "We are so damned busy that I don't know why I am writing this letter," it said. "But I guess when you build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door. Have you seen our mousetraps?" The next morning, a buyer was in his office, asking to see Volupté's line of mousetraps.


TODAY and TOMORROW
By WALTER LIPPMANN
ON THE RECORD
Push Toward War By Hugh S. Johnson
Federal Checks Being Rushed
PURELY POLITICAL SPEECHES WILL COME FROM WHITE
Japan's Military Value
U. S. Urged to Send
War Aims
Short of War
War Indus
Hoover's Plan
Raymond Clapper
Chest By Hugh S Johnson
Hello, Suckers
My Day
Fair Enough
Willkie's
U. S. Obligations
Roosevelt's Loss
Red Boos
Nazis U. S.
MERRY-GO-ROUND
The Nation
War Party
Defense
Mugg-Throwing
U. S. Spent On
for Defense in
Axis Drive to
Unless Russia
Peace or War
Day in Wa
Eliot Urges
Trade, Give
Major Eliot Calls Hall
Sufficient to Check
Major Eliot Says Ja
Of Dutch Indies
Voters' Ch
Or Caution
New Order
Roosevelt Has No Reply to
By Reporter About
Roosevelt Rebuked for Making
Capital of Axis Hostility to

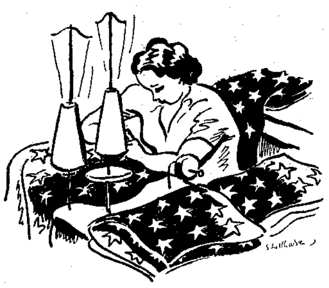
HALLOWEEN

THE best childhood Robert knew anything about was his mother's. When his father or his nurse told him about their childhoods they were dull. His father had lived in New York, too, when he was a little boy and the only difference seemed to be that there had been more horses. His nurse had been a child in Ireland, and most of her stories seemed to be about how much better children had to behave then unless they wanted to be punished.

His mother had been a child in a place called Keene. In Keene there were great stretches of woods, dark and filled with secret life, rabbits and even deer; they were fairy deer, they had jewel eyes. When it was very cold—and in Keene it was colder than anywhere when it was cold—and there was nothing to eat for the deer in the woods, they would come out early, early in the mornings, and steal out into the open behind the house, out by the chicken house, his mother said. The people would look out of the window, and out there, in the sharp white morning, standing in the snow, there would be two deer, or perhaps three. And if anyone spoke loud, or if the window were thrown open, the deer would run like wild back to the woods, in a flash and a flurry of snow.

In Keene there were long, stony roads and fields filled in summer with gold and purple flowering weeds, and the crickets sang in springtime, his mother said, like tiny sweet music. In the spring, early, you would open your window one night when you went to bed and suddenly, for the first time after the hard, silent winter, you would hear the first frogs in the swamp behind the house, singing in the still-frozen hollows. In Keene there was a road that ran past the house and up toward the woods, and that road was sown with dragon's teeth. The dragon had come down the road long ago switching his tail, and the farmer from the next house had come out with his pitchfork and defeated the dragon and he had switched back up the road spitting his teeth all over it, and ever since the road had been covered with white stones. In Keene strange, wonderful things happened that did not happen in New York; on Easter morning the sun danced in the sky for joy, and if you looked up, his mother said, you could see the sun dance. And on Christmas Eve there was a moment when all the fairy things, gnomes and pixies and fairies, came out and danced in the snow. It was the only time in the year when they could dance, and at midnight the world turned over: Christ had been born and a new spirit filled the earth, bells rang in the steeples, and it was Christmas Day, and all the fairy things must go back into hiding once more. There was just that moment. Then it was Christmas, and the children walked through the snow in the morning with their arms piled up with packages for the neighbors. That was the childhood he heard about from his mother. There was nothing like any of that about being a child in New York.

ROBERT lived in New York and went to a nursery school in the mornings. In the afternoons he went for walks in the Park with his nurse. He had friends that he met in the Park and sometimes they came to supper with him. His room was on the court side of the apartment, eight floors up above the courtyard, where men were always throwing pails of water around, making a loud splash, especially when Robert got up in the morning. It was rather dark in his room and when he played with his toys in there they had the light on. There were two big chests full of toys—trains and derricks and trucks that dumped things. He had more toys than almost any of the other boys. When he got in from walking every afternoon he played on the floor of his room. His supper was brought to him in there and he had his own special table and three child-size chairs. It was while he was being got ready for bed, usually, that his father and his mother got in, separately, his father from the office, his mother from the Store. They always came in to say good night to him, and his father generally played with the games and trains for a while. When his mother came in she came in with a rush. She had dark hair and she was always different from the last time.

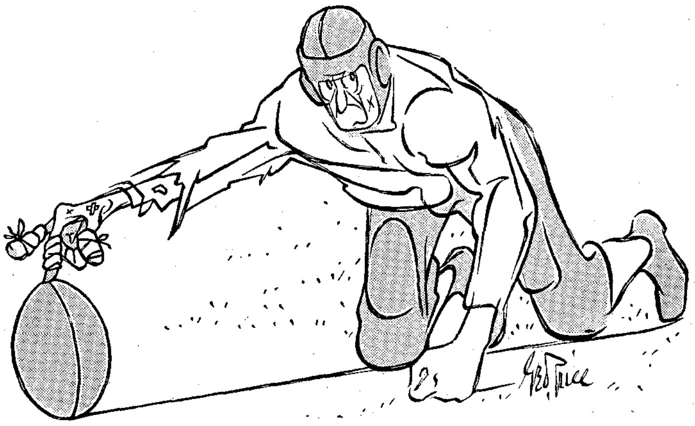


The part about hearing of his mother's childhood came after he had gone to bed. When he was a really little boy he used to call out for a drink of water, or to sit on the pot, while they were at dinner; the kitchen was beyond the dining room and his nurse couldn't hear him. His mother would come and take him up, or get him the drink of water, and then she would sit on the edge of his bed in the dark and talk about when she was a little girl in Keene.

Now that he was nearly seven, he called not because he couldn't get what he needed for himself but because he hoped to have stories there in the dark. Sometimes when his mother talked about being a little girl in Keene she made it sound exciting, but generally she made it sound strange and faraway and beautiful and sad. After she had kissed him good night and shut the door and there was nothing more to hear but the voices calling in the courtyard, Robert would lie still and think about Keene, the country he knew so well from a thousand little bits told on different nights. And even as the picture of that place in his mind inseparably included fairies and monsters, so the little girl who was his mother lived there still. He saw the house, and the barn with a big green door for the horses to go in, and a door above into the loft for the hay to be pitched through. He saw it in summer and in winter, and when he saw it in winter he saw it always with the deer standing trembling down by the chicken house. It was all so real. The untrue parts were as real as any. He saw the green-and-gold dragon, breathing fire, come switching down the road. The winds had great puffing mouths, like the picture of a wind in his poetry book, and the frogs sang. He thought about these things when he lay still in his bed at night in his room in New York.

IN the mornings he got up and went about the day's business. One day he went to school and they were talking about what was going to happen in two days. It was going to be Halloween. There was going to be a Halloween party at school and Miss Grant said they were all to bring their jack-o'-lanterns from home and they would dress up and play games. That morning she set them to drawing and coloring pumpkins, a row of them, graduating from big down to little. She said that pumpkins grew in the country in vegetable gardens.

When school was finished for the day, Miss Grant told them all not to forget to ask their mothers to get them each a jack-o'-lantern for the party. Robert remembered from last year



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about jack-o'-lanterns. They were made of cardboard or something and had funny faces that grinned at you when you lit the candle that was stuck inside.

That night, when Robert called, his mother came right away. When she opened the door the yellow light from the hall fell through in a long bar, and she stood in the doorway talking over her shoulder for a minute before she came in. Then she closed the door and came in the darkness and sat on the edge of Robert's bed. He squirmed around and settled himself comfortably. He had not seen her to talk to since she got home from the Store. They did not even bother about the drink of water. "Mother," he said, "they're going to have a Halloween party at school. I have to bring a jack-o'-lantern. Mother, will you buy me a jack-o'-lantern?"

"Of course, darling. You'd like a big one, wouldn't you?"

"Yes. Mother, did you have Halloween in Keene?"

She began to talk in the old way, the wonderful way, and Robert, listening, felt comfortable and disembodied.

"When I was a little girl I used to carve out jack-o'-lanterns from pumpkins from the field, sitting on the back steps of the house. Great huge pumpkins, and the cook would make pie out of the ones that were too lopsided to use."

"Oh," Robert said. He thought of the pumpkin pictures he had colored that day in school, and he tried to see jack-o'-lanterns that were made out of pumpkins, and not the paper ones.

"The inside looked all raw and red, and then you took the knife and outlined two round eyes and a triangle for a nose. You marked big square teeth and cut around them when you came to cut out the mouth. Those were great enormous pumpkins. We used to have dozens of them, from little ones to ones as big as this." He knew that she was holding out her arms in the dark. "We put them in the summer kitchen on shelves, and we used up the little ones for pie and pudding and just for a vegetable, and I could have the big ones for Halloween. After they were scooped out and cut I would set a candle in the bottom of each one, ready to light. You lit the candle, and let some hot wax drop on the bottom, and stuck the candle to that."

She went on talking, and now Robert was lost from this room. He was in that other house, walking through all the rooms, and in the long garden that ran downhill toward the west from the back steps. As she talked he saw the pumpkins marching in a long line, from baby ones up to great ones as big as a room. They were Keene pumpkins.

"On Halloween we used to hang an apple on the end of a string, and then two people would try to bite it from opposite sides. And then we'd bob for apples. You put a lot of them in a tub full of water, floating around, and everybody tries to bite one and get it out. You get all wet and it's fun. And you put a fifty-cent piece in a bowl of flour and try to get it out with your teeth. And then after a while you all put sheets on over your coats and go out with the lighted jack-o'-lanterns and ring doorbells and scare people."

"How, Mother? How sheets?" Robert murmured.

"You looked like ghosts. And you would rap on the windows and look in—you cut eyes in the sheets—ring the doorbell and put the jack-o'-lanterns down on the doorstep and run away, so that when they came all there was was a big jack-o'-lantern grinning at them from the darkness." She got up and kissed him good night.

"*Tell* me some more about Keene," he said, holding onto her hand.

"You have to go to sleep now, darling."

"Mother, when will you buy me the jack-o'-lantern?"

"I'll tell Nana and she can buy it for you tomorrow."

"Oh, no! She doesn't know about jack-o'-lanterns, Mother. Please, you buy it for me. Tomorrow."

"All right. When you go to school tomorrow I'll walk a little way with you and we'll buy one on Third Avenue. Nana can bring it home if you don't want them to see it at school yet."

After she had gone he lay there in bed and thought about Keene and the white figures straggling along the road in the dark with lighted jack-o'-lanterns. He was sleepy. But he kept thinking about tomorrow. He saw the long line of the pumpkins getting bigger and bigger and bigger.

IN the morning Robert was in a hurry to get dressed. Outside in the courtyard someone was sluicing down the cement floor with a hose. He had breakfast and then they started. They walked down the street to Third Avenue, Robert in the middle, his mother on the outside, Nana trying to hold his hand. They crossed the avenue and walked along the farther pavement. When they came to a grocery store, Robert pulled back. There were piles of every kind of vegetable stacked up in pyramids on the sidewalk outside the shop. His mother went on walking.

"Come on, darling," she said. Then she stopped and he looked at where she was standing. There was a stationery store there, its windows full of cardboard jack-o'-lanterns and orange paper crackers and orange paper napkins.

"Come on, dear," his mother said. "We're going in this store and buy you the biggest jack-o'-lantern they have."

"Oh," Robert said. He came along then, slowly. "I thought we were going to go in there." He looked back at his store; it looked just the way he had been planning it would look. People kept hurrying by in the early-morning bustle, and they pushed against him.

"Not in there, dearie," Nana said. "That's a grocery store. They sell the jack-o'-lanterns in here." And they all went in among the orange paper favors, the witches' hats, the many paper things for a party.

—Nancy Hale

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Glenn Young, the yacht-owner, is Peggy Hopkins Joyce's most naive suitor in matters pertaining to night life. The other evening in the Stork Club he pointed to a gentleman who was dining alone and asked Peggy: "Who is that fellow? I see him every time I come in here."

Peggy looked. The "fellow" was Sherman Billingsley.—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Bangor (Me.) Daily News.*

We still think it was a good question.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

Of all the people who have occupied the spare room in my Shanghai house, I like Miss Chu best. She is a Communist and a Chinese patriot, to be either one of which is conducive to a solemn state of mind, and in a way, I must confess, Chu Ying is quite solemn. Yet she is a most likable girl. A good-humored honesty beams through her glasses and she has sudden, unexpected outbursts of mirth. And nothing in the world seems to shock her.

One day, on the other hand, she shocked me quite a lot by placidly confessing that she had a husband and a child. Ying had been living with me as a paying guest for six months, and it had never occurred to her, evidently, to mention these two facts. I had never dreamed of them, for Ying seemed so completely the footloose student and her time was largely given up to mysterious patriotic interviews with other student-like people who came to see her, bearing briefcases. The meetings always took place in her room, which was bare as a Spartan's, even the bed mattress having been removed in favor of a roll of harsh Chinese blankets spread on the box spring.

That day, though, Miss Chu's visitor had not been a Communist student; it had been Mr. Pei. Because Mr. Pei carried no briefcase and seemed to have no particular political chip on his shoulder, I had long since guessed that he was Ying's boy friend, although she always referred to him severely as P. C. Pei. After he left she came into my room and preened herself in the mirror, an astonishing action, as she had never before shown the slightest interest in her appearance. Her hair stood out at the back of her head like a pigeon's tail.

"Why, Ying," I said, "you've had a permanent."

"Yes," she admitted, patting at the wiry mass. "I do not know why I wasted so much of the morning on it. I have three articles to prepare before next week." She sat down on the bed, pulled up her small, slippered feet, and sat on them. "P. C. Pei," she said in the same tone of voice, "has just asked me to marry him. Did you not hear us quarrelling just now?"

"No," I said, "I didn't hear anything. But why did you quarrel? I thought you liked him."

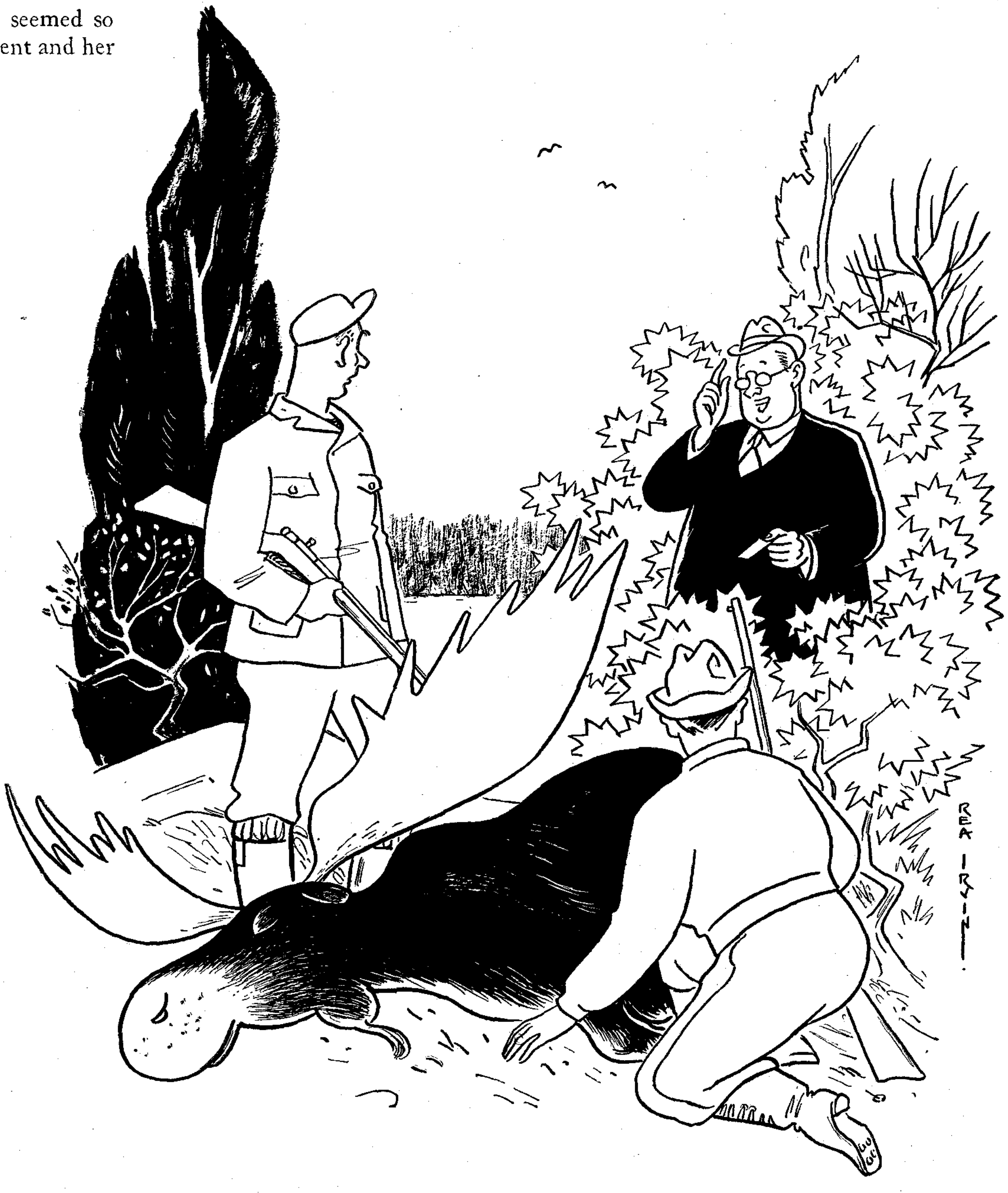
Over her spectacles her eyebrows lifted. "I do like P. C. Pei, but he asked me to *marry* him. I consider that in so doing he has insulted me." She hesitated, searching my face for signs of understanding. "Marriage," she added, "is degrading to a woman, and I am surprised that P. C. Pei should propose it. I had not thought he could be so atavistic."

I protested. Mr. Pei, I said, was a good-looking, strong, young man and had every right to turn atavistic now and then. "Anyway," I said, "I'm sure he didn't intend to insult you."

"He knows my feelings," said Ying, freezing up. We were silent for a while. "But then," she explained more kindly, "you do not know, as he does, that I have once been married. I don't believe I have mentioned it to you."

"What?"

"Yes. It was at the university, quite a long time ago, and the man I married was a very selfish person. It was altogether a mistake." Ying glanced at her watch and decided she had time to go on with the story. "I should have arranged it more intelligently. But at that time we all felt that under the old



"Good evening, gentlemen. I represent the Acme Taxidermists."

capitalist system young people neglected important matters to a criminal extent in favor of their small personal love affairs. Therefore, just to save time and trouble, when this man wanted me so much I went to him, although he did not share my views. He had a job with a firm of foreign importers and this job was all he really cared about. He never gave a thought, if you can believe me, to the government of his country or to helping humanity. *Extremely* limited."

Ying mused a moment. "In a way it was excusable. I did it in the hope of being free to pursue my work. Also, I did not marry him outright. But it was very wrong of me to allow matters to slip into the situation which developed. In short," said Miss Chu, "we had a child."

"Oh," I said. "And where is the child now?"

"In Peiping," said Miss Chu carelessly, "with my sisters. They have no outside interests. . . . After this I permitted that we should be considered married, according, that is, to Chinese ideas. We shared a house. Only the missionaries who owned the school were shocked. To them, it appeared that I had been living irregularly, and even our joint household did not seem to satisfy them. Missionaries are also limited—in another way, of course." She lay back on the bed, her hands clasped under her neck, her eyes looking dreamily at the ceiling. "After that," she said, "the troubles began. We quarrelled very much. None of our ideas were alike. He could not understand my work and thought I should stay at home with the child. Oh, I resented that child terribly, although, of course, after it was born I liked it. But I am not the maternal type—he is much better off with my sisters. You now understand, I hope, my attitude toward marriage and my surprise at P. C. Pei's tactless suggestion." She paused. "What would you say if I were to tell you that I am thinking of divorcing my husband?"

Her voice had a new note in it, and when I glanced at her sharply, her eyes did not meet mine.

"It has nothing to do with P. C. Pei," she said. "Nothing can alter my resolution in regard to him. But do you not think I should have obtained this divorce long ago? I have not even seen my husband in three years."

"Oh, undoubtedly you should get a divorce."

She sighed. "It will be difficult. Perhaps my husband will not consent. He has still some feelings for me." She stood up and smoothed her permanent. "Anyway," she said, "whether I do or do not divorce is not really of much importance. I should not waste time speculating. It cannot matter to humanity."

Vastly cheered by the thought, she returned to her room, and presently I heard her typewriter clicking.

ONE morning at breakfast I noticed that Miss Chu was unusually pinched and wan. She had occasional bouts of indigestion, but she always said indifferently that she had eaten too much dry rice as a child. It was nothing. This time, however, she admitted that she was in pain. "Today I shall see a doctor," she said, and went out and was gone all day.

She had always been so casual about her health that I didn't worry about her, and that night, when she hadn't come back before curfew, I supposed she was staying with a friend. But when another day and night went by I began to worry, though not about her illness. I had never asked any questions, but I was fairly certain that Miss Chu was doing something or other patriotic and forbidden within the Shanghai limits. Suppose the Japanese had got her? The next night I was just trying to find P. C. Pei in the three pages of Peis in the telephone book when a Mr. Wang was announced. In the living room, sitting on the extreme edge of a chair and clutching his soft hat, was a small stranger. His brown eyes were as anxious and appealing as a dog's; his foreign clothes were neat; he looked very weak and childish and unattractive, and his lips trembled hysterically.

"How do you do?" he said. "I am sorry to trouble you so late at night. But can you tell me where is my wife? Perhaps I should explain that I am the husband of Chu Ying."

Between us we managed to get badly worried. Rather to my surprise, he said that P. C. Pei was his very good friend. "Tomorrow I shall ask him to help me find my wife," he announced. "And in the meantime, of course, you can have no objection that I occupy her room?"

I did object, but not successfully. An hour later I lay in bed wondering where Ying was, and worrying about what she would do if she should come home and find her husband in possession, and,

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THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. ARTESIAN'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

Once there was a man named Mr. Artesian, and his activity was tremendous,
And he grudged every minute away from his desk because the importance of
his work was so stupendous;
And he had one object all sublime,
Which was to save simply oodles of time.
He figured that sleeping eight hours a night meant that if he lived to be seventy-
five, he would have spent twenty-five years not at his desk but in bed,
So he cut his slumber to six hours, which meant he only lost eighteen years and
nine months instead;
And he figured that taking ten minutes for breakfast and twenty minutes for
luncheon and half an hour for dinner meant that he spent three years,
two months, and fifteen days at the table,
So by subsisting solely on bouillon cubes, which he swallowed at his desk, to save
this entire period he was able;
And he figured that at ten minutes a day he spent a little over six months and
ten days shaving,
So he grew a beard, which gave him a considerable saving.
And you might think that now he might have been satisfied, but no, he wore
a thoughtful frown,
Because he figured that at two minutes a day he would spend thirty-eight days
and a few minutes in elevators just travelling up and down,
So as a final time-saving device he stepped out the window of his office, which
happened to be on the fiftieth floor,
And one of his partners asked "Has he vertigo?" and the other glanced out
and down and said, "Oh no, only about ten feet more."

—OGDEN NASH

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finally, about the likelihood that Mr. Wang wasn't her husband at all. At that thought I sat up in bed and turned on the light. He might perfectly well be a Japanese spy. Perhaps Ying was even now being third-degreed by a Japanese officer while this little brown-eyed impostor went through her papers and found incriminating evidence.

Then I remembered my parting glimpse of him, going to the bathroom. He was wearing Ying's bathrobe and his head, with its stylish pompadour, was covered by a sort of skating cap with a pompon on top, patterned in concentric circles of green and black. Surely no spy would wear a skating cap in bed. I turned off the light and went to sleep.

"I want you to do something about his rumba. It's perfectly terrible!"

IN the morning, Mr. Pei and Mr. Wang found Ying in a Chinese hospital, paying fifty cents' fee a day and being treated for stomach ulcers. It developed that in her language "going to see the doctor" and "going to the hospital" were one and the same. For a week both young men visited her daily, and by night I shared my house with the stranger. It was all very peculiar, but I didn't know what to do. Even when Ying came home, very thin and weak, and moved into the room with Mr. Wang, I saw no way to put a stop to it. We never even had a chance to talk about it; wherever she went, Brown Eyes pattered after her. She spoke to me as from a distance, gravely and with all possible courtesy. "I regret so much that I shall be weak for a time and must have someone to look after me. May my husband stay until I am well?"

It was her own business, I said to myself. I knew he was sleeping on the floor, for the mattress had been brought upstairs again. Mr. Pei hadn't come to call since Ying's return from the hospital. I was very much puzzled.

The first day Ying could walk without assistance she came into my room, closed the door, and sank down on the bed. "Ai-yah, I cannot bear this much longer! Do we disturb you at night?" she asked.

"No. Why?"

She looked over her shoulder at the closed door. "I can never get away from him," she said fretfully. "At night we quarrel. Oh, I am tired!"

She lay back on the pillows with closed eyes. "At first he seemed so reasonable," she said, opening her eyes suddenly, "but now he is making threats. If I insist on the divorce, he says he will go to the police and charge me with desertion. Sometimes he wants to jump out of the window. What is the matter with him? How can he hang onto me if I do not want him? Is it love? What is it?"

I did not attempt to say.

"There is no arguing with him," she said. "He is like a child, and he is so violent about P. C. Pei!"

I asked, "Is Mr. Pei violent too?"

Miss Chu's face became even more wretched. "I do not know what P. C. Pei is thinking. He told me, when my husband first arrived, to go slowly. He said, 'Be nice to him.' And I am being very nice, but I cannot bear it much longer. He is always with me, always arguing. I have not done any work for days. He asks me to make promises. Already I have promised not to divorce him for a year, and I have promised not to see P. C. Pei for a whole year too."

"But why? Do you mean you might reconsider?"

"Oh no! I will never take my husband back."

"But then why did you make that promise?"

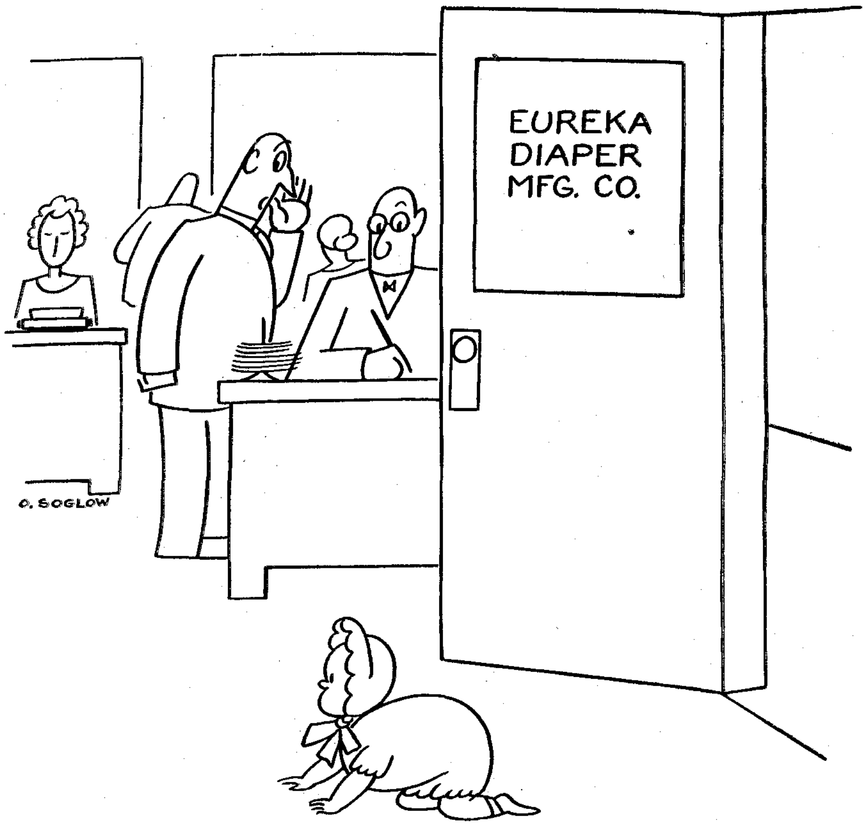
She pushed out her jaw. "P. C. Pei told me to be nice to him. So I made the promise, and if I had not, my husband might go to the police or kill himself. Only he must go back to Peiping soon or I shall go mad." She spoke wildly. "Going back in the boat, he will jump off. Somebody ought to go with him to see that he will not jump off."

"Mr. Pei," I suggested.

She looked sullen. "Perhaps P. C. Pei will not wish to trouble himself," she said coldly.

There came a fumbling tap on the door, and in the hall Mr. Wang wailed like a child. "Ying!" he called. "Ying!"

"I do not understand P. C. Pei's attitude," Miss Chu went on, ignoring



“She’s the new model.”

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the noise. “He does not come to see me any more.”

“He’s jealous, that’s all.”

She shook her head. “Today when I phoned and asked him to come to see me he said he was busy. No, P. C. Pei has made up his mind to get away from all of it.”

Suddenly she turned a more hopeful face to me. “Will you speak to P. C. Pei?” she asked.

“Me?”

“Yes. *You* can do it. Ask him how he thinks. Find out why he is so strange. Perhaps he will talk to you. Tell him how I feel. You *must*,” said Miss Chu in quiet desperation. “Tell him I quite realize I can have no claim upon him. But I want him to know that no matter what he does I will *not* go back to my husband. If I cannot have both,” she said, with mounting agitation, “I will have nobody. *I cannot let him go like that.*”

“Ying!” wailed Mr. Wang. She started out, but at the door she stopped to say, “But perhaps P. C. Pei thinks I have gone back to my husband already.”

“Of course. He’s jealous, Ying.”

“Well, but he told me to be nice to him. . . . Yes, I’m *coming*.”

I DID my best with P. C. Pei to remember what she had told me. I gave him a rapid but vivid sketch of Ying’s state of mind, while I wondered and worried about Mr. Pei and his attitude. If he was really tired of waiting for her, I said, it would be better to tell me now.

Mr. Pei stood up and began to walk around. “Perhaps you do not know,” he said, “that I have always respected Miss Chu, even before this man Wang ever saw her. I thought her a remarkable girl; it was only my sense of unworthiness which kept me from—in short, I was astonished when I heard of her marriage. I had known Wang at school. For *him* to aspire—but no doubt, I thought, they have fallen in love, and for such sentiments there is no explanation. I tried to forget. Years later I again encountered Miss Chu, alone and free, in Shanghai. My respect has, if anything, increased. I respect her to such a degree—”

“She loves you, too,” I said.

P. C. Pei relaxed pleasurably, waiting for more. I gave it to him. “In fact, although I am not authorized to say this, Mr. Pei, I think it safe to suppose that your recent—uh—disagreement as to marriage will never recur. Miss Chu now realizes that she cannot force nature to share her political ideal. She will be willing, even glad, to marry you; that is, if you have not changed your mind.”

Mr. Pei said emphatically that he had not changed his mind.

“But there is Mr. Wang,” I reminded him. “He threatens to go to the police.”

Mr. Pei snorted. “He has no legal claims. I have been looking into the law, the latest one. There is no necessity even for a divorce. Legally, according to this latest law, she is free. Please tell her so.”

I promised.

“As for the child, I shall be glad to give it a home; I shall treat it as my own. Please tell her that.”

“Yes, Mr. Pei.”

“Frankly, I was a little jealous,” he continued. “I have been unable to sleep all this week. Please tell her.”

I bowed. “It is all very satisfactory,” I said. “There remains only one matter. If her husband should kill himself?”

P. C. Pei came to a halt in his triumphant walk about the room and looked appropriately grave. “It would cast a shadow over our lives for a time, of course,” he admitted. “Still, perhaps he was fated to die young. Who knows?”

We looked at each other in complete sympathy. “Please tell her that,” he said gently.

“IN that case,” said Miss Chu, looking years younger, “my husband—I mean this man—can leave for Peiping tomorrow. There is a boat. I looked it up in the paper.”

“Splendid. And is he going alone?”

Miss Chu regarded me gravely. “Oh, yes. After all, we cannot take care of all humanity. Even if he decides to end it all, it will naturally cast a shadow over our lives for a time, but—”

“I think you are so right,” I said.

Still she hesitated. “It’s a pity, nevertheless,” she said. “It is a pity he should be so weak. If only he could manage to think more about humanity and less about himself. I cannot help thinking that if he had good advice, if somebody would only show him these matters in the right light . . . I don’t suppose,” said Miss Chu, “that *you* would talk to him?”

—EMILY HAHN

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Time*]

In his last year as a turtle-neck-sweatered roughneck at Indiana University he did join a fraternity, Theta Beta Pi, best on the campus, whose requirements were: a slick blond pompadour and more money than brains. Willkie had neither.

DINNER WITH HENRY LUCE

ON the eve of the general election I find myself in a serious predicament. In all my experience with popular government there has never been a preëlection mess quite like this one. Briefly, here is the situation.

In *Life* for October 14th there appeared two articles—one by Bruce Bliven, presenting the case against Willkie, the other by Robert Moses, presenting the case against Roosevelt. Both writers made out a clear case against their man, and when I got through I was more than ever convinced that I could not conscientiously cast a vote for either Mr. Willkie or Mr. Roosevelt. With these two names eliminated from my list, I resigned myself to staying home from the polls.

But then *Life* for October 21st came out, and in it was an editorial by Henry R. Luce announcing that he considered anybody who failed to vote in the forthcoming election a traitor, and that he (Luce) would never "knowingly sit down to a meal" with such a person. I can't tell you how disturbing I find this dilemma. At my time of life, a man thinks twice before he deliberately disqualifies himself from eating a meal with, or off, somebody.

I shall not discuss the charge that I am acting treacherously when I fail to go to the polls and express a preference for Roosevelt or for Willkie. Treachery, like loyalty, is an abstract quality which need not intrude here. But I do want to discuss what is going to happen when Mr. Luce and myself turn up at the same dinner party and he discovers, after we are all in the dining room, that I failed to vote in the 1940 election. Dinner parties in New York are not abstract; they are concrete as the deuce, and a man must know how to act. I have never happened to be at a party where Mr. Luce was present, but that doesn't mean it couldn't occur. In fact, I think it is inevitable. The dream of hostesses is for a total intermingling of all people. It is a brave dream, and though it hasn't yet been realized, the ladies who get up the dinner parties are still working hard at it. Someday, everybody is going to meet everybody else, or hostesses will know the reason why. And that means that eventually my path and Luce's will cross, and I want to know which of us is going to stay for the meal.

Let us try to picture this very distressing occasion when Mr. Luce and myself are guests under the same roof. When dinner is announced, everyone drains his cocktail glass and there is a general move in the direction of the dining room—all the gentlemen except myself remembering to remove the little cocktail napkin from their vest pocket, where they have stuffed it. During the hubbub, while the hostess is seating her guests, Mr. Luce interrupts her with his familiar question: "Would you mind telling me if there is anybody here who failed to vote in the general election of 1940?"

The hostess smiles graciously and replies, "Nobody but Mr. White."

All right, what happens next? Who leaves the party, Luce or me? Technically, Mr. Luce ought to leave, since he is the one who imposed the condition on himself. But if he were to leave, it might be an unpopular solution. It is safe to assume that there are more persons at a dinner party who would rather have *me* leave than Mr. Luce. Furthermore, if he left, it would make a pariah out of me, and no matter how brilliantly I conducted myself the rest of the evening, I would still be "the man whom Henry R. Luce wouldn't sit down to a meal with." Dinner parties are tough enough for me without this extra cross to bear. No, I'm the one to leave.

THERE is another possible solution, of course. One of us could be placed at a small table by himself and served separately. We used to work this stunt in my family at Thanksgiving when there were more people for dinner than our table could accommodate. Setting up this extra table (a card table will do) will cause something of a flurry among the servants and a disagreeable period of embarrassment, Luce and myself standing around in hangdog fashion waiting for a cloth to be spread and silver to be shifted over from the main board. And then the same pesky question: Which one of us shall occupy the special table? In this case, I say it ought to be Luce. Nevertheless, if it will make things go any smoother, I'll sit over there. That is, I will on one condition—there must be none of this kidding back and forth between tables. If I'm going to eat alone at the little table, I want the advantages which go with eating alone. I don't want people trying to engage me in conversation at long range and calling attention to my exile.

I never dreamed that a time would come when my unwillingness to vote for a major party candidate would unfit me for dining with the editor of *Life*. I still think of *Life* as an anti-vivisection organ. But this, as Mr. Luce pointed out, is a moment in history, and strange things happen when history is in the making.

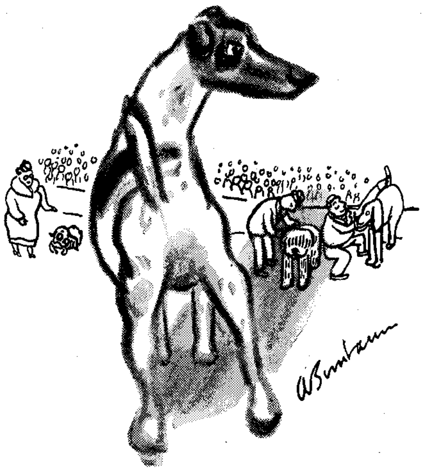
Frankly, I am afraid Luce's dilemma is as great as my own. I doubt if he realizes what he is letting himself in for. It happens that I know a great deal about the unhappy lot of the guest who, for one reason or another, is obliged to ask his hostess a pointed question before beginning his meal. I have been doing exactly that myself for twenty years. Twenty years ago I discovered that clams poisoned me and that a single spoonful of clam chowder would make me violently ill. Since there are several kinds of soup which are somewhat nondescript in appearance and not readily identifiable, and since clam chowder is among them, I have found it necessary at dinner parties to question my hostess closely before touching a drop of soup. This isn't always easy. Often there is considerable confusion and disorder during the first moments of a dinner party, everybody talking at once, and my loud voice demanding "Has this soup any clam in it?" sounds rude and boorish, just as Luce's brusque question "Is there anybody here who didn't vote in 1940?" will sound rude and boorish. In my case the inference is that I have come to criticize the food. In his, the inference will be that he has come to castigate the guests. I don't envy him his lot. Long years of acting suspicious at somebody else's table leave their mark on a man.

Maybe I'll change my mind and go to the polls after all. I could write in Joseph V. McKee. Then, if Luce and I ever did meet, we could dine together like fellow-Americans—provided, of course, there were no clams in the soup. —E. B. W.

PROFILES

BEST IN SHOW

WITHIN ten days after the retirement a month ago of Champion Nornay Saddler, a smooth-haired fox terrier who had just won his fifty-fifth best-in-show award and who has always been inordinately fond of cubed sugar, the dog and his owner, James M. Austin, received two hundred and three letters, five hundred and eighty-one telegrams, and several dozen visits from admirers who either wanted to pay tribute to the end of an unprecedented career or, in many cases, to upbraid Mr. Austin for removing from competition a dog who might conceivably have finished up with seventy-five victories. No other dog in history has ever won even as many as forty best-in-shows, which gives Saddler, as he is affectionately known in the dog world, a cozy advantage that retirement seems unlikely to reduce to any serious extent. Nineteen best-in-shows is the highest total of any dog now actively competing. Saddler's statistical preëminence is understandably gratifying to Austin, an invention broker who spends some of his time financing struggling young products until they are able to shift for themselves but spends more of his time with dogs. Austin, who was born in North Carolina forty-three years ago and has been involved with either horses or dogs ever since, has fifty-five other smooth fox terriers in his kennels at Old Westbury, Long Island, but although he is attached to them all, Saddler has always been his truest love, and he is essentially a one-dog man. Out of respect for the champion, he has had a special room built in his house, panelled in Australian pine, to hold some of the shiniest of Saddler's three hundred-odd trophies, and he once had a scrapbook made for Saddler by a bookbinder he deemed competent for the task because the man had previously done a similar job for Helen Hayes. The book is bound in tooled red leather, lettered in gold, and encased in a huge red box; a student coming upon it unexpectedly in a library might take it for a first folio of Shakespeare. Saddler has his own guest book, too, bound in blue leather, and in it one fervent admirer has inscribed, over his name, "To an immortal dog." Such a tribute to Saddler is not uncommon. Last winter, a judge at a dog show excitedly described him as "the greatest piece of dogflesh I have ever seen." Though Austin is aware that few fox terriers live to be more than fifteen and that Saddler is basically mortal, he never applies so crude a word as "dogflesh" to his pet, not even in a complimentary way. He refuses to place any cash value on Saddler and becomes indignant when the subject is brought up. A while ago, the Maharajah of Pithapuram brought it up, regally offering to buy Saddler for whatever Austin demanded. Austin said that he could no more sell Saddler than a father could sell his children.



Nornay Saddler

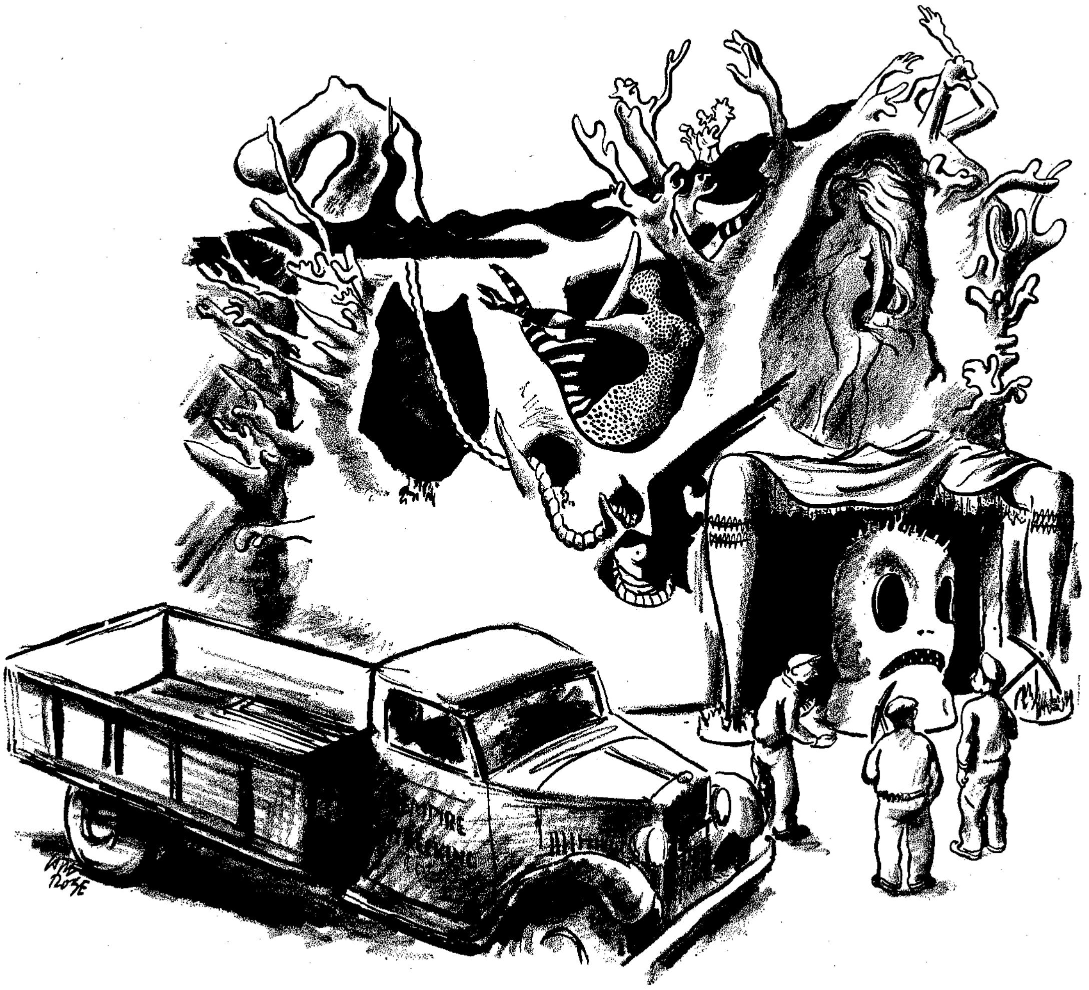
Austin's paternal feelings toward Saddler are in no way affected by the fact that Saddler, at four and a half, is himself a grandfather and has full-grown sons scattered all over the country. Saddler still sleeps on his master's bed, as he has done ever since he came to this country from England early in 1937. He does not take up much room on the bed; he weighs only eighteen pounds and is but fifteen and a quarter inches tall at the shoulder. Both his weight and height are ideal for a fox terrier; all his proportions are so close to the standard drawn up for the breed in 1876 by a group of sporting Englishmen that Winthrop Rutherfurd, an eighty-year-old breeder who is president of the American Fox Terrier Club, once said, "When they made the standard they closed their eyes and dreamed of Saddler." Most dog-lovers, when referring to Saddler, adopt the same reverent tones that other sportsmen reserve for Man o' War or Babe Ruth; Rutherfurd finds it difficult to speak of Saddler without using the word "beloved."

Though to an experienced terrier man Saddler is a particularly exquisite sight because of the absence, for example, of "wedginess" in his foreface and of "throatiness" in his neck, to a casual acquaintance he appears to be simply a friendly, lively dog with a black head, a white body with small brown and black markings, a short, quivering tail, big brown eyes, and a normal, authoritative bark, which he employs frequently to express displeasure or excitement. Since it is the natural function of his breed to dig foxes out of their dens, his head is long and thin, his jaws powerful, and his teeth sharp. There is a large black mark, shaped like a saddle, in the centre of his back. Saddler has never sired a puppy precisely in his own image, but some of his children have resembled him so closely that a man in Atlantic City was once able to startle another man airing a vaguely saddle-marked fox terrier on the boardwalk by pointing at the dog dramatically and shouting, "That's a Saddler pup!" According to the standard set up in England sixty-four years ago, the physical proportions and general attitude of a fox terrier possess fixed values in a show ring. A perfect dog is figured to have a one-hundred-point rating, the points being apportioned as follows: fifteen for head and ears, fifteen for hindquarters, fifteen for legs and feet, fifteen for coat, ten for shoulders and chest, ten for back and loin, five for neck, five for stern, and ten for "symmetry, size, and character." Austin, who believes that every bit of Saddler, including his character, is flawless, once said, "You can go over Saddler and you can't take off a point." Some of the leading dog-show judges in the country, who use the point system only for personal and private guidance and never announce a dog's mathematical rating, have admitted that at one time or another they had to conclude, if occasionally with reluctance, that Austin was right.

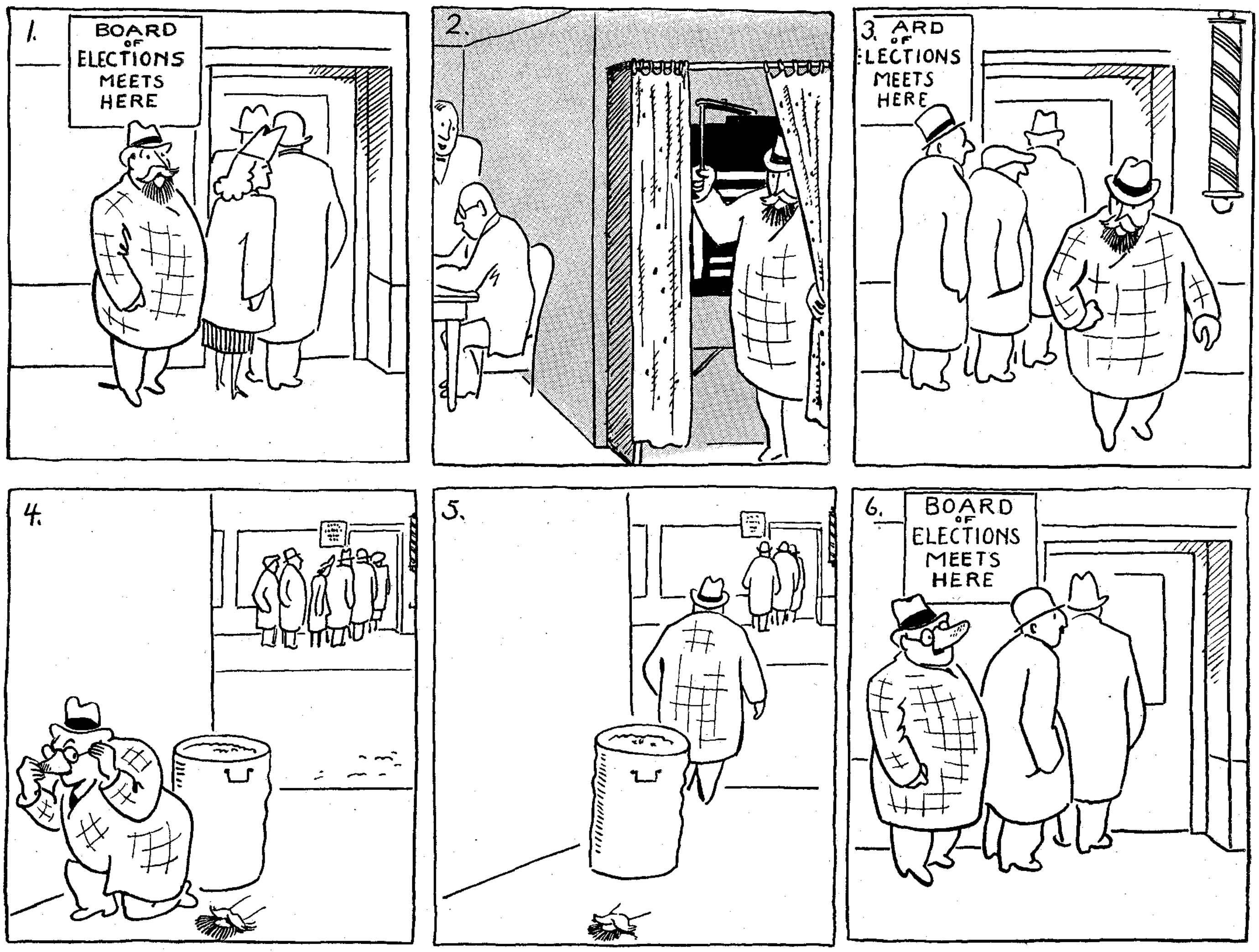
SADDLER lives on a spacious estate called Catawba Farm, containing sixty-one acres and, according to the extent of breeding activities at any given time, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dogs. Half of the dogs, all smooth fox terriers, belong to Austin, and live in what he calls the Wissaboo Kennels. The other half belong to Mrs. Austin, whose Catawba Kennels house twenty-one breeds, ranging from Afghan hounds to French poodles. Every September the Austins put on a private dog show for their own amusement, with professional judges in attendance and ribbons awarded by themselves to themselves. Saddler has invariably won best-in-show, usually at the expense of Champion Che Lê of Matsons-Catawba, a distinguished Pekinese who is familiarly known to the household as The Duck. The Austins were married fifteen years ago. By a previous marriage, Mrs. Austin, a wealthy lady from Pittsburgh whose family is prominent in steel circles, has four children. Three of them are now married; the youngest, Madelaine West, is sixteen and lives with the Austins. Austin calls her Wissie and she calls him Aboo. Three years ago they combined these nicknames into Wissaboo. The Austins used to maintain a racing stable in addition to their kennels, but gave it up a couple of years ago because they felt more of an affinity with dogs than with horses—or because, as Mr. Austin once explained to a friend, "you can't hold a horse on your lap."

Although the Austins do not constantly have dogs on their laps, they are almost always surrounded by them. When a member of the Austin ménage moves around the house in the daytime, he is usually accompanied by a flurry of dogs. At night there are dogs in every bedroom. Saddler shares Austin's room with Rebel, an eight-year-old terrier who was a household pet before Saddler was born and has refused to be displaced. Mrs. Austin can scarcely reach for her slippers without bumping into Champion Chéri, a miniature poodle, or Champion Diamond Jim, Rochester, and Tusa, three pugs; and when she goes into her dressing room next door, she is met by Toodles, a Pekinese who likes to camp there. Miss West's dreams are shared, and occasionally interrupted, by Champion Danesgate Delecta, Sabine Ruffum, and Paycheck of Wissaboo, three smooths; Peewee, a mongrel; and Bonita, a fourteen-year-old German shepherd who has slept in her chamber for twelve years. Another German shepherd, another mongrel, and an English setter spend the night in the kitchen. The other hundred-odd dogs on the place slumber in the kennels on old copies of the *Sun* and the *Herald Tribune*.

For the past five months, the Austins have been living in a new house which contains nineteen rooms for the family in addition to the one for Saddler's trophies. The house has Dutch doors, divided into upper and lower sections so that conversations can be held between people in adjoining rooms without letting the dogs through. Practically every room has a drinking bowl in it, and on most of the lampshades, cushions, and walls there are pictures of dogs. A small silver replica of a smooth-haired fox terrier adorns the radiator cap of one of the Austins' eight cars. In a barroom downstairs there are fifty-two pastel portraits of their favorite dogs, all done from life by an artist named William McPherson, who devoted three months to the job. Austin was so enchanted with the results that he plans to have the artist come back soon and do some hundred other dogs, for the display of whose portraits the family will undoubtedly have to have another room built. Saddler, besides being represented in the pastel gallery, has been painted in oils by Frank Voss, who usually does horses. This portrait hangs over the mantelpiece in Saddler's trophy room. In that room are a hundred sterling-silver items, ranging from modest ashtrays to three-foot loving cups, all won by Saddler, arranged against a solid background of a thousand ribbons, a few of which were won by lesser Austin dogs. Most of Saddler's trophies are rather impractical, but he has contributed several useful accessories to the ménage. The Austins serve turkey off a large platter won by Saddler and chicken off a smaller one. Their flowers are arranged in Saddler vases. They drink water poured from a Saddler pitcher and chilled by ice from a Saddler ice bowl. When they have guests for cocktails, they can take their choice of four complete services acquired by Saddler. It is nearly impossible to flick the ashes off a cigarette without having them land in a Saddler tray. Saddler personally has benefited from his exploits only to the extent of being able to drink water exclusively from sterling-silver receptacles. At home, in his trophy room, he uses a bowl he won at a Berks County Kennel Club show in Pennsylvania. When travelling he uses a North Westchester



"*Well, go ahead! What are you afraid of?*"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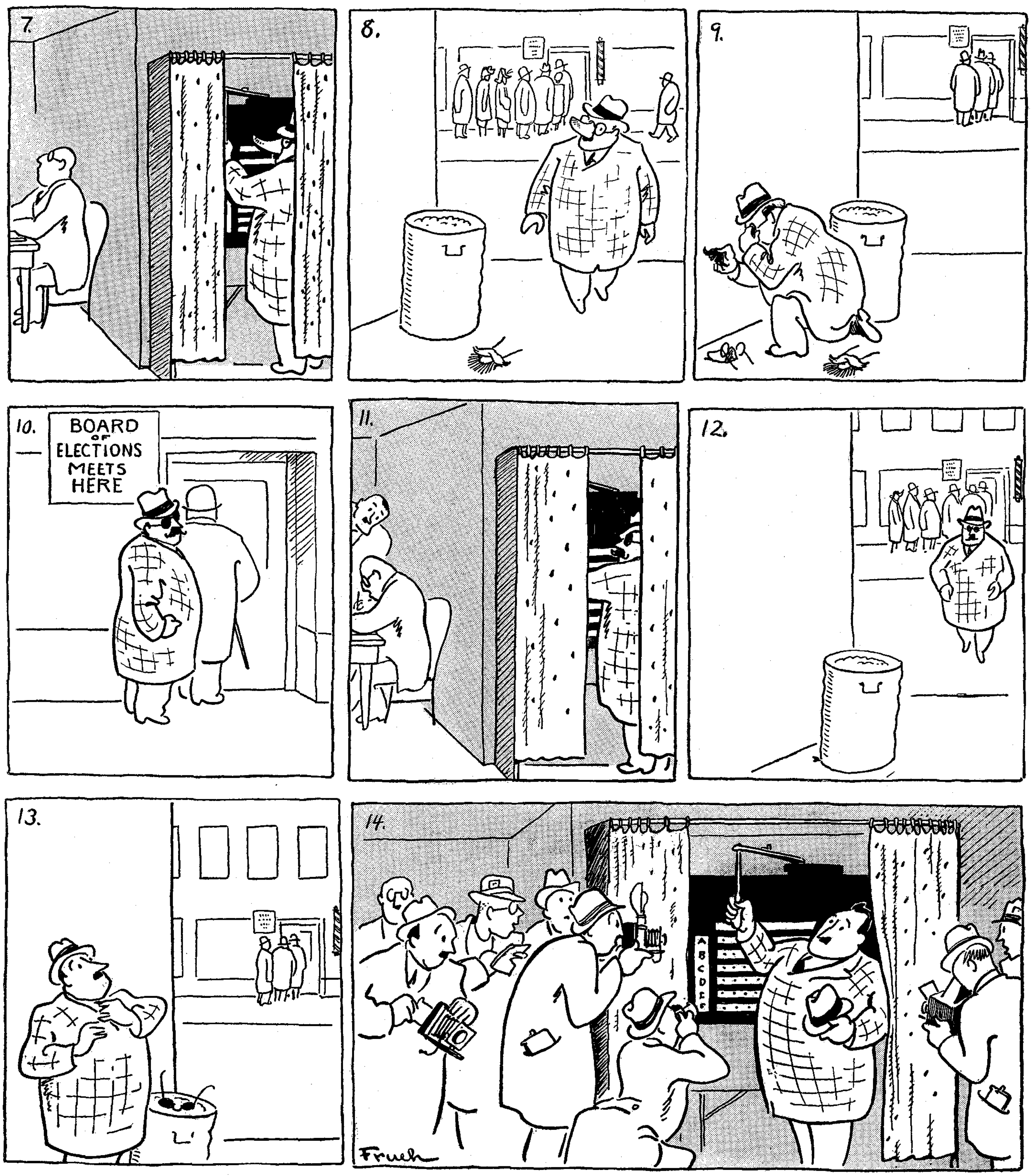
Kennel Club bowl that Mr. Austin always takes along.

LIKE most stars, Saddler has an appreciative and articulate public. When he was acquiring almost as many best-in-shows as some dogs have fleas, he received about fifty letters a month, mainly requests for pictures. Now and then a youthful admirer asked for an autograph, or pawprint. Austin always declined to give out Saddler's autograph, fearing that the ink might injure the dog's health. "Saddler is showing," he apologized to one fan, "and I don't want to put ink on his feet." Austin did and still does send out pictures, however, which he has made up in large batches. He has his secretary attach one to a form letter thanking the addressee for his interest in the dog and mail it along with a pamphlet modestly describing Saddler as "the sensational smooth-haired fox terrier." "He is so famous it embarrasses you," Austin once said to a man who expressed a wish to shake the famous dog's paw.

Saddler has not found fame a heavy burden. He is primarily concerned, like any dog, with eating and sleeping. He is fed at three every afternoon, getting two-thirds of a pound of chopped beef mixed with crumbled dog biscuit. Before he retires, which he does at whatever hour his master does, Austin often slips him a couple of puppy biscuits as a nightcap, and he occasionally permits Saddler to nibble at a lamb chop, a lump of sugar, or a Tootsie Roll, always after he has first nibbled at it himself. Saddler's food is prepared in a kitchen catering to both the Wissaboo and Catawba Kennels, which are right next to each other, two hundred yards from the house. Saddler's principal diversion is hunting. To date he has bagged a hundred and forty rats (a total Mr. Austin has conscientiously computed from firsthand observation), half a dozen squirrels, and a few cats who especially irked him. He will chase anything that moves, including a leaf. While hunting, he is usually accompanied by Rebel, the one dog on the place whom Saddler recognizes as being anywhere near an equal. Saddler is acutely conscious of his status as top dog and takes magisterial nips at underdogs who try to dispute his authority. Although he visits the kennels only to be fed and to be bathed—bathing is a biweekly event he tolerates without protest—he has somewhat the attitude of an absentee landlord and expects the tenant dogs, a good many of whom are related to him, to treat him with deference. Perhaps he is amiable toward Rebel because Rebel can do twenty-two tricks, including a somersault, and he can do none. It is considered ill-advised to teach a show dog tricks; if he knew any, he might try to demonstrate them in front of a judge and thus offend the judge's sense of propriety.

SADDLER was born in England. His father was Champion Travelling Fox and his mother was Wyrksop Surprise, the house pet of a young girl named Frances Coward. Saddler's birth, in Worksop, Nottinghamshire, on March 12, 1936, was unattended and almost resulted in his death. Frances and her parents were sitting in their parlor one rainy night when their maid came in and casually remarked that Wyrksop Surprise had brought a small, untidy object into the kitchen, which she judged to be a rat and would throw into the fire, begging their pardon. Mr. Coward, a well-to-do public accountant who had never before bred anything but horses, went into the kitchen, took a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THE CANDIDATE VOTES

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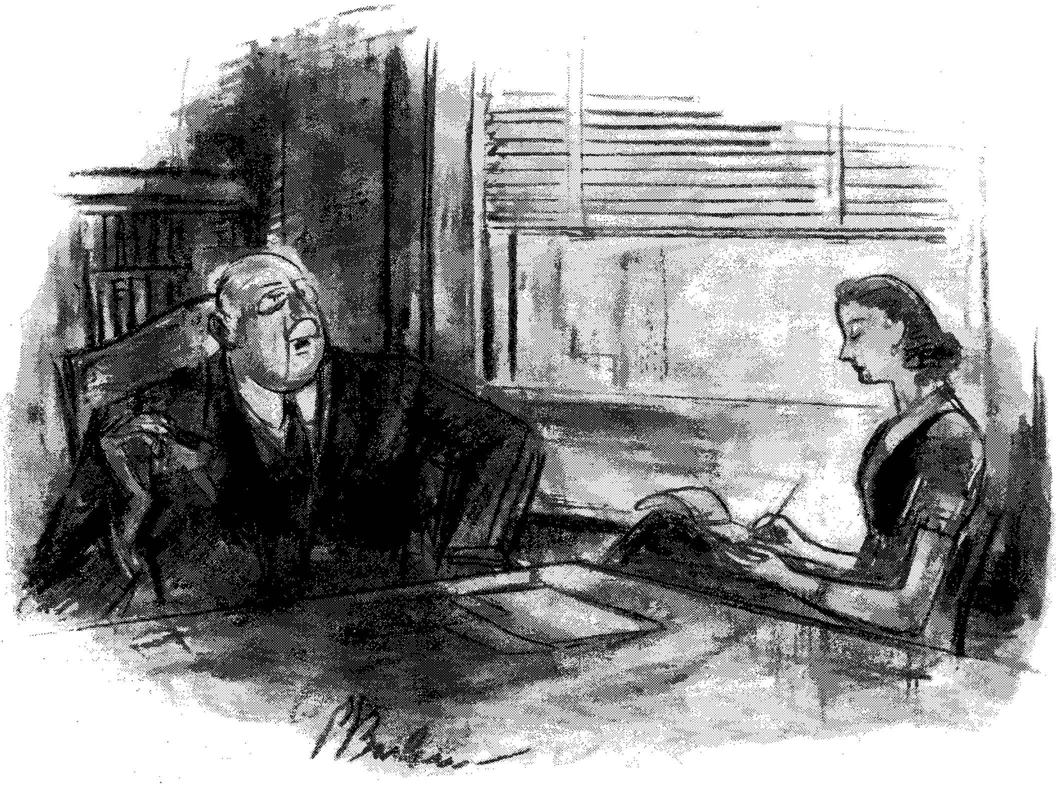
look at the object, which was covered with mud, decided that it was a dog, and saved it from imminent extinction. Nornay Saddler was given his last name because of the mark on his back, and his first name because Nornay was Mrs. Coward's family name. Mr. Coward trained Saddler at home and, when he was eight months old, entered him in a couple of local fox-terrier shows. Of the two judges who first professionally appraised Saddler, one predicted that he would have "a starry future" and the other that he would "create a furor." Austin read these optimistic judgments in a British magazine called *Our Dogs*, which also published a temptingly handsome photograph of Saddler. He fell in love with the picture and cabled an offer of £100 for the dog, which was accepted over the protests of a duchess who had also been carried away by the picture and argued that it would be both unethical and unpatriotic to hand the dog over to a foreigner. Saddler was put on board the Berengaria and arrived in this country suffering severely from distemper and malnutritional complications. Austin met him at the boat, took him to Long Island at once, and put him to bed, where he remained for more than two months. During most of this period, Austin, who had realized at the pier that he owned a potentially great dog, stayed at Saddler's bedside. Whenever he had to leave, a registered dog nurse relieved him.

A fox terrier is not hard to train for the show ring. Many owners have to struggle with other dogs for months before they learn how to stand straight and still and to move properly in a reasonably straight line when a judge wants to observe them in action. It is almost impossible, however, for a well-proportioned terrier like Saddler to stand wrong or to move ungracefully. By the time he left England he had been taught to react swiftly and intelligently to a slight pressure on a lead—much as a race horse learns through the pulling of reins to obey his jockey—and to remain stationary at his handler's bidding when being fingered by a judge. When Austin began to enter Saddler in shows, he had only to see that Saddler's coat was well groomed and that his weight did not fluctuate from eighteen pounds. In his first six American appearances, Saddler won two minor awards but was never even picked as the best smooth fox terrier, much less best fox terrier, best terrier, or best of all breeds. Austin engaged Leonard Brumby, president of the Professional Handlers Association and a terrier expert, to show the dog after persuading Brumby to violate his usual policy of handling only dogs which are quartered in his own kennels at Hicksville, Long Island. Austin took Saddler to Hicksville once a week to have his coat trimmed with a fine-toothed steel comb, but otherwise Brumby saw the dog only when they met at shows. Handled by Brumby, Saddler won his first best-in-show award at the Greensburg Kennel Club in Pennsylvania in July, 1937. In the next two and a half years, competing on an average of once a week, Saddler won fifty more best-in-shows. Before the end of 1938, when his total had already gone beyond thirty, competing dog-owners were becoming visibly discouraged. Saddler earned his championship rating, which is awarded by the American Kennel Club as soon as a dog has rung up a stipulated number of triumphs over rivals of his own breed, within ten days after he joined forces with Brumby. When he had defeated his first five or ten thousand dogs, Saddler became so accustomed to success after being chosen best smooth and best of all terriers that he would wait around quietly for the judge to select him as best in show. Then he would jump up and down, bark complacently, and climb perkily into his travelling case. Saddler once embarrassed Brumby, and startled a judge who was unacquainted with his self-assured ways, by walking up to receive best-in-show honors just as the judge was about to confer them on another dog.

ALTHOUGH Saddler's record is numerically supreme, it fails to include the two most coveted victories in the dog world: best in show at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, held every February at Madison Square Garden, and best in show at the Morris and Essex Club Show, held every May on the estate of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge at Madison, New Jersey. Saddler, representing the terrier group, reached the final round, along with the winners of the working, non-working, toy, sporting, and hound groups, at both shows two years in succession but then lost out. At the Westminster, he was a heavy favorite in both 1939 and 1940 but was defeated in turn by Ferry von Rauhfelsen, a Doberman pinscher, and by My Own Brucie, a cocker spaniel. Saddler's position is similar to that of a professional golfer who has led all his colleagues in tournament after tournament but has been beaten by a putt in two successive playoffs for the National Open title.

The differences between championship dogs are as slight as those between championship golfers: a false turn of the head or an unfriendly growl may result in a dog's receiving not a blue ribbon but one of a less desirable color. Since it is difficult to tell whether or not a dog is going to perform at his best, no one can predict the winners. Each award at a dog show is made by a single judge. Once Saddler had established himself as a consistent winner, he derived some advantage in competitions from the fact that inexperienced judges were apt to be impressed by his reputation and to play safe by choosing him as best in show. Experienced judges, on the other hand, were likely to try harder than usual to find some minute flaw in his appearance or character purely out of resentment at finding themselves face to face with what had been considered perfection. Saddler's only repeated fault was a tendency to act sluggish in the ring; whenever he did, his friends began to worry about his



". . . L.S.U. 7, Tennessee 19; Duke 14, Georgia Tech 0; Mississippi 13, Vanderbilt 6; S.M.U. 20, Texas 7. Get that off to the News at once, Miss Harvey. The contest closes at midnight."

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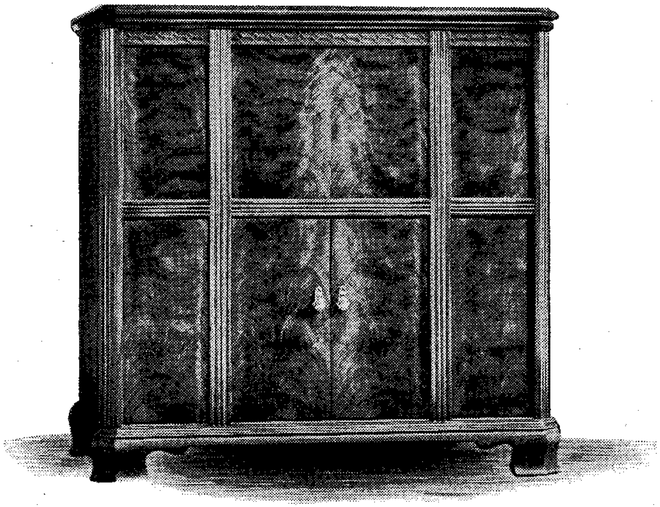

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health and his enemies pointed out that it was obviously harmful to keep a show dog in the home and expect it to care about anything but licking its master's hand.

Saddler never participated in a show unless Austin was able to accompany him. They have visited more than a hundred places together, including Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, Annapolis, Roanoke, Schenectady, Niagara Falls, Lake George, Toronto, Chicago, Mineola, the Bronx, and Baltimore, where Saddler once went extracurricularly to attend a party given for a Southern fox terrier who had been conspicuously efficient in guiding school children across a traffic intersection. Saddler travelled comfortably and is one of the few dogs in the world for whom a plane has been chartered. The Austins live only about two miles from Roosevelt Field and sometimes hired a Waco cabin plane there, at a cost of $50 a day. Mr. and Mrs. Austin and Saddler would take off in the morning, fly to a show, and fly back that evening, having in the meantime, as a rule, garnered a new loving cup or ashtray. Saddler is fond of airplanes and frequently tries to hop into low-flying ones that swoop over his home. When Austin decided to get to a show in a more leisurely fashion, he would reserve a compartment on a train. According to railroad rules, he had to carry Saddler on board in a regulation dog suitcase, but once they were in the compartment, Saddler could be released. Saddler is a hardened traveller and, after casually sniffing the upholstery, always went right to sleep, unless he was hungry. He was never permitted to eat at a show and was trained to refuse any tidbits that might be offered to him at such times, because once at a show he sampled a piece of meat that had been lying on the floor and had a mild attack of indigestion. While getting to and from shows, however, he ate heartily; on trains, for instance, Austin would order one steak or portion of roast beef for himself and one for Saddler.

AT present, Saddler does not cost Austin much more than any house pet costs its owner. He consumes about $5 worth of meat a month and has a modest wardrobe, consisting of four jackets, two linen and two woollen, which cost $5 apiece. He usually wore one at shows when exposed to drafts. While he was being heavily campaigned, in 1938 and 1939, he ran up some impressive bills. Brumby charged $20 a show for handling him, his standard fee. In addition, Brumby received bonuses of $25 or $50 if Saddler was selected as best terrier or best in show. (Brumby also got whatever prize money Saddler won—a relatively minor sum, since $10 is a big purse at a dog show unless some fancier feels philanthropic toward a particular event.) Last winter, just before the Westminster, Austin and Brumby had a tiff and broke off relations, and from then on Austin handled Saddler himself, at a considerable saving and with no noticeable change in the results. Saddler's balance sheet, all things considered, lists more credits than debits. His trophies, which are insured for $6,000, would probably fetch almost that much as scrap silver, and he has earned more than half as much in stud fees. In addition, Austin has sold several of Saddler's sons and daughters for substantial prices, up to as high as $3,000, six times what he paid for Saddler. All told, Austin has sold twenty of Saddler's children for a total of some $10,000 and has given away others to what he considered to be deserving friends.

Austin's kennel, like most horse-racing stables, operates at an annual deficit. During an average year he spends close to $4,000 for food, $3,000 for kennelmen, and $1,000 for handlers' fees and transportation of dogs to shows. Added to that, there are entry fees ($300), upkeep on the kennels ($150), and purchases of dogs ($1,000). On the credit side, Austin takes in approximately $1,250 in stud fees and $2,500 in sales of puppies. This leaves him some $5,700 behind—a figure that has to be doubled, of course, to include Mrs. Austin's equally enthusiastic and equally unprofitable kennel activities.

Saddler has sired fifty-seven children, thirty-five of whom are more than nine months old and therefore mature enough to be shown. Twelve of them have already accumulated sufficient points for a championship rating, and one, Champion Desert Deputy, has beaten his father. Last fall, Austin gave Desert Deputy to W. Holden White of Cleveland, who was sufficiently devoted to fox terriers to have gone through Harvard with one of them on his bed, and, handled by Brumby, Deputy proceeded to defeat Saddler in a show at Bryn Mawr. Austin has retained twenty of Saddler's children. He also has three of his grandchildren and twelve dogs whose precise relationship is difficult to define, since they were sired by Saddler's grandfather, whom Austin imported two years ago, and borne by one of Saddler's daughters. Austin has bought thirteen full brothers and sisters of Saddler in the last few years and

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was about to purchase his father a few months ago when the dog got into a kennel fight with another fox terrier and was inadvertently killed by a handler trying to separate the combatants. Austin and other breeders learn about new dogs and the whereabouts of favorite old ones by poring over such publications as *Our Dogs* and the *American Kennel Gazette*, and they are constantly buying promising puppies and established sires from one another.

Saddler and his children have made many breeders of wire-haired fox terriers nervous and irritable. In 1907 and 1908, a smooth was named best in show at the Westminster, but after that wires became so popular, and judges so accustomed to preferring them to smooths, that some smooth-breeders just sulked and didn't even bother to enter their dogs in competition. Smooths have come back into popularity now; Saddler and his family are mainly responsible. It was almost impossible for him to go to a dog show without running into a few of his more attractive children, and of the sixty-nine smooths entered at the last Westminster he had sired nineteen. Whatever future appearances Saddler may make at dog shows will be to accommodate his children, since when a couple of puppies are entered as a family team in a specialty show or in a special class at the Westminster, it is obligatory that the father be present. Saddler's stud fee is $100, the highest on record for a fox terrier, and he is mated about once a month. He is allowed to meet only bitches of whose pedigrees Austin approves. Saddler himself possesses the most elaborate genealogy ever drawn up for a dog. Last year two fox-terrier specialists, one in Boston and one in Sussex, England, got together by mail and, after diligently poking into all the available files on the breed, compiled a voluminous document tracing Saddler's ancestry back ten generations, or seventy years, and naming two thousand and forty-six of his progenitors. They sent the pedigree as a gift to Austin, who was quite touched and decided to have it cross-indexed by name and relationship. This has not yet been done and will undoubtedly be a complicated job because of the policy among dog-breeders of mating grandparents with their grandchildren and to promote other forms of incest. As a result, most canine family trees get terribly tangled up.

Even before he was retired, Saddler had been taking things comparatively easy. He was shown only six times this year after losing at the Westminster in February. He was campaigned less

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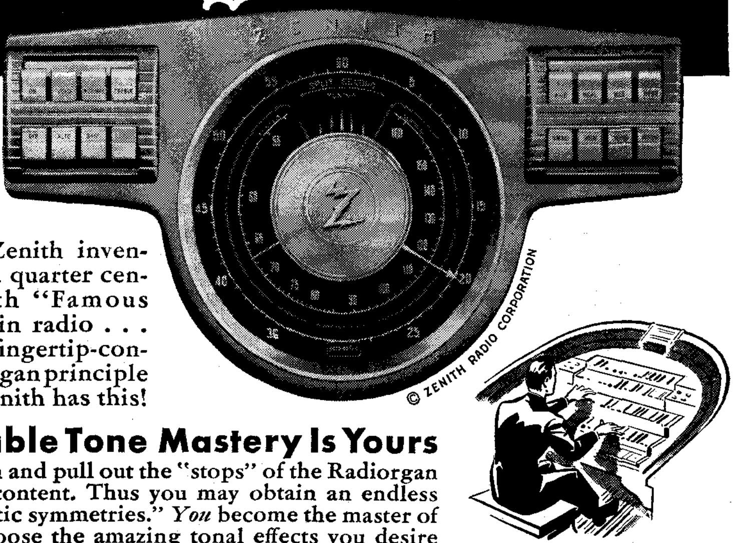

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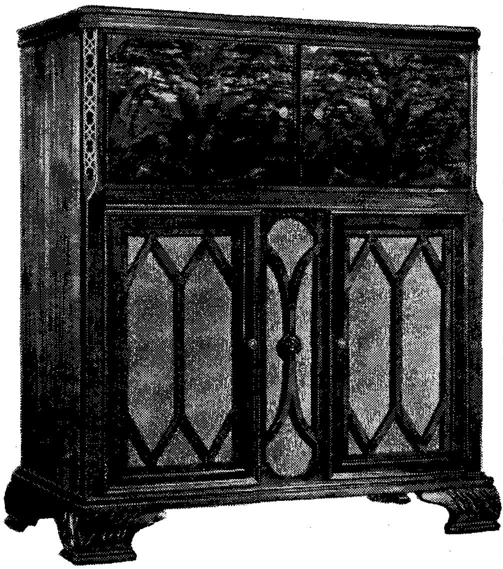


Radiorgan's brilliant response to your touch is an experience you will not easily forget. You will discover a *new tone faithfulness in radio* . . . a sense of mastery over music not possible with any other radio in exactly the same thrilling way.

Under No Other Name But Zenith

can you obtain a radio with Radiorgan. An exclusive Zenith discovery. Don't buy until you see and hear the new 1941 Zeniths with Radiorgan and many other equally sensational exclusive Zenith features at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

73 Models . . . *Prices from $14.95* up*
Radiorgan Models Start at $39.95*

ZENITH RADIORGAN
PHONO-RADIO COMBINATION 7-S-591

7 powerful tubes including heater cathode rectifier tube, has a six button Radiorgan, automatic radio tuning and record changing, beautiful tone, lovely conservative design. *List Price*... $129.95*

*Pacific coast prices slightly higher.

ZENITH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. •LONG DISTANCE• REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RADIO

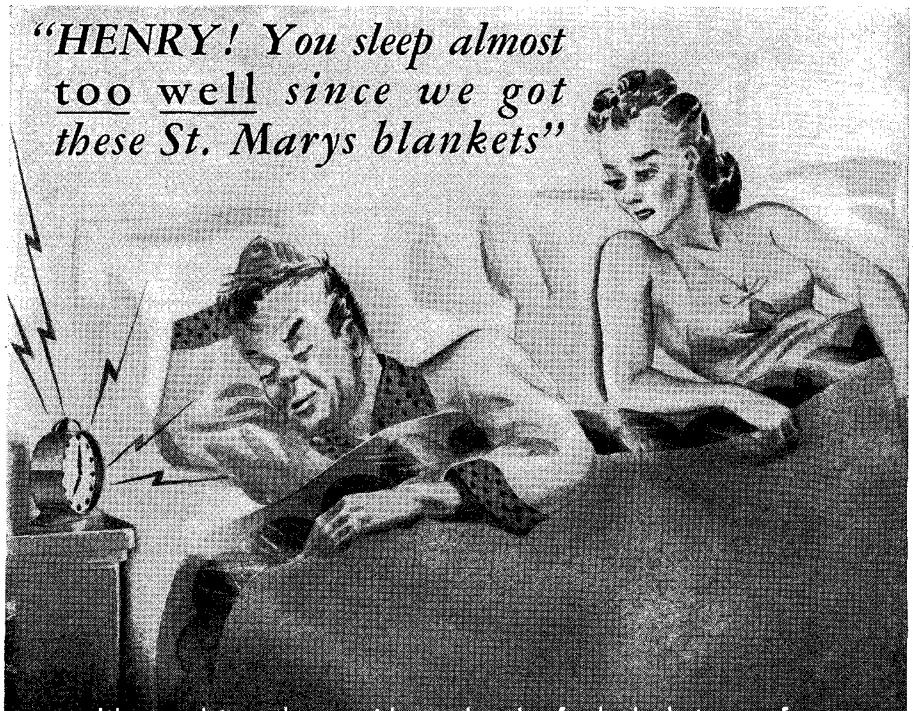
For over five years only Zenith has guaranteed "Europe, South America or the Orient every day or your money back." (*on short wave sets*)

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

heavily because Austin was reluctant to enter him in shows in which he had already won. Austin would undoubtedly have been pleased if Saddler had entered another Westminster and had won, but he insisted to friends who argued that retirement could wait until after next February's Westminster that Saddler had earned the right to be absolutely free of all occupational worries, and, if he felt like it, even to lose part of an ear in a fight—an event that would have injured his chances in competition.

Austin regretted his decision to handle Saddler himself only once. At a show in Rochester last spring, both he and Saddler had to stand absolutely still for two thirty-minute stretches—Saddler because a judge wanted him to and Austin because he was afraid Saddler would move if he did. Austin had a cold to begin with and was so wearied by the performance that he took to his bed the moment he got home and stayed there for a week. Saddler, when he got home, merely scampered off in search of what turned out to be his hundred-and-thirty-seventh rat. He will now be able to devote more of his time to rats and to other prey. He still has a score to settle with the only fox he ever met in battle. Saddler chased this particular quarry into a hole and emerged holding the fox by the nose. The fox coincidentally was holding Saddler by the lower jaw. Saddler finally tossed the fox, apparently dead, onto the ground, but while Austin was examining Saddler's wounds, the fox jumped up and retired to another hole. Austin restrained Saddler from resuming the conflict because he feared that the dog might get caught in a tight place in the hole, and he had no shovel handy. Now that Saddler is retired, Austin plans to let him dig for foxes in the neighborhood of Old Westbury whenever the mood strikes him and plans also to provide an escort of a couple of sturdy men armed with shovels to dig him out if necessary. This solicitousness is not extreme; it merely indicates Austin's attitude toward Saddler, and there is no reason to believe that Saddler would not be just as eager to dig Austin out of a fox hole if he happened to tumble into one. Their lives are so inextricably tied up that it is often difficult to decide which of them belongs to the other. Not long ago, when two of their friends were discussing them, one man interrupted the other in the middle of a sentence to correct what he considered a misstatement. "Saddler doesn't live with Austin," he said sharply. "Austin lives with Saddler."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.


"HENRY! *You sleep almost* too well *since we got these St. Marys blankets*"

It's grand to wake up wide-eyed and refreshed—but more fun still to ignore the alarm and lazily enjoy extra last-minute comfort, billowed in these loomed-for-luxury St. Marys blankets. They're *all virgin wool*, soft and fine as down, exceptionally warm. Superb creations . . . fashion's smartest patterns and colors . . . wide, lustrous bindings in distinctive designs that are St. Marys very own, protected by copyrights. Exclusive, too, are St. Marys new Color-Selector Charts now displayed at leading stores. See them and get an eyeful. St. Marys Woolen Manufacturing Company, St. Marys, Ohio.

ST. MARYS *Blankets*

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING LAUNDRY TESTED and APPROVED by

A punch tastes better
with champagne,
But connoisseurs
will all maintain
Your brand must have
a famous name,
Insist on . . .

COOK'S *Imperial*

AMERICAN Champagnes and Wines

AMERICAN WINE CO ✶ ST·LOUIS·MO·

To stay at the
"Bellevue"
is to enjoy the thrill of living where everything of importance in Philadelphia's social and commercial life actually happens. Rates are reasonable.

BELLEVUE
STRATFORD
IN PHILADELPHIA
CLAUDE H. BENNETT
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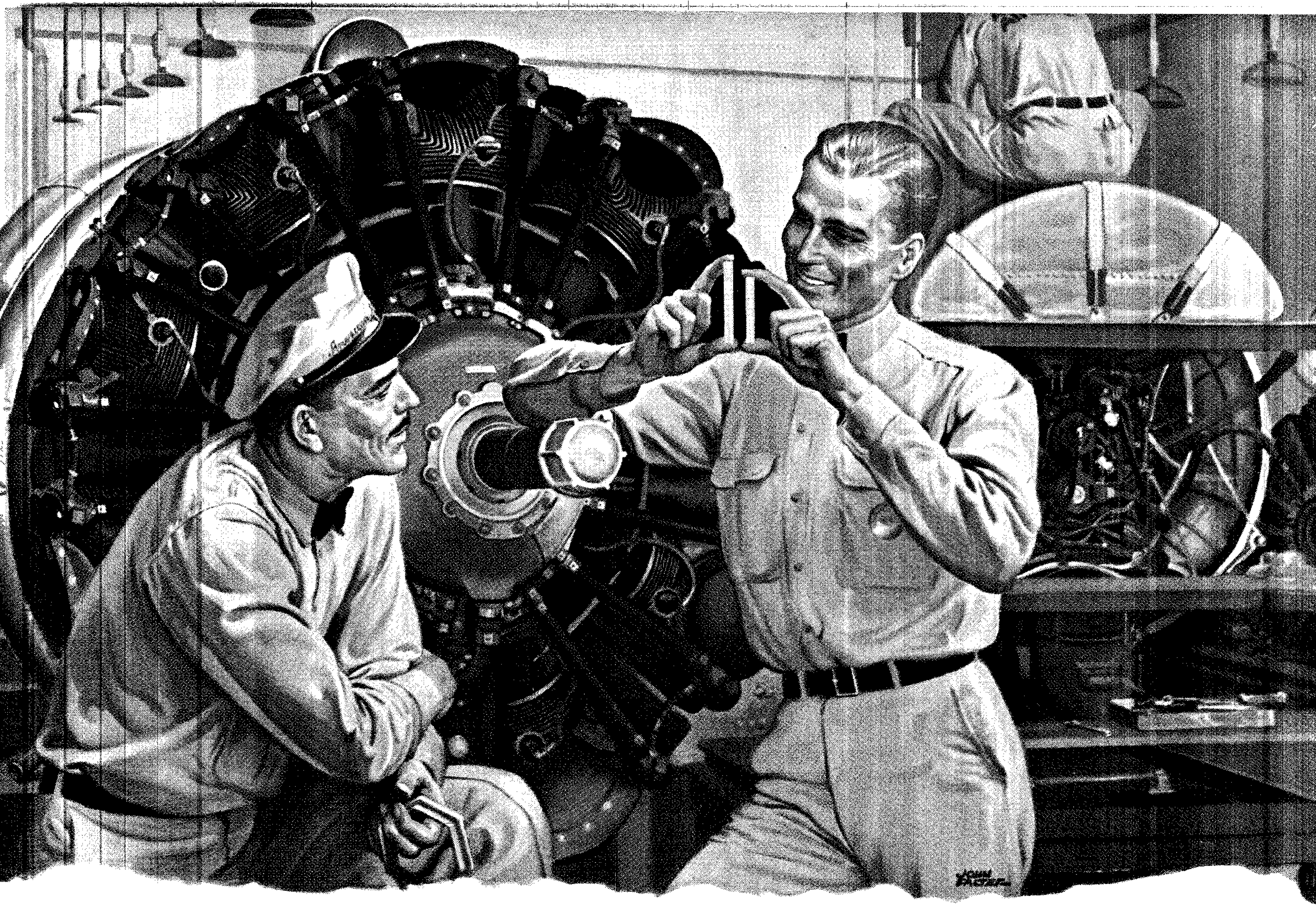
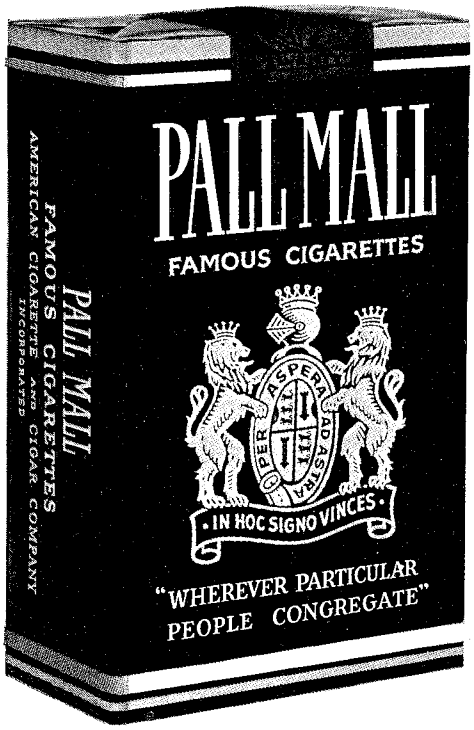
Mission
Garden
Tea
FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES


JOHN FALTER

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

. . . FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too.

For the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

. . . FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING—an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!

PALL MALL
PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

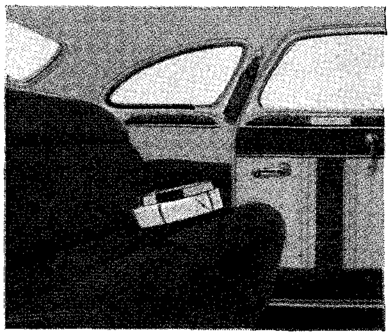
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

A Dream OF DRIVING *Come True*

Step into a 1941 DeSoto

Discover **De Soto's Fluid Drive Combined with the New Simplimatic Transmission! This gives you automatic shifting for all normal driving! Enjoy the new Luxury of Roomier Rocket Bodies—Rich 2-Tone Interiors.**



TWO-TONE INTERIORS! Wide, Form-Rest Seats. Smart new fabrics. Interior trim and fittings are harmonized.

THIS REALLY IS DRIVING you've dreamed about—a car that shifts for itself in all normal driving. With De Soto's Fluid Drive—you can start, stop, go all day without ever shifting gears.

De Soto brings a new "solid" feel to driving. It hugs the ground—floats over bumps. Its 105 horsepower super-economy engine never "strains."

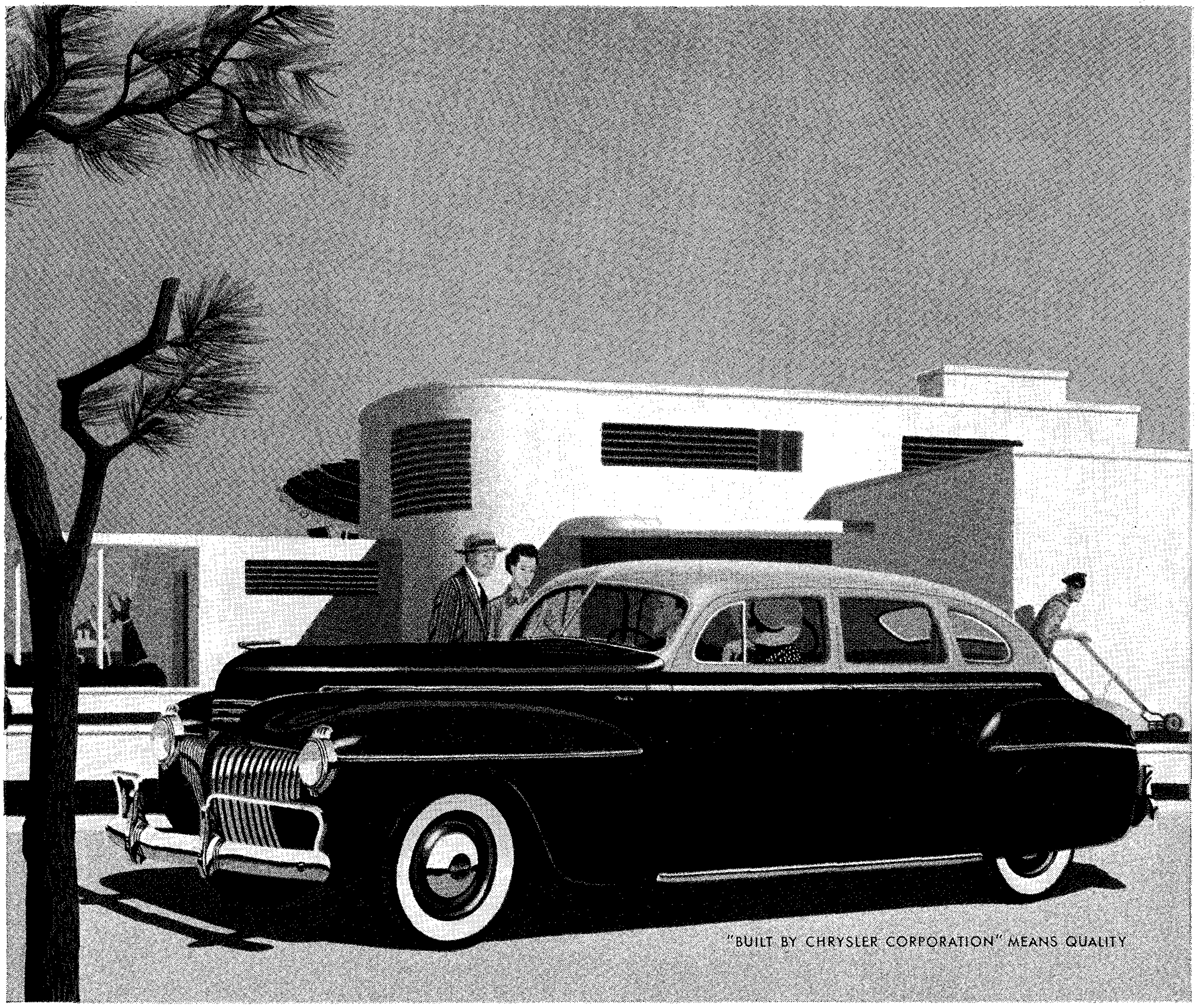
Outside, inside—it's exquisitely designed. Rakish Rocket Bodies and 2-Tone Interiors are the last word in styling. See De Soto today. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

Fluid Drive

Formerly only on high-priced cars, now combined with Simplimatic Transmission, gives you Automatic Shifting for all normal driving

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION TODAY!



"BUILT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION" MEANS QUALITY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TIFFANY MOVES

THE directors of Tiffany & Co., two of whom are descendants of Charles L. Tiffany, founder of the first Tiffany store in 1837, are thoughtful men whose natural predilection for sentiment is sharply governed by canons of taste. In moving their business from Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue to its new quarters twenty blocks north, where it opened last week, they took along the old Tiffany clock and the old Tiffany figure of Atlas, which supports the old Tiffany clock, but left behind the old Tiffany factory whistle, a piercing, two-tone instrument on the roof of the old Tiffany building which had long electrified people in the Thirties every weekday at noon.

The clock, with its big, gilt Roman numerals, and the statue, which has the appearance of cast iron but is actually carved out of wood, have come to look smaller and smaller as the Tiffany stores get larger and larger. They seem even more incongruous over the main entrance of Tiffany's new, pinkish granite, limestone, and marble-trimmed building than when they adorned the Italian *palazzo* which Stanford White designed for the firm on Thirty-seventh Street, but the owners of Tiffany & Co., reflecting that these items had been in their possession for eighty-seven years and had successively graced three Tiffany buildings, felt that they constituted too solid a link with the past to leave behind. Moreover, they thought that the continuing presence of these objects might help their five hundred Manhattan employees, twenty-two of whom have been with them for fifty years or more, and their older customers, some of whom have been trading with them for fifty years or longer, to keep their feet on the ground.

The whistle, the owners decided, was something else again. It was installed as a lunchtime signal for the men and women in Tiffany's manufacturing departments, and since the firm's silverware and stationery are now turned out in a Tiffany factory in Newark, a jewelry shop being their only manufacturing unit in New York, they feared that the removal of the whistle to the Fifty-seventh Street building on such sentimental grounds might be misinterpreted as an exhibitionistic gesture by new neighbors like Bonwit Teller, the New York Trust Company, and the Tailored Woman. Reluctantly, but with firmness, they made up their minds not to take the whistle along.

The old Tiffany building was sold to the City Bank Farmers Trust Company, acting as trustee for the William Waldorf Astor estate, and Tiffany at first contemplated throwing in the whistle free. Learning of this, the magazine *Cue* offered the Astor estate $25 for it. The estate, regarding this as pure velvet, was in favor of the sale, but, upon consulting counsel, was informed that the whistle wouldn't come into its possession until after Tiffany had given up title to the old building on Monday, October 28th. The estate therefore asked Tiffany's approval of this disposition of the whistle. While Tiffany was thinking this over, the New York Historical Society, whose interest in the whistle had been aroused by an editorial in *Cue* a couple of weeks ago, began dickering for the whistle on its own hook. The directors of Tiffany were in a quandary. They didn't want to offend *Cue*, which had made the prior bid, but they weren't sure whether it would be in keeping with the traditions of a hundred-and-three-year-old firm to put a six-year-old magazine in the position of being able to say it owned the Tiffany whistle, and to blow it at will. Moreover, they had always blown the whistle exactly on time, being guided by a Western Union ticker announcement sent out from the Naval Observatory in Washington, and they weren't convinced that *Cue*, with all the good intentions in the world, would be as accurate. The thought that the Tiffany whistle might not always blow precisely at noon depressed them. They finally settled the matter tactfully by keeping the whistle. They are sending it to their Newark factory. They already have a whistle there, but declare, rather lamely, that they can use another one.

ALTHOUGH the William Waldorf Astor estate didn't get the $25 for the Tiffany whistle, it owns the new Tiffany site as well as the old site and building. The store's present site, which is its sixth, is leased from the City Bank Farmers Trust Company, again acting as the trustee, for thirty-three years, with an option to renew for a similar period. In its early days, Tiffany changed its location frequently. Founded in 1837 at 259 Broadway as a fancy-goods and stationery store, it moved to larger quarters at 271 Broadway ten years later, when it added jewelry and bronzes to its merchandise. In 1854 it moved to 550 Broadway, and in 1870 to Union Square.

As it matured, the company became more deliberate in its movements and got into the habit of staying in the same place for thirty-five years, or the life span of the grizzly bear. Thus it moved to Thirty-seventh Street in 1905 after thirty-five years at Union Square, and to Fifty-seventh after another thirty-five-year stretch. Its owners have become increasingly conservative and are no longer addicted, as they used to be on

moving day, to explanatory statements and cornerstone ceremonies. Pieces of metal from the first Atlantic cable, Tiffany medals commemorating the unveiling of Grant's Tomb and other events, and various records of the firm's history were stuffed into the cornerstone of the Thirty-seventh Street building when it opened, and the late Charles T. Cook, then president of Tiffany, observed, "It was only recently, when the encroachments of the manufacturing and wholesale houses in our vicinity took a more aggressive form, which brought with them so many features annoying to our patrons, that we concluded that a due regard for their comfort and convenience made it expedient for us to seek another site." The pieces of the Atlantic cable and the other mementoes have been left for the City Bank Farmers Trust Company to dispose of as it wishes. It has not had the effrontery to offer them to *Cue*. The new Tiffany building opened, Monday before last, without fuss of any sort, at precisely nine-thirty by the Tiffany clock.

EXCEPT for 1,500 watches and 15,000 pieces of jewelry, which were taken uptown in three trips by an armored car of the United States Trucking Corporation, and a few valuable papers, which were transported by the directors in their pockets, Tiffany's stock, office furnishings, records, and other belongings were moved by Byrnes Brothers, a firm which has handled local office moves for the United States Rubber Company, General Electric, and the National Broadcasting Company, among others. The owners of Tiffany do not care to discuss their inventory in detail, but they are willing to say that the move involved the transfer of articles worth over $10,000,000, including 1,500 ashtrays (most of them silver), 3,500 rings, one of the biggest stocks of imported china in New York, and the finest stock of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones in the world. The watches and jewelry were packed in velvet pads in twenty-five trunks; each trunk was packed, sealed, unsealed, and unpacked by the salesman customarily responsible for the stock contained in it. The rest of the stock was moved in over 3,000 barrel and box loads. The barrels, when packed, weighed an average of 200 pounds each; the boxes were wooden and twenty-five cubic feet in capacity. Each plate, vase, ashtray, cup, saucer, silver thimble, and terrapin dish was wrapped separately in white tissue paper, nested in excelsior pads, and then packed in the barrels or boxes. These were rolled on dollies into an elevator, and subsequently rolled up a portable ramp into one of five or six trucks, which kept going between the old building and the new from eight in the morning until ten at night for nearly thirty days. Two $3,500 vases were transported in special extra-size containers; the most valuable barrel load contained $8,500 worth of china, and the most valuable box load $100,000 worth of silver, including an antique teapot priced at $4,500. The barrels, boxes, and furniture—tagged with some 10,000 colored and numbered slips indicating where they, or their contents, belonged in the new building—were rolled into the Fifty-seventh Street quarters' elevators, and then to the right place on the right floor, so everything but the Tiffany staff and a few documents moved on wheels from start to finish.

The entire moving took nearly a month. The reserve stock and much of the furniture were transferred several weeks before the new store opened and various odds and ends a few days after. Most of the stock on the selling floors, however, was moved on Friday and Saturday, October 18th and 19th. The great iron shutters on the ground floor of the old store were rolled down for the last time on Thursday at five-thirty, and for the next two days Tiffany was closed for the first time, except for holidays and the day after the death of a partner in the firm, in its history. Tiffany had originally hoped to move over Labor Day weekend, thus avoiding any loss of business hours, but various delays in the completion of the new building made this impossible. Moreover, the directors, after considerable thought, decided that no moving should be done on a Sunday, since Tiffany has never been open on Sunday, and they felt that even a trade-entrance departure from this custom should not be countenanced.

WHILE the moving was still going on, I talked to Mr. James J. O'Neill, president of Byrnes Brothers, in his office at Columbus Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street. "We have five hundred barrels in constant rotation," he said. "It's a continual merry-go-round." He told me that the trucks proceeded west on Thirty-seventh Street to Sixth Avenue, north to Fifty-seventh Street, and then east to the new building. I asked whether a police guard was provided, and Mr. O'Neill became a trifle evasive. "You won't see anyone in uniform," he said.

The Byrnes Brothers office in which I met Mr. O'Neill was dominated by a large moose head. He informed me that in addition to his moving business he owned several storage warehouses, and that a warehouse customer, unable to meet his storage bill, had presented him with this object. He also informed me that in his opinion Tiffany, by its latest move, had come up from the backwoods to the front porch; that the moving job, in actual value of the property moved, was probably the biggest ever undertaken in New York, aside from certain large-scale transfers of money and securities undertaken for banking houses; and that he had thirty packers and supply packers, specially bonded for $5,000 each, on the job constantly. Packers pack, he told me; supply packers supply the packers with things to pack. He took me over to the Thirty-seventh Street store and we went up to the top, or seventh, floor, which was given over to packing and supply packing. It was a day or two before the old store closed, and business was being conducted as usual on the selling floors. The Byrnes men, most of them wearing aprons and blue shirts, were packing plates, vases, and so on in barrels in an enormous room in which cathedral-like arches supported a ceiling with a large, boarded-over skylight. I was told that Stanford White had had this skylight built into the roof, and that directly below it, in the floors of the two uppermost stories, he had had inserted a section of glass about twenty by thirty feet. The idea was that the sun would shine down through all this glass, imparting a lovely glow to the interior of this part of the building. Unfortunately, this effect was achieved only for a brief period around noon every day and, moreover, was visible only in a section of the building given over to manufacturing and repair and never visited by customers. The skylight was smashed in a storm four years ago and was simply boarded up, and Tiffany, feeling that its floor space might better be used for commercial purposes, tore the floor glass panes out and replaced them with the usual type of non-transparent floor.

I asked Mr. O'Neill whether the moving of Tiffany entailed any novel problems, and he said that except for its magnitude there was nothing extraordinary about it. For a man like himself, he intimated, whose company had once hoisted a thirty-foot directors' table up fifty-two floors and through a window into the Radio Corporation of America's offices, and had also moved bones around from one graveyard to another for the Trinity Church Corporation, the Tiffany job was, if anything, humdrum. Moving a barrel containing sixty-eight plates worth $4,000, a typical upper-bracket Tiffany barrel, involved a technique no different from that employed in moving a barrel of modest means. At the time of our talk, 2,000 out of the 3,000 barrel and box loads had been transferred without any breakage. "I moved Lord Duveen from New York to London," Mr. O'Neill told me. "That was a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar job, and damage claims came to only five-ninety." I checked up with Tiffany after the move and found that Byrnes Brothers' record in their case was proportionately even better, only three inexpensive cups and two inexpensive glasses having been broken.

I LEFT Mr. O'Neill and, following a route directly up Fifth Avenue, moved myself, without breakage, to the new Tiffany building, where I was shown around by a member of the Tiffany family and firm, who besought me not to mention his name. The new building contains no glass floors but has plenty of air-conditioning, concealed spotlights trained directly on showcases, indirect lighting in the cases, sound-absorbing material in the ceilings, and fire-extinguishing sprinklers. The ground-floor showroom, eighty-two by ninety-seven feet, is one of the largest unobstructed salesrooms in town, with a hung ceiling and no columns. Its cases, of stainless steel with marble borders, are new and are filled with jewelry; Tiffany's old cases are used on the second floor for silverware, clocks, and leather goods. In addition to the public elevators, two small private elevators near the Fifth Avenue entrance go directly to private rooms on the mezzanine, where diamonds and other precious stones are sold. Customers wishing to buy their diamonds in privacy have their choice of three small rooms—one decorated in French style, one in English, and one in modern. On the third floor are china and glass, and on the fourth reserve stock and the auditing and registry offices; new stock is brought to this floor and registered before being placed on sale. The fifth is the executive floor, with a big room for the handling of incoming and outgoing mail, a big conference room, and an even bigger room which I was told would be occupied by the chairman of the board. I asked who this gentleman was, and my guide looked at me reproachfully. "You could probably find out," he said, "but we would rather not say. We like to be thought of as Tiffany & Company, and prefer not to mention any other name."

We concluded our tour on the two

VOTE
BASS
BREWED IN ENGLAND
SINCE 1777
GREAT STUFF AS A TALL ONE - BASS
PERFECT WITH ROASTS, TOO
Bass
BASS & Co's PALE ALE
W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK

BILL—Bass Ambassador from England, says:

"Make friends with Bass, the world's most famous ale today. Its distinguished flavor and rich body make it 'great stuff' with meals, after exercise or as a night cap. Have some sent home."

On sale wherever fine beverages are sold.

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Sole distributors for United States
Importers since 1888

Great Stuff! Bass ALE

Pedro Domecq has Company manners

During your bridge party you suggest a drink. Why not make it Sherry, that is so simple to serve? No getting up to mix drinks, no hurried visits to the refrigerator, and your friends will love this delicious refreshment ready at their elbow.

For more than two centuries the Domecq family, "the Sherry family," as they are called in Spain, have had the answer to your entertaining problem in their cellars. And you can have it at home if you just remember this sophisticated truth: "You'd better make it Sherry—and it's best to say Domecq."

COMEX WINE & SPIRITS, INC.
Radio City, New York
200 Bush Street, San Francisco

Pedro Domecq
Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18 to 20% by volume

HERE'S A BEAUTY TIP

To match your lips and fingertips

Now Marlboro brings you the utmost in fastidious grooming—the smart, red Beauty Tip! By the choice of Marlboro, you have always said "Fastidious". This is one *more* luxury added to Marlboro's overwhelming superiority.

Now Only 20¢

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

ALSO AVAILABLE!—THE FAMOUS IVORY TIPS...AND PLAIN ENDS

uppermost floors, which house the designing and engraving departments, the watch-and-clock repair shop, the jewelry-manufacturing and repair shops, and the silver-polishing department. Workbenches and machinery had already been moved to these floors when I saw them; the departments involved began to function in their new quarters nearly a week before the building was officially opened. On our way down, my companion informed me that the two flagpoles which stick out of the Fifth Avenue side of the building are retractable, being mounted on gun carriages on tracks, and that at night the poles are drawn in. I asked him about the store's protection devices. He said that in the interest of safety he would have to confine himself to the statement that they are so superior to those in the old building that Tiffany expects to get a considerable reduction in its insurance rates. He also told me that the new building, unlike the old one, does not contain any elaborate sub-basement vaults, since Tiffany has given up its safe-deposit business on the theory that its customers, who were the chief beneficiaries, can just as easily store their silver and other valuables in banks and warehouses, most of which do not have to pay Fifth Avenue rents.

TIFFANY's new telephone number is Plaza 5-8000, and it took the company nearly a year's dickering with the telephone people to get it. The directors had hoped for Plaza 5-7000, to tie in with their location on Fifty-seventh Street, but Jaeckel, the fur firm, also on Fifty-seventh Street, already had that and declined to relinquish it.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

THE TIGHTENED BELT

[*From the Los Angeles Evening Herald & Express*]

They may live in marble mansions and dive into onyx swimming pools, yet almost every one of the film stars has a pet economy.

George Raft owns a stable of race horses, but saves all the worn-out horseshoes with which to pitch horseshoes in his backyard.

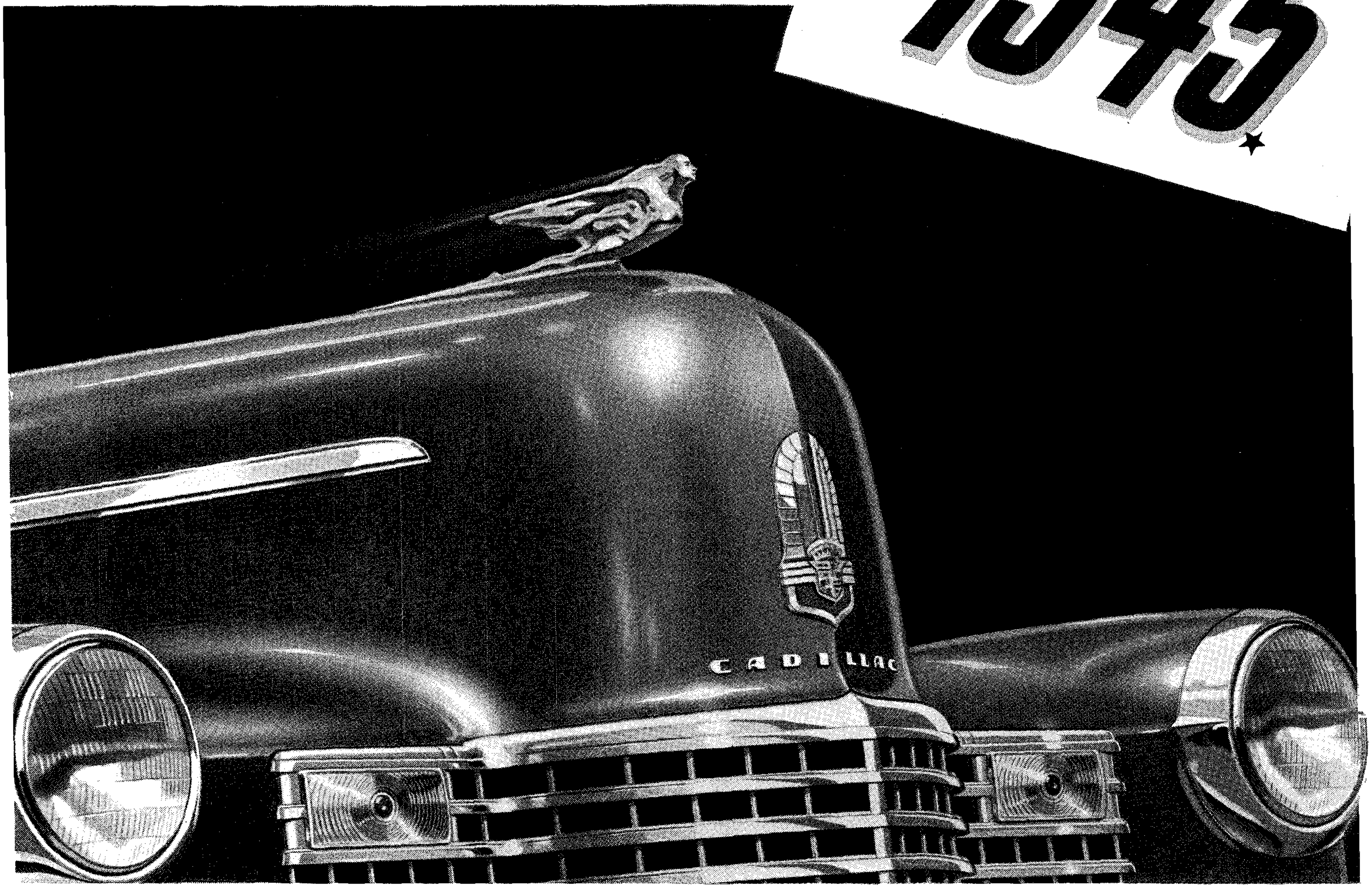
Bette Davis, who has the world's finest hairdressers at her command, has been using the same bobby-pins in her hair for several years.

One of the largest and most costly art collections in the West is owned by Edward G. Robinson, yet he will use the same lead pencil until there is not enough to hold in his fingers.

Nat Pendleton has worn the same artificial gardenia for three years.

Pat O'Brien presses his own pants.

NOW A Cadillac FOR $1345★



NEW MASTER OF THE MEDIUM-PRICE FIELD

TAKE A SECOND LOOK at the *name* and the *price* up above. They're worth it—because, together, they tell a tale of value unprecedented in motor car history.

That price is the lowest ever placed on a Cadillac V-8, *by hundreds of dollars* . . . so low that every buyer in the medium-price field should now consider coming up to America's finest car. Yet the Cadillac this low price buys would be a sensation at *any* cost. Scores of advancements, new this year, place it among *the greatest cars ever built.*

For proof—visit your Cadillac dealer for a look and a ride. You'll see a car so smartly styled that you'll have eyes for no other. You'll see richer and roomier Fleetwood interiors. And you'll thrill to the power of the mightiest Cadillac V-8 engine of all time—*and the thriftiest!*

Doesn't that spell matchless value? Isn't that just what *you* want? Then why not step into your dealer's showroom today and step *up* where you want to be?

★ For the Cadillac Sixty-One Five-Passenger Coupe delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

SENSATIONAL GAS AND OIL SAVINGS

The Sixty-One challenges the gas economy of cars built especially for thrift—and no car uses less oil. Over the years this big Cadillac should cost no more to own and operate than cars you would never think of comparing with it in distinction, comfort, and performance. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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AMERICA FIRST

SERVES
HUMANITY
JOIN
American Red Cross

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November 11-23, 1940

Your memberships and contributions, given NOW, assure:

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Many helpful services

**All WAR RELIEF contributions went intact to WAR RELIEF.
Support Red Cross *domestic* work now.**

NEW YORK CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS
315 Lexington Avenue, New York City

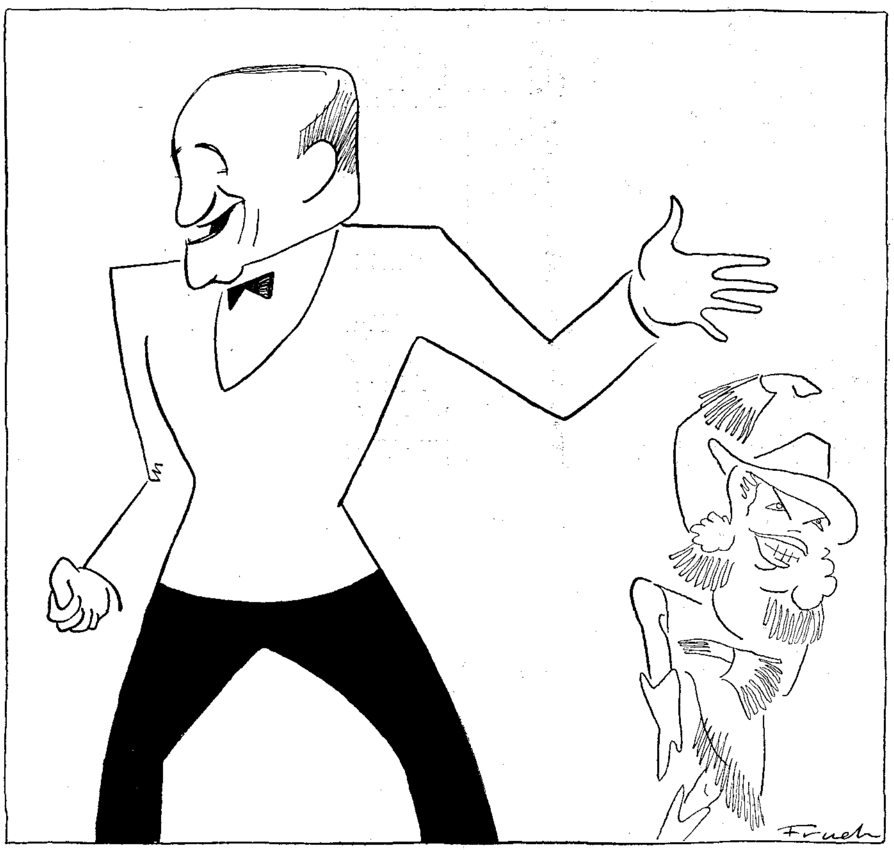
THE THEATRE

SONGS AND SNATCHES

"CABIN IN THE SKY," the musical fantasy in which Ethel Waters opened last week at the Martin Beck, is no "Green Pastures," although it contains echoes from the Bradford-Connelly play, as well as several from "Liliom" and other supernatural dramas. Nevertheless, I enjoyed it very much. The big trouble—to get that out of the way first—seems to me to be a certain brassy sophistication, a sense of good theatre in the purely Broadway meaning of the word, which operates against the spirit of Lynn Root's simple fable. It is a hybrid, a collaboration between white and colored talents which never quite does justice to either. Mr. Root has written about the struggle between the agents of Jehovah and Satan for the soul of Little Joe Jackson, a good man at heart, though given to crapshooting and adultery, and, while this is often touching, there are many times when a quality of fake innocence turns up to remind you that after all you are looking at a white man's conception of Negro mythology. I don't know how Mr. Connelly and his associates managed to avoid this error, but they did, and it seems a pity that they weren't around to assist at the Martin Beck. "Cabin in the Sky" could easily have been good all the time, instead of wonderful in spots, appealing most of the time, and now and then just a little tiresome and pretentious.

On the other hand, Miss Waters, though not given too much assistance by the composer, demonstrates that she can still run a musical show practically singlehanded, while simultaneously giving a dramatic performance of unusual intelligence and feeling. For my money, she is the First Colored Lady of the American Theatre, if she happens to need an endorsement. Katherine Dunham, as Georgia Brown, the fancy girl chiefly responsible for Little Joe's misbehavior, is new to the metropolitan stage, but, I hope, a fixture from now on. Pinned down to it, indeed, I guess the high point of the evening came for me when Miss Dunham, dressed in one of the most rakish costumes I can remember, pranced through a little number called "Honey in the Honeycomb," which I would have been delighted to watch all night.

Of the others, Dooley Wilson, as Little Joe; Todd Duncan, as the Lawd's emissary; and Rex Ingram, representing Beelzebub, had most to do (it may be that Mr. Duncan and Mr. Ingram had almost too much to do), and they did it with considerable spirit and competence. In addition to "Honey in the Honeycomb," I liked two of Vernon Duke's other songs—"Taking a Chance on Love" and "My Little Virginia Home on the Nile." The settings were occasionally just a trifle overpowering.



"HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS"

The way things look, Al Jolson will be singing "Mammy" and "Sonny Boy" to your grandchildren. Martha Raye (on the right) helps him out vigorously in the Wild West show at the Shubert.

DOWN from the hills of Pennsylvania, where talent is as thick as poison ivy, came " 'Tis of Thee," a revue made up of the best sketches its producer was able to discover during a season of summer theatre. They ranged, it seemed to me, from the very funny to the thoroughly dismal, with the balance, unfortunately, on the wrong side. Sam Locke, who wrote most of them, has, I'm afraid, a tendency to borrow rather than invent, and too many of his offerings appeared to be based on the principle that what has worked before damn well ought to work again. Of the twenty-five numbers at the Maxine Elliott, in fact, I could detect only four or five that didn't lean heavily on the past. Of these, I was fascinated by one explaining to my complete satisfaction why vaudeville is dead; another showing the representatives of *Life* going to work on the average American family; and a third which was no more than a lady in a very peculiar dress, delivering a lecture on prison reform. In addition to his confidence in proved formulae, Mr. Locke is also apparently of the opinion that a little dirt from time to time never hurt anybody. He may be mistaken about that, too.

I enjoyed quite a lot of " 'Tis of Thee" and admired many of the performers, especially a comedian called Mervyn Nelson and his partner, Sherle Hartt, which is her correct spelling, though weird. However, I suspect that there was too much the matter with it to warrant anyone's paid attendance.

UNLIKE "Cabin in the Sky," "Big White Fog," up at the Lincoln, at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, was written, directed, and (with one exception) played entirely by Negroes. It is a sad and murky drama, dealing with the plight of a colored idealist, a disciple of Marcus Garvey, who goes through a series of tribulations that would make Job look like one of the Happiness Boys. While respecting the sincerity and high purpose of the author and all his associates, I'm sorry to say I can't recommend that you trek uptown to see it. Given the proper plays, the Negro Playwrights Company, which put it on, can fill an important position in the theatre, and I hope it does. "Big White Fog," however, won't quite do.

I PASSED up a creation called "Injury Sustained," at the Provincetown Playhouse, on the theory that I could always catch up with it later, if anything in my colleagues' remarks in the daily press made it appear necessary. It did not appear to be necessary.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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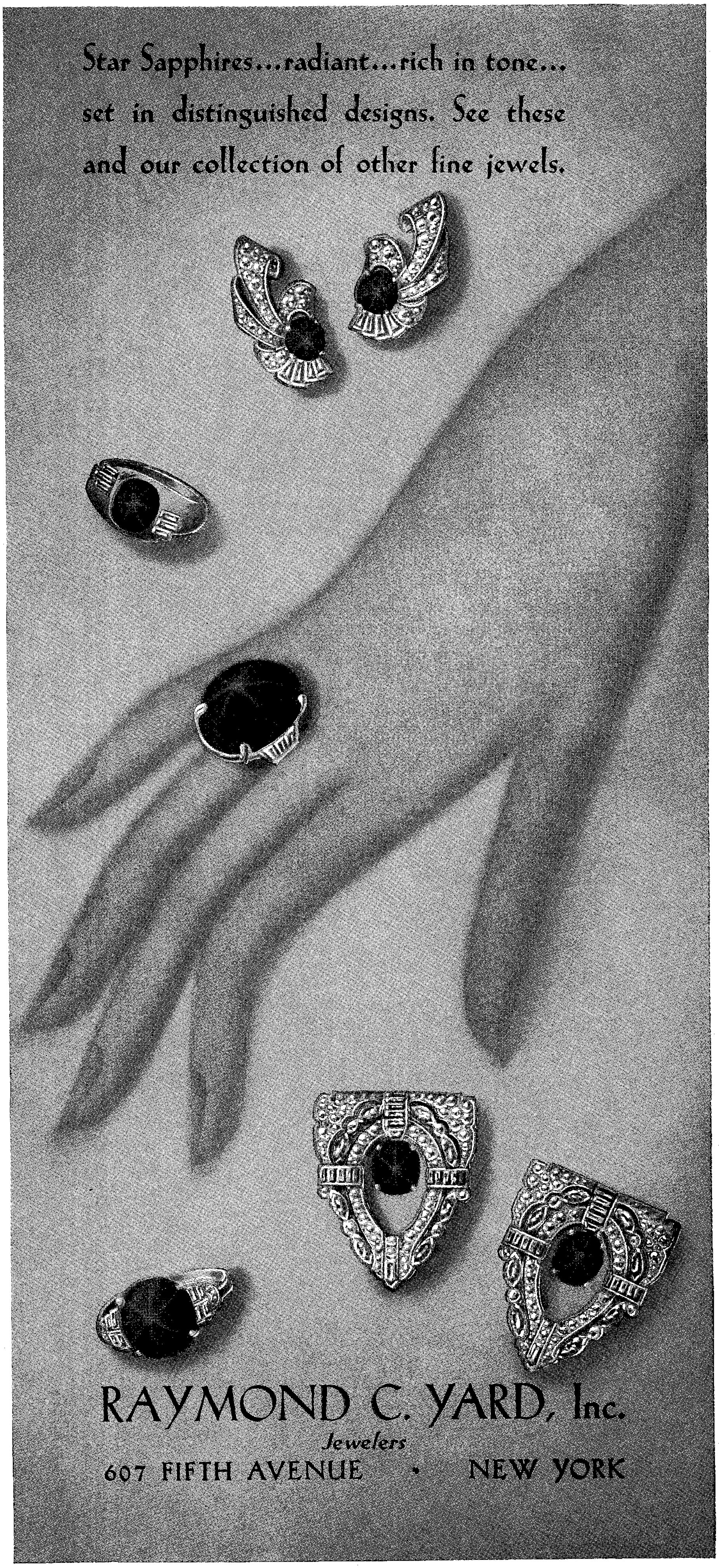
THE RETURN OF MRS. EDWIN HURLBUT

[*From the Oconomowoc* (*Wis.*) *Enterprise*]

After an extended visit of seven months with her son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Harry E. Bicksler and family at the Manse of the Parish of the Templed Hills, Oak Hill, Ohio, Mrs. Edwin Hurlbut has returned home much improved in health. However, still a sufferer from arthritis of the vertebra, the unusually long, cold winter and overcast skies failing in effecting a cure, in spite of the comforts of a new modernly equipped Dutch Colonial nine room house, ideally situated in a beautiful 19 acre tract, with a lovely grove as a background, and vegetable garden, vinery and orchard, and large beds of flowering plants and shrubs adding to the charm of a home just beyond the city limits, and in the enjoyment of open spaces and attractive farm homes and cultivated hills.

The return trip was made by automobile. Mr. Bicksler cutting into a crowded program of church activities to guarantee a comfortable, easy trip, with one day at cottage home rendering valuable assistance in getting an 81-year-old mother-in-law readjusted in the orderly procedure of her home after so long an absence.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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 27 (BY CABLE)

LAST week, Londoners had reason to be grateful for their famous climate. With the hunter's moon waning and what the laconic official communiqués describe as "unfavorable weather conditions" settling down over the capital, the raiders decided not to risk it en masse. One of the newspaper-sellers who chalk cheerful cockney footnotes to the day's events on their bulletin boards wrote on his: "Another quiet night? I hope so." The previous week he had been chalking up defiantly: "Germans claim one thousand tons of bombs on London. So what?" Only a few hundred yards away from his pitch, the ruins of a little masterpiece of a Wren church gave mute answer.

In that week, London had taken punishment so vicious that a lesser fighter would have been knocked groggy. After a night officially described as the worst of the war and a preceding one of almost equal horror, the army of men and women office workers who are now Britain's front-line troops got to their jobs somehow, although new bomb damage had increased transportation difficulties. Many people arrived at business to find that their premises had been written off in the night. Ordinary getting about town was difficult enough, what with traffic being diverted by red signs warning of bombs that hadn't exploded and by craters in the pavement which were tragically eloquent of bombs that had exploded only too well. Every dawn found the army of homeless people increased. At one rest centre, accustomed to handle two or three hundred raid victims daily, breakfast was being provided for fourteen hundred. On the mornings after those two nightmare nights, it was saddening to walk around and see how much was down, but people who kept their sense of perspective and noted how much was still up were probably right. London is no Rotterdam yet, though there are areas where one can see in horrifying miniature what an undefended capital must look like after organized murderers get loose on it.

IN these anxious days, an unnecessary refinement of torture is added by the Ministry of Information department responsible for releasing news of air-raid damage. Some of its references to "famous squares" and "well-known London stores" that have suffered sound like crossword-puzzle clues and cruelly agitate the thousands of people who have friends or relations living on squares or working in London stores. A reference to the bombing of "a famous public school" made countless parents jam the telephone system with frenzied inquiries as to whether Eton or Stowe or a dozen other possibilities had been the victim.

Another piece of gratuitous jarring of the nerves is the wording of the official communiqués, which are apt to sound offensive when read by one of the B.B.C.'s breezy young men at an hour when people are just struggling up from air-raid shelters. It is hardly consoling to those who have been through a terrifying night to hear an antiseptic voice assuring them briskly that enemy action was "on a smaller scale than on previous nights." To someone newly facing grief, the chirpy statement that "casualties were slight" has a way of sounding callous.

Recently, however, the censorship department released without any tinkering the news that London had lost another link with her historic past in the destruction of the Middle Temple Hall. In the Temple the next morning people were wandering around looking at the wreckage and wearing a curiously uniform expression of anger. "And to think," said an elderly gentleman wrathfully, "that all this was caused by a house painter!" Lists posted up on the walls announced that the legal gentlemen whose chambers had been in the badly damaged buildings could now be found at other addresses. Workmen were busy among the debris, removing the hopeless rubble which covered still recognizable and beautiful carved stone bosses and splintered blue-and-gold woodwork. In Pump Court, elegant eighteenth-century doorways and windows had been smashed and brickwork that had taken a couple of centuries to mellow had been ripped away in a moment of wanton destruction, but typewriters were still clicking busily behind the gaping windows. The blast of the explosions had broken windows on the south side of the Temple Church and the custodian was indignantly dusting broken stained glass off the choir stalls. For some reason, the magnificent east window has not been removed to a place of safety; neither have the recumbent bronze figures of the Knights Templars.

IF history is being torn up by the roots in London, history is also being made. The new race of tube dwell-

Charles of the Ritz

Wintertime FRAGRANCE OF FROST-AND-FLAME BY Charles of the Ritz

Image in fragrance of winter's loveliest moods . . . for sweet-as-a-flower personal charm all winter long. Wintertime, fragrance by Charles of the Ritz, for "all over" use on the skin. Perfect scent for furs, too! Gay flacon, color-capped, $1.00. At fine stores everywhere.

Wintertime

Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

Selmer Fougner

G. Selmer Fougner, world-traveller, gourmet, author of the famous "Along the Wine Trail" column published in the New York Sun, reports

"California wines have fulfilled their promise ...many are truly great"

Following repeal Mr. Fougner wrote in his column: "California ... faces today its great opportunity. Much is to be expected and a bright future is in store for the wines of California."

Now six years later, after a tasting tour of California, Mr. Fougner reports: "I have just tasted a number of California wines which compare favorably with any of the same type which have been imported from abroad. These wines, in my honest belief, are truly great. I recommend a sampling of California wines."

WINES OF CALIFORNIA are well developed, true to type, made to strict quality standards. Ask your wine merchant or importer to help you select the fine California wines. *This advertisement is printed by the* wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

ers is slipping a fresh page into the record; nothing has ever been seen like the concourse of humanity that camps underground every night. As early as eleven-thirty in the morning, people start going down to stake out the evening's claim with folded rugs, newspapers, or bundles of bedding. By five, when the homeward rush hour is on, one walks underground between double rows of men, women, and children—eating, drinking, sleeping, reading papers, and just sitting, all part of the most extraordinary mass picnic the world has ever known. The tubes are so much home to them now that they take off their shoes and stockings, loosen their collars, feed their babies, and carry on their personal quarrels without seeming to be any more aware of the tramp of passing feet than one is of traffic in a busy street. The authorities are working out a system of permanent canteens, and have also talked about compulsory inoculations and disinfectant sprays, as an epidemic of influenza—if nothing worse—would seem to be inevitable when the bad weather really sets in and people go straight down off the streets in their wet clothes.

WITH such urgent local problems on their minds, thinking citizens are also looking further afield and wondering what is going to happen to the French fleet and what America will do after the election. The recent moves of Laval and Franco seem to indicate that a new European lineup is being planned to coincide with the American election period. The press and public here devote considerable space and time to what America is saying, doing, and thinking. As men once watched the East for a portent, millions are now looking to the West with hope and confidence.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*]

Lightning may not strike the same place twice but driverless Mrs. Sarah E. Criss, 95, Hopkinscars on Main St. hill at Hopkinsville usually land body blows on the police patrol car, it appeared at Hopkinsville Wednesday after the fourth such occurrence in less than as many years and the second since August. The driverless car, owned by G. L. Hathaway, rolled down the hill and crashed into the rear of the patrol car, which was in front of the police station where it was parked on each of the three previous occasions.

What The British Say For "Aperitif"—

GIN-AND-TONIC "SHORT" made with Schweppes

It's the new hit of the cocktail hour—this tangy "short one" that sharpens wits and palates alike. Use the same size glass you'd use for a gin rickey—and the same gin. Then . . . ice, a slice of lemon and the essential, imported Schweppes. You'll like it! U. S. agents: Maxfield & McLeer Inc., 90 West Broadway, New York.

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INDIAN QUININE WATER

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Opens Nov. 7 thru 13
(*Thursday thru Wednesday*)
Twice Daily Except Sunday, 2 & 7:45 P.M.
International Military Jumping Contests
every night, including Sunday, Nov. 10.
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Spectacular Jumping Competitions
and Special Events at every performance.
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Detachment of Armored Force, U. S. Army
Exhibition of Mechanized Units Nightly.

SEATS NOW, Garden Box Office
Week Day Prices—Eves.—55c to $3.85
Afternoons (Except Sat., Nov. 9)—$1.10 to $2.20
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Gala Show, Sunday Evening, Nov. 10
$1000 International Military Jumping Sweepstake.
N.Y. *Mounted Police.*
Open Jumping Competition ("The Handy").
POPULAR PRICES: 55c to $3.30—3500 Seats $1.10

OF ALL THINGS

THE aggressor nations have a complicated system of interlocking friendships and enmities which keeps us hopelessly confused. We need a daily edition of "Who's Mad at Whom."

•

A Berlin paper tells the people of the conquered lands to stop mourning their lost liberties and just enjoy the new order. With practice you can learn to love the gentle touch of Hitler's heel upon the cheek.

•

Through painstaking research, the Third Term Candidate mentioned in Willkie's speeches has been identified. He is F. D. Roosevelt, father of an Army captain named Elliott.

•

It is likely that there is life on Venus, a British astronomer says, but the planet is a billion years behind the earth in development. Probably the creatures there have only crude, primitive ways of killing each other.

•

Members of the New York National Guard are spending the winter in Alabama, through no fault of their own. Somebody could write an unpopular song called "Goodbye, Broadway. Hello, Fort McClellan."

•

The thought of what America will be up to next week must make the dictators squirm. Imagine anything more disgusting than the spectacle of fifty million people openly doing as they please!

•

G. O. P. leaders have named November 2nd Victory Day. There is an unconfirmed report that the Democrats intend to hold theirs on the 5th.

•

Joe Martin predicts the election of Willkie by at least 325 electoral votes. There speaks the same fine, brave prognosticator who swept the East for Landon four years ago.

•

New York mourned the passing of the World's Fair, but perhaps everything is for the best. Too many foreign exhibits became orphans while the show was going on.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

In 1940, as in 1917-18 and other periods of American history, Brooks Brothers are now supplying Officers' Uniforms Ready-made for prompt delivery and immediate use.

Army Officers' Uniforms, $58
Officers' Caps, $14
Sam Browne Belts, $13
Boots, Shoes, Shirts and Other Accessories

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
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You are cordially invited to view a small Exhibit of Brooksiana Historical & Military, 1818-1940

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

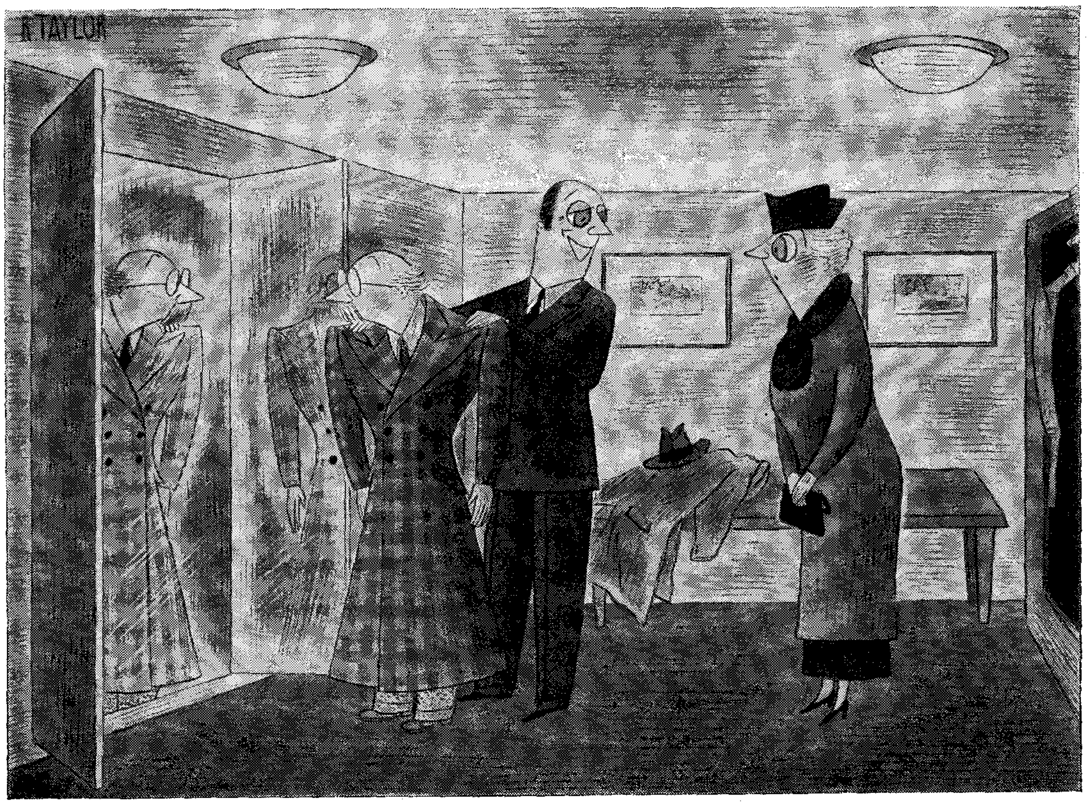
FEMININE FASHIONS

OUR best shops report, with a dazed look, that a dance-fools-dance boom is on at the moment. They say that they can hardly believe the evidence of their own cash registers and that they are keeping their fingers crossed lest the miracle collapse overnight, but they are naturally exultant while it lasts. Jewellers say they are selling quantities of gold cigarette cases and star rubies for no better apparent reason than that the leaves have turned red. There may even be something to the whole delirious movement, for there hasn't been such an outbreak of insolence among shopgirls since $50,000 a year was considered a promising salary for a young man.

That was one advantage of depressions and recessions—customers got attention. The girls gave up their hard-earned Oxford accents and tried to find people the things they wanted at the prices they could afford. A remodelling job wasn't sniffed at; neither was a flyer into the sales racks. Now the girls are offly, offly bored with a customer on a budget. The Revolution must be close at hand.

To face the next chaos with aplomb, clothes from Saks' Salon Moderne would be a help. Only a connoisseur could know that such simplicity is inspired. There are all kinds of trig little suits to be worn under fur coats. One of black wool with loops of black braid on its edges has a white taffeta blouse trimmed with looped white braid. Pale-blue-and-gray checked suits have stitching which gives a lapel effect to their lapelless jackets and a flap effect to their flapless pockets. Among the several Molyneux suits is one boasting a rust jacket of spongy wool (collarless and snugly buttoned), a rust wool skirt with pleats working naturally out of a flat hipline, and a crêpe top to match. A gray-brown pleated wool skirt accompanies a finely checked nipped-in jacket and a brown sleeveless sweater covering a blouse of fine blue striped silk shirting. For evening, a slender pink-beige skirt of thin wool is topped by a jumper of the same color, plain in back and all diagonal lines of black sequins across the front. (This idea also works out as a beautiful afternoon dress of black crêpe, with the sequins giving glimmer to a black wool top.) For dinner, there is a swell Sophiegimbel dress with pleated front panels looping upward to the waist in front, harem fashion. A great fold of white jersey with pale-blue borders is draped down the front of another dinner dress of black jersey. Steibel's white sheer crêpe evening dress has white china beads applied to give a bolero effect. For naughtiness, a dress that's mostly a white chiffon skirt with deep pleats emphasized by crystal beads has a white chiffon top which barely covers the bosom and exposes a diamond of bare you along your diaphragm.

AT Sibour, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), where the social Great shop for all kinds of good clothes at medium prices, favorites for the autumn include such suits as one with a self-buttoned jacket that has a small leopard collar and leopard pockets, with black cloth flaps, way back on the hips; the dress is one of those well-fitted, simple, black wool things. A black reefer, interlined so you can wear it all winter, has brightly colored lapels to match a broad zigzag panel down the front of the dress it goes with. Things like this run from around $39.50 to $79.50. Sibour also offers a copy of a Paquin princesse black wool coat which is stark simple but may be made as luxurious as anything by the addition of your fur scarf—seems to me this should fill a crying need. A knockout town-or-country dress of beige wool jersey has little gold buttons down the front of its bodice, a gold nail-studded belt, and a slightly gathered skirt; customers go for it in swarms; $25. The great success among dinner dresses here is one with short sleeves, gold embroidery on the chest to suggest pockets, and a tucked, stitched, pleated skirt. It's $49.50 and comes in heavenly colors. A slim black crêpe dress has a closely fitted zippered jacket outlined with gold embroidery and sequins, Schiaparelli style; the bodice is trimmed with this gold froufrou and has folded black marquisette over the shoulders. For dinner at home, the front of a dress of uncut velvet is bright blue above the waist and cerise below; in back, the colors are reversed. A



"You want your husband to look smart, don't you, Madam?"

cerise belt with big blue stones is the liaison.

Jane Engel, at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), has numbers of inexpensive evening wraps that would be good either for entrances into parties or for negligee wear in drafty country houses. There is a large group in herringbone tweeds, cut in princesse style; many of them have hoods lined with velvet which matches the delicate color of the tweed. Some are zipped up the front, some are buttoned with self-covered buttons, and one beautiful red wrap has dull-gold stars for buttons. A grand white affair has delicate gold traceries of embroidery curling up each side of its zippered bodice. These are just comfortable things that always look smart and right, and they cost from $17.95 to $29.95. You'll also find a loose hip-length jacket of pale-gold brocade that has a hood lined with black velvet ($45) and a double-breasted "smoking" jacket made of black kitten's-ear broadcloth with gold buttons and a velvet collar—good with dinner slacks, for one thing; $39.75.

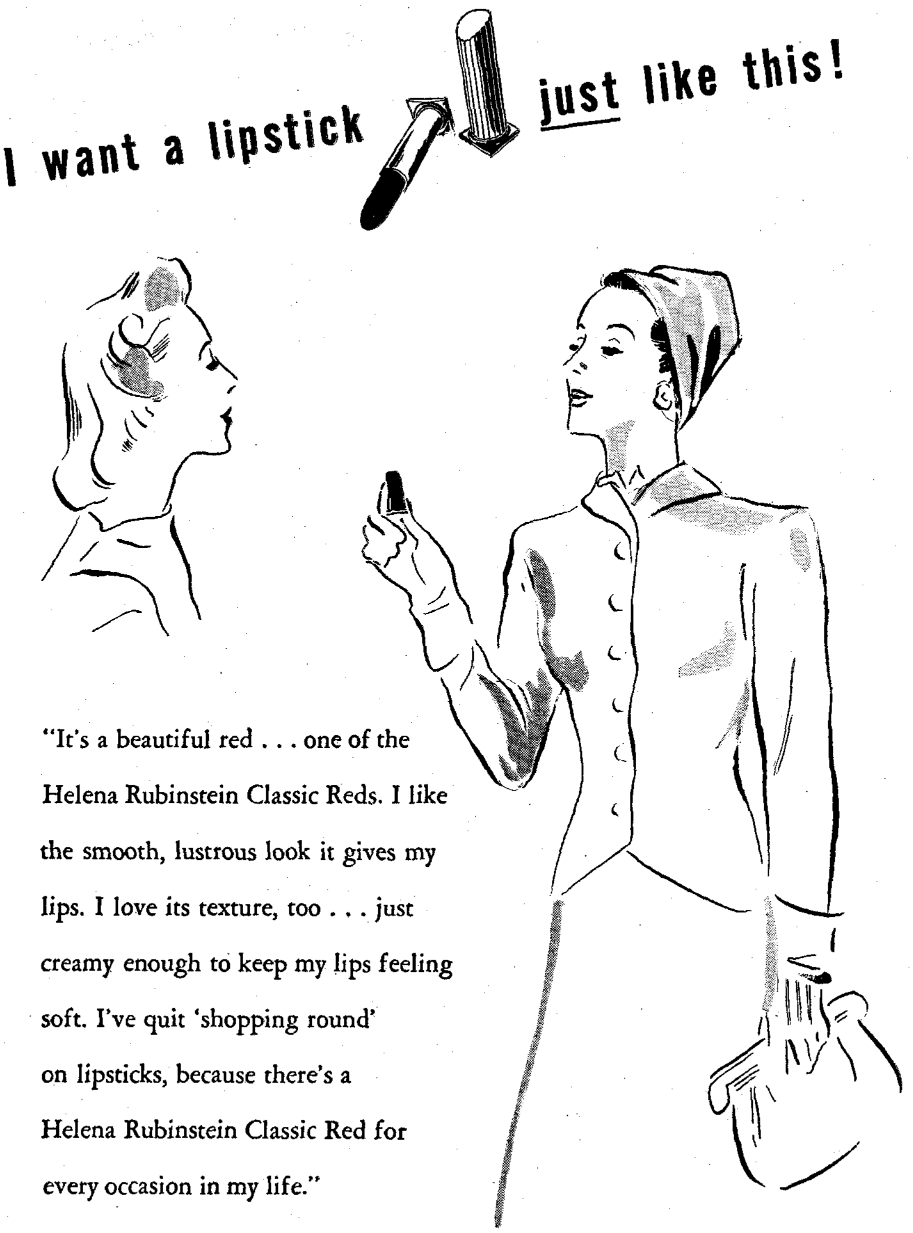
Strauss Marsh, at 50 West 57th Street, is a little place where a first-class style sense is applied to inexpensive clothes—they show many manufacturers' samples and dresses designed on the premises, as well as the more usual ready-to-wear things. Among some particularly good cocktail and dinner dresses of imported lamé is a street-length, gray-brown-beige one done in shirtwaist style with a Johnny collar. Another, with a round-necked, long-sleeved lamé top, may have either a black wool day skirt or black velvet evening-length skirt. These are around $47.50, which is just about the top price here. You'll also find good, simple wool day dresses ($20.95 is average); look at a red wool crêpe with buttons down the front and a pleated hem. Tweedy fabrics button in front like your favorite summer linen.

The salesgirls at most of these places were still polite as we went to press.

—L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ONCE again we approach the season dedicated to "peace on earth, good will to men," hoping, this time against more monstrous odds than ever, that we may be able to help preserve some of the traditional warmth and friendliness of Christmas. In spite of the cosmic unhappiness common to everyone, we in this department trust that our efforts to guide you in your quest for gifts will enable you and yours to say on Christ-


I want a lipstick just like this!

"It's a beautiful red . . . one of the Helena Rubinstein Classic Reds. I like the smooth, lustrous look it gives my lips. I love its texture, too . . . just creamy enough to keep my lips feeling soft. I've quit 'shopping round' on lipsticks, because there's a Helena Rubinstein Classic Red for every occasion in my life."

1.00 to 2.00.

RED RASPBERRY—clear daytime red. **RED CORAL**—young flattery. **SPORTING PINK**—bright outdoor red. **LIFE RED**—vibrant, vital red. **RICO RED**—sophisticated brown-red. **RED VELVET**—dramatic evening shade.

"Dress" your complexion formally for formal nights! Begin with pearly Town and Country Make-Up Film, 1.00, 1.50. Then Helena Rubinstein's whisper-soft powder, 1.00 to 3.50. Shadow your eye-lids with blue-spruce, blue or brown eyeshadow, 1.00. Make your lashes look long, dark—with Waterproof Cream Mascara, 1.00.

AT ALL SMART STORES

SALONS IN: BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

helena rubinstein
715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

mas morning, a little more fervently than you had believed possible, "God bless us every one!"

As usual, each week from now till Christmas, we'll be back with more suggestions. If you suspect you may be interested later in what we happen to be discussing at the moment, please save your copies. For we have no shopping service; a small staff simply can't be chasing through the shops and answering phone calls about its findings at the same time.

This week we consider:

Christmas cards, below
Stationery and playing cards, page 49
Handkerchiefs, page 50

So, taking a long breath, here goes:

Christmas Cards

PATRIOTISM is the newest manifestation in Christmas cards. One ordinarily unbending jeweller shows with pride a huge affair which displays an American flag and a "God Bless America" printed in the national colors—it looks like the program for a Fourth of July celebration and just isn't right for Christmas. We consider such doings in appalling taste. And, while we are up, it seems a fit time to mention a type of card that appeared last season here and there and promises to flood the mails. Cards in this category explain that the money normally expended for your Christmas gift has been sent to such-and-such a charity. Coming from close friends, this would be fine, but from casual acquaintances who never before so much as sent you a poinsettia in their lives, it would rate high as vulgar exhibitionism, and make you wish they'd given the price of the card to the charity, too.

Among the cards we *do* like are those of the American Artists Group and of the Designers and Illustrators, which are everywhere and as handsome as they are inexpensive. The American Artists Group includes works by Adolf Dehn, Dale Nichols, Rockwell Kent, and Frederick Waugh (whose seascape, "Sunset," is something to dream about); the D. and I. group has Lester Gaba's Madonna and entertaining designs by Bobri and Bemelmans, among quantities of others. Established artists seem to be getting more and more involved in the card business.

Details:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Hand-colored prints from paintings by John Duntze show sailfish, marlin, tarpon, flying geese, and mallard; $5.50 and up for fifty, including printing. Bernice Edna Barsky offers twelve hand-painted cards in pastel shades—sporting scenes, little kneeling angels, and elephants with mistletoe twined around their trunks; $4.20 for twelve, including hand-lettered name and message.

Beacon Book Shop, 46 East 46th Street: Exceptional cards at low prices. Manhattan skylines, past and present—one shows the harbor in 1886. Agnes Schleicher's modernistic tin-foil cards range in subject from Madonnas to a skyscraper of accordion-pleated Cellophane with a Christmas tree hurtling past it. Martha McKeen's cards, called Peeks, have Christmasy figures painted on them and come in envelopes with transparent backs which show the contents; from $25 for a hundred.

Bergdorf Goodman: Unusual modern cards, and also much Americana. Old prints of the nineties—a belle in a basque, for instance, carrying a parasol—pasted on a Christmas folder. Some are pasted on wide, fringed ribbons—nice for bookmarks; about $75 a hundred, including envelopes lined with gold paper. Some folded paper on which you jot down personal Christmas messages is unlike anything we have ever seen. The outsides, finished in pale colors, look well with script monograms; they have borders of golden leaves or fir trees; the insides are white and ruled. Gentlewomen of the old school will adore them. Fifty cents apiece, not counting the monogram.

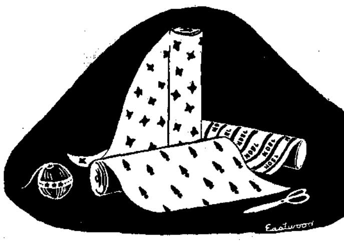
Black, Starr & Gorham: A conservative jeweller's conservative selection. The firm especially likes cards that have no pictures but just an engraved greeting, usually in large gold letters. Religious cards are exceptionally good here this year—in particular, some beautiful Madonnas and an engraving of the cathedral at Lyons; around $50 a hundred.

Brand Chatillon (moving any day now from the Savoy-Plaza to the St. Regis): A small zebra makes a simple black-and-white card with a red border; $8 for fifty. On the showier side, there are New York etchings by Elie-Paul Marquié mounted on colored stock; $27.50 a hundred. And plenty at prices in between.

Brentano: Among the less familiar types are Christian Science cards and some done in Braille. Don't miss the Foreign Department's collection upstairs, which has cards from Switzerland, Sweden, Portugal, Mexico—all over.

Cartier: French cards which open up like a pair of double doors to reveal a message on the inside; $35 a hundred. American cards emphasize military motifs—flags spelling out "Merry Xmas," a row of soldiers wigwagging the same message, things like that; $35 a hundred.

Dutton, 270 Park Avenue (48th): Another good place, right now at any rate, for foreign cards. English calendars with whimsical or religious covers—tiny ones, five cents; large, wall-size affairs, $1.50. Hummel cards charmingly portray youngsters and angels and the Christ Child.



Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (52nd): A series designed by Julia Martin shows seventeen American scenes, from San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge to a covered bridge in New Hampshire—lovely things; fifteen cents. Block prints in soft colors, of green seas and rocks and of ploughing scenes, are mounted and ready for mailing; from $1.

Gérard, 48 East 48th Street: Good taste abounds. Cards by American Indians—leaping deer or herds of wild horses; twenty-five cents. Original Victorian lacy cards with inscriptions like "To my love" are decorated with hands holding a bouquet of roses, or some such dreamy, distant-past design; sixty cents. Bobo's gay cutout cards include a white-robed, red-winged angel swinging from a crescent moon or three little lambs knee-deep in flowers on a hillside; fifteen cents.

Lord & Taylor: Don't overlook the seventeen Dorothy Simmons designs, all the way from the whimsical to the religious. A stage set in "There Shall Be No Night" gave Miss Simmons the idea for a card showing a Finnish clock trimmed with holly and flanked by two plates. Another of hers is a Madonna taken from a Persian miniature; $7.95 for fifty. American Artists cards, framed in pickled pine and boxed for mailing; $1.

Metropolitan Museum of Art: Such things as fourteenth-century Rhenish stained-glass windows and work by fifteenth-century French and Spanish artists are reproduced on bookmarks and cards; from five cents up. The Museum will send a catalogue on request.

National Alliance of Art and Industry, 119 East 19th Street: A restful place to poke about, with deep chairs and a fireplace. Cherry, one of their favorite artists, has designed cards showing lumpy little angels. Maril, another pet, stands ready to carry out your own designs at rates which start at $2.50 for twenty-five.

Putnam, 2 West 45th Street: Lots of cards from Hollywood on plain white or colored frosted parchment. Santas, children holding Christmas trees, and snowmen, cut out of felt and covered with Cellophane, provide another bright series; fifteen and twenty-five cents.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Tino Nivola, who did some of the French Pavilion murals at the World's Fair, has designed several gaga and surrealistic cards, usually in smashing color combinations, such as purple and cerise. You'll have to figure out the meaning of, say, a bull with three candles on his back and more flickering within him. Nivola will execute cards interpreting your own special mental tortures, if you like. Nice colored wood blocks—one of the best portrays people trudging through the snow to midnight Mass—start at $20 for a hundred.

Scribner: Medici cards, including Madonnas and the Nativity (many taken from old masters), are very colorful. An English artist, Margaret Tarrant, has done some charming cards with youngsters as her theme. Lots of Currier & Ives reproductions, too. Cards here cost from five to fifty cents.

Stevens-Nelson Paper Corp., 109 East

31st Street: Odd and lovely papers for people who like to do their own cards. Look, for instance, at a Japanese paper in a blond-wood grain and envelopes, lined with gold paper, to match, and at other papers in startling colors.

TIFFANY, now at 727 Fifth Avenue (57th): The pastel influence is strong here. It works out beautifully in a Madonna card that is all soft blues and beiges, with gentle pink clouds, an orange border, and a feeling of placidity; $40 a hundred, including imprinting. For gaiety, ask to see cards with childish faces on conventional holly berries.

UDALL & BALLOU: Plenty of peaceful, snowy church scenes and silvery Madonnas. They like metallic cards here. One you shouldn't miss is a lightish-blue affair with the Wise Men and angels outlined in white; $28 a hundred, imprinting included.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 27 West 8th Street: Always a wonderful assortment, with unusually good things for a nickel. Photographic scenes, in town and out, are nice; a memorable one shows a snow-laden tree above an R.F.D. mailbox. They'll make a hundred cards from a negative of your own for $22.

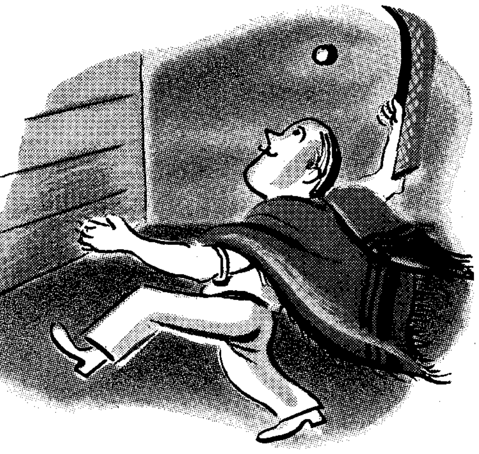
WHOLE WORLD & CO., 104 East 56th Street: A series of lovely Chinese Christmas cards got up by the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. "Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy" and "Snow on the Camellias" are a couple of the exquisitely handled subjects.

Stationery and Playing Cards

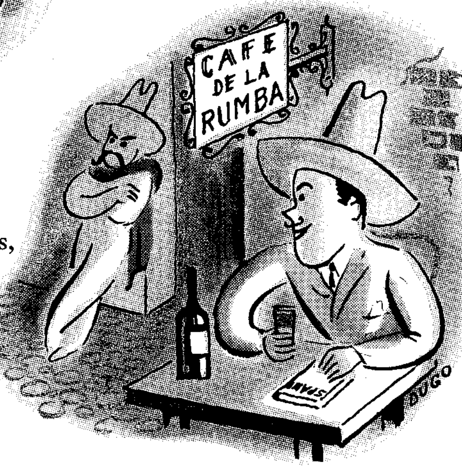
THE difficulty with stationery is that there is seldom much to say about it if it's well bred. Novelty is easily overdone; we regard with a dubious eye stationery that has Regency stripes like wallpaper and something else that looks like moiré and is called quartered oak. There are, however, a few new tricks this year that are worth recording. The patriotic motif flames its way along the stationery counters of every shop, from Woolworth to the most solemn jeweller, with good results in some cases and not so good in others. Script monograms are increasingly popular. As for colors, the newest is terra cotta, which Tiffany uses effectively on a white-banded paper with the address stamped on it in bronze; $1.55 a quire, unmarked. Two fairly recent arrivals are thriving. Thin paper of the air-mail type is used more and more for correspondence, even the kind that takes the train. Paper for the informal type of note that reminds you, in a hasty scrawl, of lunch Tuesday remains popular, too.

In playing cards, Kem again romps off with some of the highest honors. The new Kem patterns are either Regency or covered with carnations. (They come in a new case with a rounded top, just exactly right to hold those long cigarettes they're making now and handsome enough to use for such a purpose.) Aber-

Cliff McFadden (from Manhattan)
Fancies he is quite a Latin.
See him in his Spanish shawl
Playing with a Jai-Alai ball?



Yankee hobbies seem too mannish
Since he took that course in Spanish.
Football? Hockey? "Such a bore!"
Says this home-made matador.



"Rum? New England?" Cliff exclaims,
"Pooh! *I* go for Spanish names!"
Doesn't know that Pilgrim, neat
Or in mixed drinks, can't be beat!

Know why Pilgrim takes the prize?
Listen, and we'll put you wise.
Here's a rum that's really *straight*—
Every drop is rum—but wait!
There are other reasons why
Pilgrim Rum is such a buy!
Fine for cooking tasty dishes . . .
Makes some 30 drinks delicious!
Such as Eggnog, Buttered Rum,
Sour, Old Fashioned, Punch—but come!
Don't just lick your lips that way!
Buy a bottle—now—today!

PILGRIM RUM
4/5 QUART
PILGRIM
90 PROOF
CONTENTS 4/5 QT.
Straight New England
RUM
Bottled and Distributed by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

90
proof

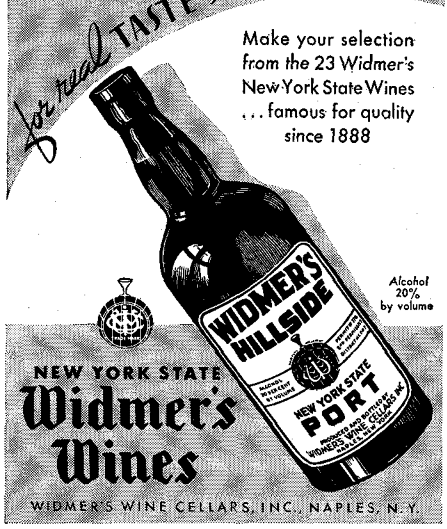
FREE recipe booklet! See dealer, or write Box NY-5, The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y. Copyright 1940.

PILGRIM RUM

EDDY DUCHIN
and His Orchestra
•
ROSARIO & ANTONIO
At Dinner and Supper
•
CAROL BRUCE
At Supper
•
MISCHA-BORR'S
Rhumba-Tango Band
•
Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra also play
for Saturday Afternoon Tea-Dancing

THE SERT ROOM
The Waldorf-Astoria

KAY KYSER and
His "Makes-You-Want-to-Dance" Music
The Informal Empire Room



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Make your selection from the 23 Widmer's New York State Wines . . . famous for quality since 1888

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's Wines
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

Vermont White Holland Turkeys
Aristocrats of the Dinner Table

Young, tender birds—fed exclusively on finest grain obtainable—watered on pure spring water—raised on wire. Ten to eighteen pounds, dressed. 45¢ a pound. Delivery C. O. D. Express charges paid by us. When ordering specify date of delivery and weight desired. To facilitate delivery we suggest placing your order early.

Narrowbrook Farm, Bartonsville, Vermont

crombie & Fitch, as always, will make cards backed with the photograph of your favorite horse, yacht, or woodland scene; twenty-four packs (the minimum order) for $24, including two-color dies.

Shop by shop:

BERGDORF GOODMAN: "Housekeeping" paper for informal notes consists of single blue sheets with your name, address, and phone number printed on them; name and address and an honest-to-goodness postage stamp appear on the envelope, the color of the lettering depending on whether the stamp is a two- or three-center. Another trick, for people who don't like single sheets, short notes or no, is to have their name and address engraved on the inside of a small, folded sheet. Bergdorf recommends keeping the wordage down to a minimum—"N.Y.C." instead of spelling it out, and the writer's last name only. Old-fashioned playing cards of the famous Steamboat brand come in linoleum patterns without borders and are supposed to be the most difficult for gamblers to mark, if that's any comfort to you; two packs for $1.

BRAND CHATILLON (moving any day now from the Savoy-Plaza to the St. Regis): For informal notes, you'll find nice, small, folded sheets which open from the bottom, have narrow two-tone borders, cutout monograms edged to match or harmonize, and envelopes with matching borders; $2.70 for two quires, unmarked. "Air Mail" is lettered in white against a propeller design in one corner of the envelope that goes with a thin white paper.

CARTIER: They like to reverse color schemes on envelopes and paper. Thus, a large blue single sheet with white border and monogram folds into a long white envelope lined with the blue, and vice versa; $3 for two quires, unmarked. A single sheet is folded down from the top and up from the bottom, so that its matching borders meet in the middle. The address is engraved within a silver triangle which surrounds a cutout monogram; $3.75 for two quires, unmarked.

LORD & TAYLOR: Enchanting letter paper for children includes large, single, ruled sheets with Tyrolian hearts and flowers on them. The School House package contains sheets of paper with wide red borders, like writing slates. The youngster writes his letter right through kid-stuff scrawls—caricatures of Teechur, forms for ticktacktoe, and assurances that "Mary Loves John;" twenty sheets for fifty cents. For young girls: deckle-edged papers in soft colors with only the first name, engraved in script; $4 a quire. Patriotic red-and-blue playing cards have gold American eagles on their backs; $1 a pack.

MACY: When it comes to patriotism, they like red-and-blue script monograms against white. This, when used on a paper with a red, white, and blue border, may be going too far, but it looks well on plain paper; $2.77 a box of fifty, monogrammed. They have excellent English papers in a number of sizes and colors and prefer to mark them with small white monograms, sometimes enclosed in a circle.

MARCUS, 679 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Still a good supply on hand of French writing paper with a variety of borders. Some have top and bottom borders in three colors and side borders in one or two; others have merely a two-tone border on the left; $7 a hundred sheets.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Sheets of thin paper in white or light blue made up in a pad fastened to the top of the box that holds the envelopes, giving you something substantial to write on while travelling; $1. Featherweight paper with a narrow green-and-red border looks well with monograms on diamond-shaped shields of the same colors; $2 a quire, unmarked.

TIFFANY, now at 727 Fifth Avenue (57th): Ask to see some paper that looks like men's shirting, with a light horizontal line, called "music rule," running through it; $1.25 a quire in the large size, and it's enormously popular. A good terra-cotta paper has a narrow navy-and-white border across its top to match the printed tissue lining of its envelopes; $1.90 a quire, unmarked.

Handkerchiefs

THE gift handkerchief has long been as indispensable and sacred a part of Christmas as the holly wreath and Santa's whiskers. Though there are quantities of unimaginative people who dismiss this traditional present as merely a last-minute pickup item, more thoughtful and civilized folk realize that it's no such thing. After all, a beautiful shred of gossamer linen enshrined in fine lace for $35 or a dozen men's de-luxe handkerchiefs costing $100 or more constitute no commonplace gift. The most stunningly ingenious new handkerchiefs have embroidered flowers, on chiffon or linen, with petals that flop around in the breeze—they're practically free-wheeling, or something; at Jay-Thorpe and Best, among others. Clip-cord designs are everywhere, finer and more floral than the geometric patterns of former years. For evening handkerchiefs, the eye-opener this year is a black chiffon square with an eight-inch border of Chantilly-type or thread lace set on by hand with *entredeux*. This can be carried, of course; it can also be tied over the head like a mantilla or around the shoulders like a fichu; $10.50 and $12.50 at places like Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, and Bergdorf. Bergdorf also has it in a dark, bronzy brown.

Now, to be specific:

ALTMAN: *Real* Appenzell from Switzerland (a tiny seal on a bit of silken cord testifies to its authenticity) makes great single initials on those chiffon handkerchiefs that burgeon in the holiday season; $7.50 for white on white, flesh on flesh, or black on white. For the frisky, they show fringed flannel handkerchiefs, twenty-five inches square, in ten clan plaids; $1.

Bendel: The Madeira handkerchiefs are wonderful, especially the ones embroidered with peewee-sized strawberries to give you Christmas red and green in an entirely new fashion; $1.50. Lovely pastel chiffons with wide Val edges tinted to match; $6.50 each. A twenty-inch chiffon square with lace appliquéd in a wavy band all the way around, about four inches from the edges; $10. Roses or sprays of wheat are embroidered on white linen with a fine rolled edge, making corner designs to pacify anti-monogrammists; $1.50.

Bergdorf Goodman: Although the revolt against color in handkerchiefs goes on, they boldly present a group dyed in strong shades of blue, green, brown, and wine, matching your suède shoes to a T. Revolt or no revolt, the colors are simply grand; seventy-five cents and $1. Stunt in monograms: shadowy first names on made-up handkerchiefs with *fil-coupé* borders—there are forty-five down-to-earth names to choose from, with not a Brenda in the lot; seventy-five cents. Enormous scalloped chiffons are $2; you should spend $5 extra and have a huge, five-inch, heart-shaped monogram embroidered or appliquéd on them.

Best: Black prints, with great, shadowy flowers, such as gladioli, irises, and carnations, sprayed across their four corners in a new and unusual effect; $1. They go giddy here with hankies for children that have designs appliquéd in cheerful colors—a pup, say, with a rakish eye that really blinks, or a girl clasping a removable flower; twenty-five cents. Further antics: a red square centre surrounded by a blue-and-white border.

Bonwit Teller: Some Swiss embroiderers of the Appenzell school are now at work over here; they put three-initial monograms on handkerchiefs with *fil-coupé* or tape borders. Result: in two weeks you can get pieces with the sort of fine European work for which you used to have to wait six or eight weeks after ordering; from $11 to $18 a dozen.

M. Collart, 581 Madison Avenue (56th): Cobweb sheer-linen handkerchiefs done in the superlative manner of this house start at $9.75 a half-dozen, with a three-letter monogram. Sports handkerchiefs in autumn rusts or browns or greens; $10.75 a half-dozen, monogrammed.

Grande Maison de Blanc, 746 Fifth Avenue (58th): Prewar French and Flemish laces, inches and inches wide, are set on the merest scraps of incredibly fine linen. One with mincing little doves following each other about the edges is $95—the extravagant and nostalgic sort of elegance that pampered women treasure forever. It's a relief to find the eternal Beauvais embroidery done here by hand *in* white *on* white to make a lily of the valley; $1.65.

Jay-Thorpe: From Madeira come handkerchiefs with fine scalloped edges and delicate fruit-and-flower designs. White linen ones with very fine scroll-embroi-

No "tight little plans" of efficiency experts.

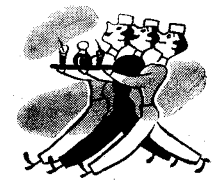
People accustomed to hotel lobbies large enough to play softball in, are frequently surprised when they first see the lobby of the St. Regis.

We have kept it small purposely, because it helps to make the St. Regis more intimate. And it is possible to find a friend you agree to "meet in the lobby" without tracking through forests of palm trees and marble columns.

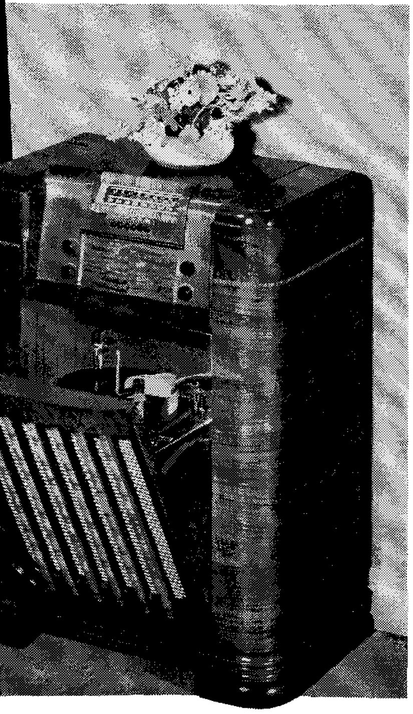
But while the lobby is purposely small, our economy of space ends there. Step into any of our 600 rooms and you will find an agreeable spaciousness. Huge windows invite a veritable flood of sunlight and a view of midtown below. In the ample bathrooms, note our utter contempt for the tight little plans of efficiency experts.

And with considerable pride, we invite your attention to our staff. They have been schooled in the art of serving without ostentatious pressure or heel-clicking. They have been trained to anticipate your wish, and fulfill it deftly and quietly.

Here, then, at the very crossroads of the world's smartest shopping and entertainment area — in the new fashion center of the world — you will find a luxurious change from home. Within these solid and hospitable walls—with thoughtful service to fit your mood—a visit to New York becomes a special event . . . a delightful vacation . . . a pleasant memory.



THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOOKLET ON REQUEST



First basic improvement in Record reproduction since the phonograph was invented!

PHILCO brings you a new kind of Radio-Phonograph that plays any Record on a Beam of Light

A new kind of radio-phonograph is here, invented by Philco! The *scraping* needle is gone. By a new principle, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a BEAM OF LIGHT from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. *Record life is increased by ten times!* And you hear the full beauty of your records . . . *unmarred by surface noise!*

NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, hard-to-get-at compartments. As you tilt forward the grille, the record turntable appears . . . in full view, easy to use. *Only Philco has it!*

Hear this history-making radio-phonograph at your nearest Philco dealer

Philco 608P, illustrated, only $12.95 down

PHILCO PHOTO-ELECTRIC Radio-Phonographs

OUR IMPERIAL LAST

$15.75

Has been designed for the high-arched, aristocratic foot. The graceful 3 inch heel gives your foot an elegant, regal poise and the appearance of a young, fore-shortened vamp. Our Collection in this *Last* is outstanding, including a large and varied group of operas, formal daytime models, and evening slippers.

Our Fall Booklet "B" On Request

French Bootery

22 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

AMERICAN VERMOUTH

NOW More Than Ever

Enjoy the superb qualities of Vermouths produced by the winery of the world-famous Great Western New York State Champagne. Mellow and smooth *(18% Alcohol by volume).*

Made by
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
RHEIMS, N. Y.

Great Western AMERICAN VERMOUTH

"Cease Tiring!" . . . over Armistice Day Week-end
AT THE
SHELBURNE
ON ATLANTIC CITY'S BOARDWALK
Shelburne Grill. Sun Decks. Cocktail Bar.
CALL N. Y. OFFICE—VANDERBILT 6-2921

dered edges in sharp, clear colors; fifty cents. Neat and charming stunt for that girl-about-town who causes so many gift-shopping agonies: on Christmas morning, they will send her a fresh orchid corsage accompanied by one of their chiffon handkerchiefs beautifully embroidered and appliquéd with an orchid pattern; $7.50 for the works.

LORD & TAYLOR: They go in for a touch of sentimental and affectionate nonsense for handkerchiefs in the form of cupids and flowery embellishments around a giant pastel initial on a white background; $1.95. Ruffled lace-edged handkerchiefs from glove size to an 18-inch one have wide, ruffled, Val edges set on with *entredeux*, $1.95 to $3.95.

MACY: White, almost men's-size handkerchiefs for women have *fil-coupé* borders; should be monogrammed; from ninety-four cents. Kids' handkerchiefs with "*Quand tu seras grand, que seras tu?*" written on them; elsewhere on the fabric is pictured one of six typically youthful answers—cop, postman, baker, etc.; thirty-three cents.

MCCUTCHEON: They use imago Swiss to make the white backgrounds for naïve pink-and-blue flower designs; in one instance, it creates a lace-paper effect around clusters of flowers, like old-fashioned bouquets, at the corners of the cloth; twenty-five cents. They also do a trick with names and call it Scrip Tease (pretty gay for McCutcheon, the old bulwark). Stare long enough, for instance, at the embroidered design of a heart, and you'll find it spells "Ann;" something that at first glance looks like a butterfly turns out to be "Helen;" fifty cents.

MOSSE, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): He does his bit for those who want foreign things while there still are some to have by showing fine Brabant and Flemish lace on handkerchiefs which start at $5.50 and zoom effortlessly up to $37.50, with plenty of takers. For men: White linen handkerchiefs to be *used*, not just displayed in a breast pocket. They're made in Ireland with a flat, hand-whipped hem; the initials are conservative, shaded block letters; $17.50 a dozen, with three initials.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Fine trifles of hand-spun linen edged with Binche or Valenciennes cost from $5 to $10.50; a two-inch border of antique Binche set on a hand-spun linen centre with point turc comes to $55. Children's handkerchiefs with hand-rolled edges display flip-looking animals in bright colors and amusing or admonitory nursery sayings in French; six for $1.

WANAMAKER: French eighteenth-century designs come in any of six fine shades on white, with tape borders and hand-rolled edges; ninety-five cents each. Good, dignified men's handkerchiefs of Irish linen with tape or cord borders are from $9 to $15 a half-dozen, and the store does an excellent job in sixty-seven-cent monograms to go with them.

•

Jesse Apollo will clash with Milo Venus in the main wrestling event to a finish at Fort Hamilton tomorrow night.—*The Sun.*

The twilight of the gods.

RECEIPT IN FULL

A YEAR ago an Army truck sideswiped my shiny new Buick and put a large dent in the mudguard. My chauffeur collected the usual data—in this instance, that the vehicle belonged to Co. D, 16th Infantry, Fort Jay—and, not knowing what else to do with it (I didn't even know where Fort Jay was), I wrote the commanding officer that as his truck was the aggressor, I thought he should pay for the repairs. A few days later I received the following letter:

Headquarters Fort Jay, New York
Office of the Post Commander
October 24, 1939

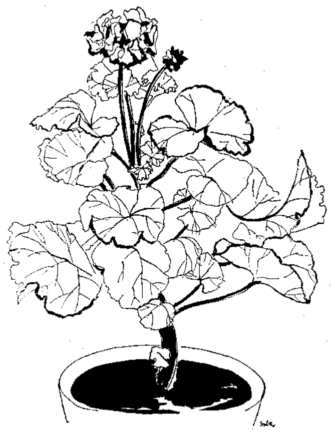
Dear Sir:

In reply to yours of the 20th instant, request that you fill out all of the enclosed forms, have them notorized and return to this headquarters.

The damage noted in the enclosure to your letter must be supported by proper receipted bills, certified as correct and be notorized. These must be submitted in sextuplicate.

Very truly yours,
Edward J. O'Neill
Captain, 16th Infantry
Adjutant

I made out my complaint in sextuplicate on the forms furnished, longer and more detailed than an application for a driver's licence, and had them "notorized," secured from the repairman six copies of the receipted bill—$10.91—for hammering out the dent and repainting the mudguard and had them attested as correct and the signatures "notorized" (the last operation cost nothing, as my office is equipped with a notary), and mailed the lot to Captain O'Neill in high hopes. A reply came promptly:



Office of the
Motor Transport Officer
Fort Jay, New York
October 30, 1939

Dear Sir:

I have been appointed to investigate the accident that occurred on October 18, 1939 at the Penn Station Driveway & 8th Avenue, between a government vehicle, Chevrolet 1½ Ton Cargo Truck, USA #W-310327, driven by Private Michael R. Liska, Co. "D," 16th Infantry, Fort Jay, New York and your car which was driven by Mr. Martin Nesbitt.

In order to complete the investigation of the accident, it is requested that you have the driver of your car fill out the five (5) copies of the inclosed Witness's or Drivers' Report of Accident, sign them and return them to this office with the least practicable delay. For your convenience a self-addressed franked envelope is inclosed.

Thanking you for your cooperation in this matter, I am

Very truly yours,
Charles Carlton
Capt (Inf) Q.M.C.,
Investigating Officer

Martin Nesbitt, my chauffeur, filled out his five blanks (why not six this time is one of the mysteries); they were dispatched to Captain Carlton, and he disappeared from the cast along with Captain O'Neill. I never heard from either of them again.

But one day in late November, Captain McGeehan, 52nd C.A., called up on the phone and invited me to Fort Jay at three o'clock on a certain Tuesday afternoon and asked me to bring Martin and the car that was the object of this disquisition. Like most New Yorkers, I had never been to Governors Island and looked forward to the trip with the liveliest anticipation. We crossed on the free ferry from Battery Place and arrived early enough for a preliminary tour of inspection on our own account before calling at the office of Captain McGeehan in the barracks. After inspecting the car, the Captain led us to a large room in another building, over the door of which was the sinister legend "Court Martial." (I began to realize how serious a matter it was to be sideswiped by an Army truck.) In this room was a long table. On one side two young officers in uniform were seated with piles of paper in front of them. We were placed on the opposite side and Captain McGeehan took a seat at the head. Martin and I were sworn to tell the truth. Captain McGeehan examined us, while the two officers took down everything that was said. A map of the scene of the encounter had been prepared, showing the corner of the Penn Station and parts of Thirty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, and on this we indicated the positions of the two cars—ours at a standstill in traffic, the truck endeavoring to pass. After this procès-verbal was completed, we were dismissed with friendly cordiality by Captain McGeehan. The young officers did not unbend.

IT presently appeared that the Governors Island examination had failed to supply all the information desired by the Army, for on December 19th the following letter arrived:

Headquarters Fort Jay, New York
Office of the Post Commander
December 18, 1939

My Dear Mr. Calkins:

To properly complete your claim for damage which resulted from the accident on October 19, 1939, in which your car was involved the following additional information is requested:

Number of cylinders and Model, year of manufacture of your car.

Date of purchase, at which time it was new or used. Price paid at time of purchase.

If you will be so kind as furnish me this information your claim will get prompt attention.

Yours very truly,
C. W. McGeehan
Captain, 52nd C.A. (Ry)

I satisfied Captain McGeehan's curiosity, and nothing further happened for two months, when the whole matter was shifted to a new field of action, the War Department:

War Department
Office of Chief of Finance
Washington, D.C.
February 28, 1940

File No. 153 FC (Calkins, Earnest Elmo) #9281

Dear Mr. Calkins:

Reference is made to your claim for damage to or loss of private property incident to an activity of the Army on October 19, 1939.

I am directed by the Chief of Finance to inform you that your claim has been approved by the Secretary of War in the amount of $10.91 for certification to Congress under the provisions of the Act of December 28, 1922 (42 Stat. 1066). The War Department is taking such further steps as may be necessary to include this amount in the next deficiency bill to come before the Congress.

In the event of favorable action by the Congress on your claim, you will be so advised by this office. However, this office should be promptly advised of any change in your address made prior to the final settlement of the claim.

Very truly yours,
M. H. Forbes
Major, Finance Department

This nice letter seemed to require no reply, and the correspondence languished until July, when I again heard from Major Forbes:

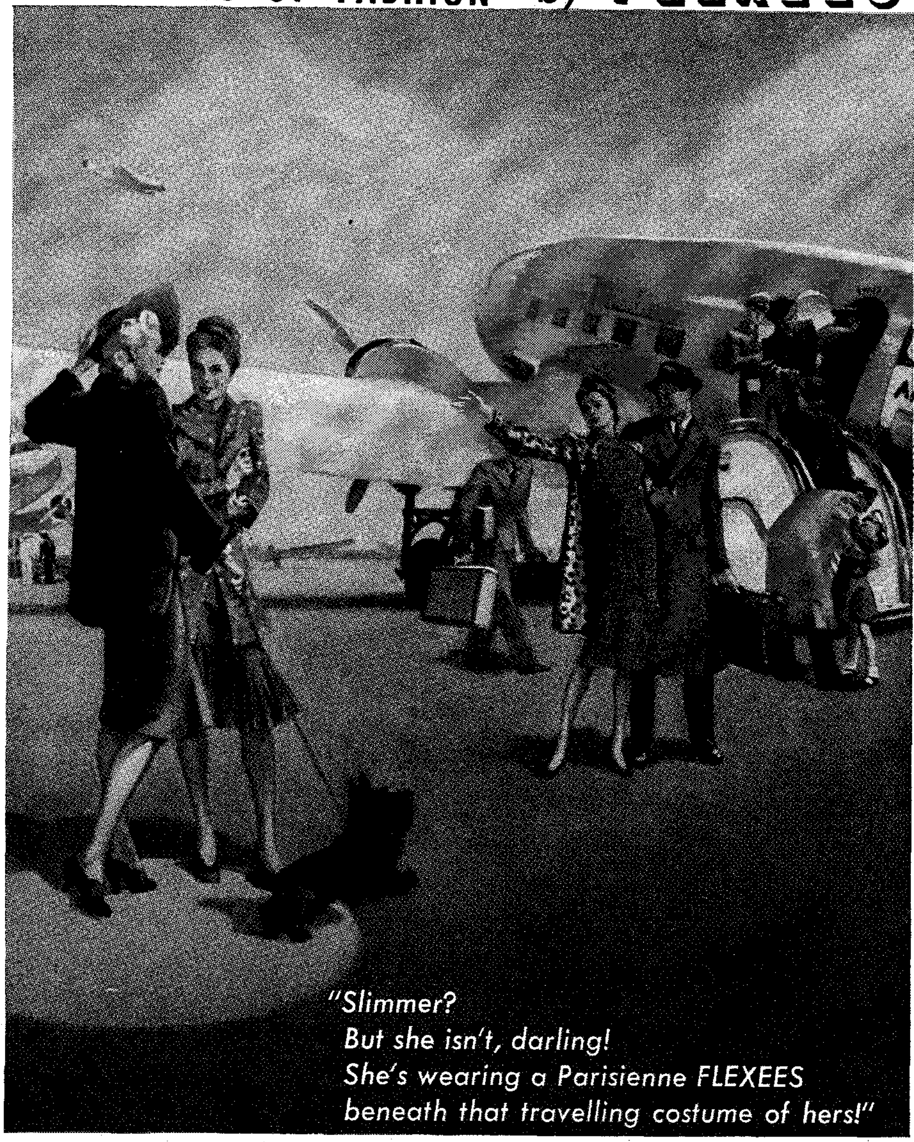
War Department
Office of Chief of Finance
Washington, D. C.
July 20, 1940

File No. 153 FC (Calkins, Earnest Elmo) #9281

Dear Mr. Calkins:

I am directed by the Chief of Finance to inform you that your claim on account of damage to or loss of private property on October 19, 1939 has been transmitted

"PORTRAITS OF FASHION" by FLEXEES


"Slimmer?
But she isn't, darling!
She's wearing a Parisienne FLEXEES
beneath that travelling costume of hers!"

"And wasn't she a gorgeous bride?
You'd never dream her figure is
really a bit top-heavy, would you?
I got her to try the Parisienne Flexees.
She's absolutely mad about it...
and it's so comfortable she
simply doesn't know it's on!"

Flexees 7 Basic Figure-Types
are Grecian, Renaissance,
Parisienne, Egyptian, Empire,
Moyen Age, and Debutante.
Which are you? Ask at
your favorite store . . . now.

Girdles and Combinations
$5 to $15

FLEXEES, 417 Fifth Ave., New York · Toronto · London
THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

to the General Accounting Office for settlement in the amount of $10.91 under the provisions of the Second Deficiency Appropriation Act, 1940, approved June 27, 1940 (Public No. 668—76th Congress —3rd Session).

In the event it should become necessary to make further inquiry regarding the matter, it is suggested that such inquiry be addressed to the General Accounting Office, Records Division, 5th and G Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C.

It is further suggested that any change in address prior to receipt of check in settlement be reported to the General Accounting Office.

Very truly yours,
M. H. FORBES
Major, Finance Department

This letter, too, went unanswered, though I was tempted to send a cordial cheerio as I prepared to deal with and be dealt with by the General Accounting Department, from which I next had this letter:

GENERAL ACCOUNTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON
AUGUST 9, 1940

Claims Division
Misc-0934161-BJV

SIR:

For use in the proper disposition of your claim for $10.91, covering payment for damages sustained on account of an auto accident involving a War Department truck on October 19, 1939, in New York City, it is requested that you fill out and return to this office the inclosed Form C-56, giving your present post office address.

Inclosure

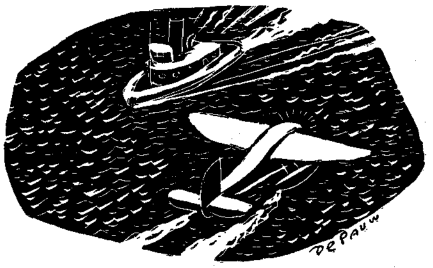
Respectfully,
M. E. WERTZ
(for Unit Head)

IT was time for me to act again. I was entranced by Mr. Wertz. He was the only one of my correspondents who had no title, and also the only one who seemed to get results. I filled in the blank and sent it promptly. Then came another lull. It seemed that in spite of all the preliminary buildup, the Accounting Office was still fearful I would not recognize the check for $10.91 when I got it:

SETTLEMENT OF CLAIM
GENERAL ACCOUNTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON
SEPTEMBER 9, 1940

Claims Division
No. 0934161

Your claim (s) has (or have) been examined and action thereon has been taken



as more fully explained in the following statement.

If an amount is indicated as payable, this should be retained to identify check which will issue in due course, unless otherwise advised.

Statement of
Settlement

Claimed $10.91
Exception (s)........
Allowed $10.91

For payment of damages to claimant herein, on account of an auto accident involving a War Department Truck, which occurred on October 19, 1939, in New York City.

House Document 755, 76th Congress,
3rd Session, page 28, Second Deficiency Appropriation Act, 1940, approved June 27, 1940
(FC 153/292180 General)

Comptroller General
of the United States
by: M. Shenk,
Claims Reviewer

Everybody will be glad to know I was able to identify Check No. 79,135, War Warrant 4363, signed by H. B. Smith, Special Assistant Treasurer of the United States, dated September 19th, 1940, in the amount of $10.91, which arrived just a month short of the anniversary of the accident that started this tremendous sequence. In acknowledgment, I extend my sincere thanks to Captain O'Neill, Captain Carlton, Captain McGeehan, Major Forbes, Mr. Wertz, Claim Reviewer Shenk, Assistant Treasurer Smith, and those members of Congress who voted for the Second Deficiency Appropriation Act, 1940. —EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

•

GAMINE

Under the virgin moon,
whose gaze is cool and cynical,
a cat explores the night
with footsteps sly and finical.

The cat is black as chaos
and silken as deceit
and rhythmic as a Negro song
upon her sensual feet.

Past rain pools, over litter,
she walks with perspicacity.
I call. She stops. She stares,
intrigued by such audacity.

I stoop to smooth her sides.
She swoons to me at once,
lifting a rumbling throat
in rapturous response.

Her body shakes with song.
She strikes ecstatic attitudes,
too musical with life
for shyness and its platitudes.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

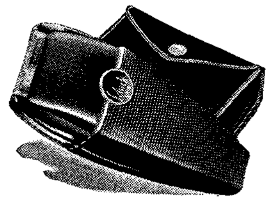
MEET THIS NEW
Flyer
FACE TO FACE!
HOLLOW GROUND
HOLLOW • GROUND
Schick
FLYER

Now, for only $12.50, you can get the New Schick Flyer with the 2-M Head—*Hollow-Ground* for close shaves—30% quicker, easier, *better!*

This New Schick Shaver certainly has a head for business when it comes to whisker-cutting.

Its new 2-M Head is hollow-ground to arch the skin surface and make whiskers stand up to be sheared off—30% *quicker, easier, cleaner.*

No moving parts can touch the skin. No muss or fuss either—for all beard clippings are caught in the ingenious Whisk-Its that empty with a flick of your finger after you shave.



NEW SCHICK FLYER—*has the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head. Styled in burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its. Complete with genuine leather case for only* **$12.50.**

• • •

NEW SCHICK COLONEL—*the last word in Schick slickness! Executed in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Complete with simulated alligator tuck-away case for only* **$15.00.** *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit, $17.50.)*

• •

IF HE'S ALREADY A SCHICK OWNER . . . *bring his Schick Shaver right up to date with the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head. Only $3! Take the shaver to your dealer, send it to us at Stamford or take it to any Schick Shaver Service Office. (See Classified Telephone Directory for Service Office nearest you. In New York it's 17 East 42nd Street.)*

Stack one of these whisker-whippers against your face for 30 days' trial. Be tough and stern—don't take anything but perfect shaves for an answer.

Either you get them—or your dealer will refund your money.

This means you get the best shaves of your life . . . And it means you have nothing to lose—but your whiskers!

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

Only Schick offers all this!

- **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better.***
- **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute.**
- **WHISK-ITS—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature.**
- **BRAND-NEW STYLING—by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.**

Schick prices begin as low as $9.95 for the popular Schick CAPTAIN with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its. Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms.

nothing Quicker
nothing Slicker
NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER

Shh! Sh!

Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.

FERNET BRANCA

THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP FOR 95 YEARS

Ask for it at any good Restaurant, Hotel or Bar. Buy a bottle at your druggist or grocer to keep at home.

In the U. S. A. Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
Copr. 1940, Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc.

The 840 acre estate of Central Park is a panorama under your window at The Mayflower, yet you can walk to Radio City or Times Square. Rooms and suites by the month or longer.

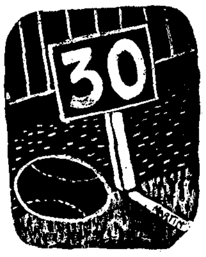
The Mayflower
CENTRAL PARK WEST AT 61ST STREET
Richard M. Toohill, Mgr.

"Your Home on the Desert"
HOTEL THE OASIS
Palm Springs, California
OPENS FOR THE 1940-41 SEASON
NOVEMBER 15th
ATTRACTIVE HOTEL AND BUNGALOWS
AMERICAN PLAN
Early Seasonal & Family Rates on Application.
George L. Linde, Managing Director

WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.
Small Standing Lamps
Height from Floor, 44″
$30.00 Complete with Shade

FOOTBALL

Cornell Joins the Big Ten



Two weeks ago, after Canale of Syracuse had no trouble cutting through the left side of the Cornell line, I began to wonder whether I hadn't been too cheerful about Cornell's chances for an undefeated season. Cornell beat Syracuse handily enough, but the problem of beating Ohio State, a first-rate Big Ten team, began to look serious. As it happened, though, I needn't have worried.

Big Ten football is played by huge squads of men who are bigger, heavier, and faster than most of those you see around here, and they put on such a hard, bruising game that occasionally they just wear themselves out. That was Ohio State's trouble against Cornell last Saturday up at Ithaca. Before the game, the bands of the two universities massed on the field and played the national anthem. The Cornell musicians were off like a flash, and were leading by perhaps half a note right up to "the rockets' red glare;" then Ohio State, coming up fast on the outside, caught Cornell and finished out the stronger of the two. This was, someone insisted, an omen, but the game went, perversely, in exactly the opposite direction.

Cornell football nowadays has many of the attributes of Big Ten football. The squad is large, well balanced, swift, and powerful; even the band is as big and agile as any you'll find out West. Cornell is outmatched, I think, only in weight, and this is especially true in the case of Ohio State. The Ohio State men, enormous in their own right, seemed colossal in their white jerseys, as burly as the wrestlers you used to see at Madison Square Garden. Some, in fact, played like wrestlers, often preferring to bring down Cornell runners with headlocks instead of tackles. Cornell, though, makes up for the difference in weight with speed and precision. Watch closely when the team is on the offence, and, a tenth of a second before the ball is snapped to Matuszczak, you will see the three other backs sway forward in unison. Their feet are still on the ground, where they legally must be, but their bodies are already swinging into a play which technically hasn't even started. Let the defence be a trifle slow in moving to the danger point, and the ballcarrier is away for a touchdown.

What was actually the winning play was made just that way. Toward the end of the third quarter, the Cornell coach, sensing that Ohio State was tiring, had sent in Scholl, a shifty lightweight back—the same Scholl whose passing and running beat Ohio State a year ago. He unsuccessfully tried a couple of runs and a couple of passes, and the audience, which had been expectant when he went in, had settled back and relaxed by the time he started his important play. So, I think, had Ohio State. Behind handsome blocking by Matuszczak and two other confreres, Scholl wove his way from the forty-yard line down to the six-yard line. The game was really over then. Scholl clearly wanted to try to make the touchdown, but he is a broken-field runner, not a plunger, and Big Ten football seems to call for realism, not sentiment. Out of the game he went, angrily protesting, and Bufalino, a bucking back who has come a long, long way since last year, breezed across the goal on his first attempt.

Matuszczak is still my favorite player, even though he got into the public gaze only twice last Saturday—on Cornell's first scoring play, when he bowled over the one Ohio State man who had the ballcarrier trapped, and on Scholl's long run. He played the whole game, getting into every scrimmage, calling his team's plays with magnificent judgment, and coming off the field without a single scratch. Matuszczak has a chunky, square face, a chunky, square, two-hundred-pound body, and bristly, reddish hair. He squints a little, which makes him look as if he were always smiling. Up where he comes from, in Lowville, a railway-junction town in the dairy country on the western fringe of the Adirondack foothills, a boy doesn't often go to college even if he is the star halfback of his high-school team, and if he does, it isn't likely that he'll get to be captain of one of the two or three best teams in the country. It is, of course, a wonderful thing for a boy to be able to do, though ordinarily it wouldn't help him a lot after he went home for good. At Cornell, however, Matuszczak can play football and study to be a veterinarian at the same time. That, I imagine, means something in Lowville. —J. W. L.

•

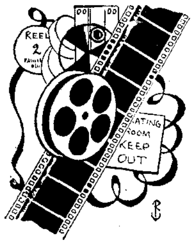
CHOICE

Gallup—Dunn.
Vote for one.

—C. O.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Old World



THE Clipper brought over a film the other day which runs only seven minutes and, I suppose, will be fitted in somewhere along with newsreel items. It's called "London Can Take It," and is by far the best, most revealing report of London we have seen yet on the screen. One's regret must be that it is so brief, though perhaps gentle types around town, preoccupied with dainty autumn doings in their own pleasant homes, will find this all they can endure. Quentin Reynolds has made a spoken commentary for this American release, a grave and restrained accompaniment, less colloquial than the title given the account might seem to promise.

NOT newsreel stuff, for, after all, the movies haven't been going forever, "Mayerling to Sarajevo" is a love story with an unhappy ending, like others of the sort devised to stir our susceptible hearts. I find it a little surprising somehow, on pondering the momentous matter, that we haven't had this particular royal romance, the romance of Sophie Chotek and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, ladled out to us long ago. Certainly it seemed an obvious sequel after the enormous success of "Mayerling." Similar ingredients are to be found in this story—royalty and beauty and love and tragedy. And, indeed, this tragedy, being one not of suicide but of assassination, such a notable assassination, might seem even more vivid and vital and "significant" in its potentialities than the sad episode of Vetsera and Rudolf. There seems no good reason that the public shouldn't spend its ready cash to have another cry over the unhappy marriages of the Hapsburgs.

Apparently, however, the mere ingredients of romance like this are not enough, and one needs two such interpreters as Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer to buoy things up. Those young people did much for "Mayerling"—as "Mayerling" did much for them—and one may appreciate their contribution all the more soundly after seeing Edwige Feuillère and John Lodge in this new picture. Mlle. Feuillère is a very pretty woman, on the sweet side, gentle and forbearing from the time she is first

Cartier Inc.

Mirrored Animation

An ingenious new effect by Cartier

A quivering jeweled center reflects its constantly moving color onto the gold petals. Play of hues and motion! Cartier brings vivacity to a jeweled flower . . . In clip at left, a topaz with diamond-tipped claws; at right, a green tourmaline with rubies.

Patent applied for

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THIS SEASON
SEND CHRISTMAS CARDS
designed by
CAROLUS

Priced from $8.00 to $28.00 the hundred . . . . printed with your name, of course.

AT BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

New Year in Havana?

Lucky you! But why not *double* your fun by knowing some Spanish when you go a-cruising? Join a Berlitz class *now* . . . know what it's all about *then!* A free demonstration lesson at your convenience.

Berlitz SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416
Brooklyn: 66 Court St.

THE SPA AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Facilities Equal to the Finest European Thermal Establishments

All-inclusive Spa rate comprises the celebrated Hot Springs mineral baths, massage, and exercise, daily or as required; medical supervision; luxurious room with private bath, and Homestead meals.

SEND FOR SPA BOOKLET

FAMOUS FOR SOUTHERN SERVICE

Pullmans direct to The Homestead leave Pennsylvania Station nightly at 6:15 p.m. The Homestead's New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria is at your disposal for reservations, motor routes, or other information.

Begins WED. EVE., Nov. 6th
"Aurora's Wedding", "Coq D'Or"
"Graduation Ball"

S. HUROK
announces
THE RETURN TO AMERICA
after triumphant tours of Great Britain and Australia
THE ORIGINAL
BALLET RUSSE
COL. W. de BASIL, Director General
The World's Most Spectacular Ballets including the Magnificent "Coq D'Or"
51st STREET THEATRE
Eves. Incl. Sun. $1.10 to $3.85—Mats. Sat. & Sun. $1.10 to $2.75

SAM H. HARRIS' COMEDY HITS
by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
ERNEST TRUEX • JEAN DIXON • DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 St. East of Broadway
Matinees Wed., Sat. & Election Day

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St., W. of Broadway
Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Election Day

"Hilarious horse play . . .
a wonderful belly laugh".
—*Anderson, Journal-Amer.*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

AL JOLSON
in his New Musical
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS
MARTHA RAYE JACK WHITING BERT GORDON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th ST. CI. 6-5990. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Sat. & Election Day 2:30

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS JANE PICKENS DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Sat. & Election Day 2:40—$1.10 to $2.75

HELEN CRAIG
BROADWAY'S NEWEST STAR in
JOHNNY BELINDA
with Louis HECTOR — Horace McNALLY
"The reviewers got ecstatic about Helen Craig"—Walter Winchell
BELASCO TH., 44 ST. E. OF B'WAY. BR 9-2067
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Election Day 2:40

kissed in Moravia until she is shot in Bosnia, but I fear there's not quite the Darrieux quality in the big scenes here, nor is she helped by the Lodge performance as her lover. The general background, with its expected emphasis on Schönbrunn and the Hofburg, with all its interlacing of passion and protocol, is picturesque enough in a familiar style. The old Emperor putters around with occasional tantrums, as he usually does in the movies, enjoying his fits of temper when he discovers that his nephew is inclined to follow in the footsteps of his late son and court one of those women the masses will breed. The most interesting element in the film, though, is not this imperial palaver but the reconstruction of the Sarajevo incident. Being romance, and simple romance, the story merely skirts the motives and the underlying reasons for all that happens, but it does present a plausible, almost a reportorial, sketch of the incidents of that cataclysmic day.

YOU can't possibly unearth any more trivial examples of screen work and storytelling than "Captain Caution" and "Meet the Wildcat," yet, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of human beings will spend their time staring glassily at one or the other or both. The young woman in "Captain Caution," a poor waif caught in a tangle of piracy, the War of 1812, and her sentimental hoppity-skippitings, wants to captain her own ship and be given a commission, too, in the American Navy. She is denied this latter ambition but at least has a varied life before she returns to her home, which is in Maine. The heroine in the other film is ambitious also, but only to capture a famous crook who specializes in snipping Murillos out of the art galleries of Mexico City. A comic taxi-driver asserts himself considerably throughout the excitement and introduces a virile Bronx note.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Shanghai welcomes back the entire Mark L. Moody family. There isn't a thing doing around the town, of community interest, which will benefit by their return.—*Shanghai China Press.*

We know people like that—you love 'em just for their own sake.

•

UNLIKELY REMARKS

[*From an adv. in the Saturday Evening Post*]

Fishermen are in the habit of saying, "Bibb's Porterdale Seine Twines catch fish."

CENTER THEATRE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE
"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—*ATKINSON, TIMES*
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
A MUSICAL ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars
and **JOE COOK**
Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

B. G. DE SYLVA *presents*
ETHEL MERMAN *in a new musical comedy*
PANAMA HATTIE
50—DAZZLING PANAMAMAS—50
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, W. of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Election Day 2:30

B. G. De SYLVA PRESENTS
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
THE MUSICAL COMEDY HIT WITH
IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
Imperial, W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Elec. Day

B. G. De SYLVA presents
BERT LAHR In the Musical Comedy Smash
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
with GYPSY ROSE LEE
COLE PORTER SONGS
ROYALE THEA., W. 45 St. CI 5-5760. Evs. 8:30.
Mats. Sat. & Election Day 2:30

JACK KIRKLAND presents
SUZANNA AND THE ELDERS
A Comedy by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall
MORRIS CARNOVSKY HAILA STODDARD HOWARD FREEMAN LOIS HALL
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI. 6-6230
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
EMPIRE Theatre

CONCERT
TOWN HALL, SUN. AFT. at 3:00, NOV. 10
Distinguished Canadian Pianist
ELLEN BALLON
(*Steinway Piano*) Judson Mgt.

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 59

THAT RIDER, MISS DAMPSON

I WAS already ten minutes late for an appointment at the Riding Club and was struggling furiously to get into a refractory left boot when my cook appeared in the doorway. She was fingering the grocery list nervously, and her face was red. I recognized the signs; she wanted to talk.

"I'm in a hurry, Bertha," I said firmly, stamping on the obstinate heel.

Bertha ignored the hint. "Monsieur, you know that rider, Miss Dampson?" she asked. "When I worked for Mrs. Emerson, a rich vooman who has a son with many race horses, Miss Dampson came to visit very often. And every time she came down to the kitchen for talk with me, the second cook." Bertha took a long breath.

"Absolutely not," I said, kicking the boot off and reaching for the easing powder. "I don't know any women riders."

"She wass a wild vooman," Bertha continued, "Miss Dampson wass, but democratic. This I will say. But crazy!" Bertha shook her head. "And about politics she knows nothing! Always she would talk to me of Roosia, while I wass making the sauce for crêpes Suzette."

Bertha's desserts are one of my weaknesses. "How about crêpes Suzette for tonight?" I asked. The boot hooks had worked out of the straps. I put them in again.

"My mother wass Roosian," Bertha went on, "though born in Spanish Morocco, so who should know better the politics, Miss Dampson or me? Before the Revolution, I work for the Grand Duke Alexunder. This wass the happiest moment of all my life. Miss Dampson knows that I live with the Grand Duke Alexunder, and so she comes to ask me of this." Bertha cocked her head on one side. "And also, of course, to learn the recipe for the sauce of the crêpes Suzette. And she talk about her riding. If it iss not politics, the conversational subject iss riding." Bertha sighed. "Often, I wass filled with ennui at the sight of Miss Dampson."

"I have a bottle of old brandy for that sauce," I said.

"When I wass four years old, my mother died," Bertha announced. "At this time we were living in Strasbourg, because my father wass German Alsatian. I remember all the words of my mother. She taught me all things. I do not forgot. This iss why Miss Dampson pull at her hair when we have the conversations at Mrs. Emerson's when I wass second cook."

The inside bootstrap broke. I tried to get a purchase with my thumb between the breeches and the leather. The boots were soaped too much for that. My fingers kept slipping.

"What my mother say iss true. This I believe, and this I tell Miss Dampson. Everything Miss Dampson say to me iss wrong. Someday, when I see Miss Dampson, I will axplain how it comes out everything I said that my mother has taught. Except that Roosia rules the world." Bertha nodded her head. "This iss yet to be."

I sat back, panting, in the chair.

Bertha eyed me critically. "It iss very *curieux*, Monsieur, that you do not read the newspapers. Surely they give some information. It iss well not to bury the mind, as my mother said, even if the news iss all lies, which I believe." Bertha leaned against the doorjamb. "It iss indeed strange, Monsieur, that you do not know the ridings of Miss Dampson. Doroty Dampson. That crazy vooman makes a column printed in the newspapers every day all over this country. I do not read what she rides." Bertha shrugged. "For me, it iss a waste of time. I know what she says from years. But now they find her out, how crazy she iss. She unrides now what she have rode; she does the *volte-face* and gives her heart to Monsieur Roosevelt. The readers make much complaint, and the editors offer grand apologies for Miss Dampson." Bertha smiled. "I could have told them how Miss Dampson iss wild like the wind and lightning. But I do not feel proud to know this." Bertha bent her head humbly. "It iss my mother who have taught me to see into people's character, and to know how mad iss the world."

Suddenly Bertha went down on one knee in front of me and grabbed the dangling boot. She worked the limp leather up over the breeches' lacing. Her other hand was on the sole. Somehow, amazingly, my foot slid in.

"For dinner," she said, "we have chicken livers *en brochette*, mushrooms *sautés*, broccoli, a salad, and the Suzette." She stood up and looked at me dreamily. "However, this I will say for Miss Dampson. For the recipe of the crêpes-Suzette sauce, she gave me five dollars, Monsieur. Just like a chef she treated me. Five dollars," Bertha repeated pointedly. "It wass a real pleasure to know Miss Dampson."

—LIAM O'CONNOR

•

Walker was placed in the prison ward at Harlem, charmed with assault and robbery.—*The World-Telegram.*

Odd cuss, isn't he?

It's a Thrill!
ALL NEW
ICE SHOW
Featuring BELITA
Daily at luncheon, dinner and supper in the gay snow-bound
TERRACE ROOM
Dancing nightly to
ABE LYMAN
and his Californians
De luxe dinners from $2.00. Cover charge after 10 P. M. 75¢, $1.50 Saturdays, Sundays and holiday eves.
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue
Frank L. Andrews, President
2500 Rooms from $3.50

The World is laughing!
Charlie Chaplin
in his new comedy
The Great DICTATOR
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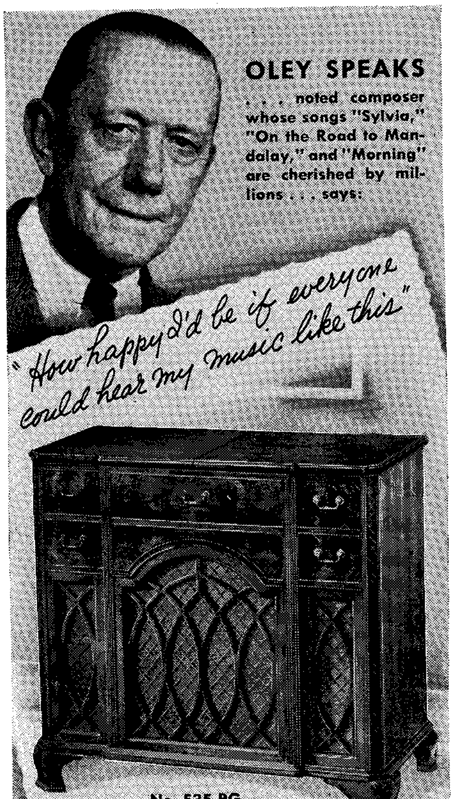

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MUSICAL EVENTS

In Person

RECORD collectors might have spent the past week or so checking up on the personal appearances of several prolific contributors to the disc lists. Artur Rubinstein, whose Chopin albums are almost required listening for students and those who just like to hear fine pianism, played an evening of Chopin in Carnegie Hall as he plays Chopin for the phonograph—with great musical and technical mastery. One of the most welcome features of Mr. Rubinstein is that you never have to worry about him. He knows what he wants to do, and he has no trouble doing it. You may have your own notions about how fast or how loud part of this polonaise or measures of that nocturne ought to be played, and your notions may not coincide with Mr. Rubinstein's, but you can't get around the fact that he's a prime Chopinist.

Mr. Rubinstein isn't only a Chopin exponent, however. At the Festival of Brazilian Music in the Museum of Modern Art, he brought things to a close with a miniature recital of compositions by Heitor Villa-Lobos. One of these was "Rudepôema," described in the official program book as "perhaps the most difficult piano composition ever written." That "perhaps" serves to eliminate arguments about the statement. Anyhow, "Rudepôema" undoubtedly is tough going, and Mr. Rubinstein won over it by a score of about 63–0. The Villa-Lobos "Prole do Bebê," an assortment of short piano pieces inspired by dolls, was considerably more attractive.

Mr. Rubinstein and the extraordinary soprano, Miss Elsie Houston, proved to be the highlights of the Festival, which presented scads of music, some of which probably will be in the general repertoire before long. You might note especially some of Villa-Lobos' "Bachiana Brasileiras." There also were offerings that would be heard only in specialized Festivals.

FOR several years, there has been a steady influx of European piano recordings by Edward Kilenyi, on which he sounds like a veteran. It turns out he's twenty-six and was born in Philadelphia. His concert in Town Hall last week was his American début, and I

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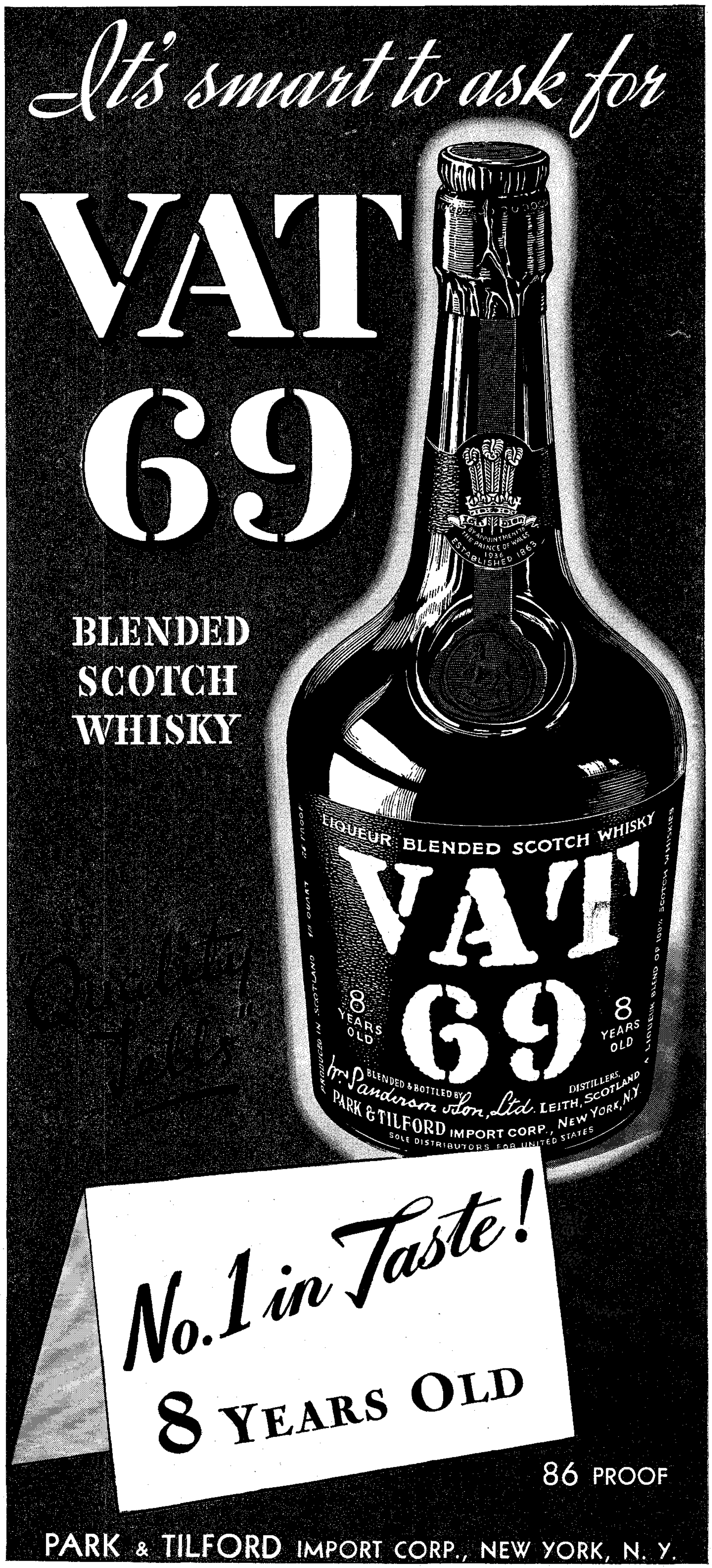
don't think he was completely at ease, because there were traces of effort and a chopping up of phrases that aren't apparent in his records. Even so, he made a greater impression than many a pianist who has come through with a smoother first appearance. You'll be hearing plenty about him this season.

The brilliant two-piano firm of Vronsky and Babin, also well represented on wax, came to town for the first local performance, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, of Mr. Babin's concerto for two pianos and orchestra. They did more for the concerto than the concerto did for them. Mr. Babin, as a composer, was represented to better advantage by his three études for two pianos, played in Town Hall by Beryl Rubinstein and Arthur Loesser, a duo that combines skill and intelligence with a knack for unorthodox program-making.

CHAMBER music as a late-Sunday-afternoon institution is in for the season at Town Hall, where the New Friends of Music have resumed their valuable activities. This year, Beethoven and Schubert are the composers for the term, supplemented by contemporary music. Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht," which isn't modernly modern, worked out well on the first program, where it was in the company of Schubert's D-minor quartet and six songs by Charles Ives. Except for "General Booth Enters Heaven," the songs weren't the most persuasive demonstration of Mr. Ives' music, although Mordecai Bauman sang them for all they were worth and sometimes maybe more.

What might be classified as chamber opera was on view in Town Hall when "9 O'Clock Operas," which is the name for a group of young singers from the Juilliard schools, presented "The Marriage of Figaro" in English and modern concert clothes. A narrator explained the story and shoved about the simple props with humor, and the accompaniment came from two invisible pianos. This was an experiment that could have raised hell with Mozart, but it was so well handled that it succeeded in making the opera more understandable and entertaining than most regulation performances I've seen.

IT'S enough to report of the recital of Fritz Kreisler that it was characteristic of the artist. So was that of Miss Marion Anderson, who had the assistance this time of one of the best accompanists in the business, Franz Rupp. Miss Dorothy Maynor's concert demonstrated further advances in her art. She



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has one of the finest soprano voices you'll ever hear, and her musicale would have been even better if it hadn't been burdened now and then with compositions that weren't from the right shelf for Miss Maynor.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING: Every other Saturday morning at eleven, there are free lectures on music—and music, too—at Carnegie Hall, under the general direction of Olin Downes. You don't need tickets, but if you want a good look at the celebrities, better get there by ten-thirty.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

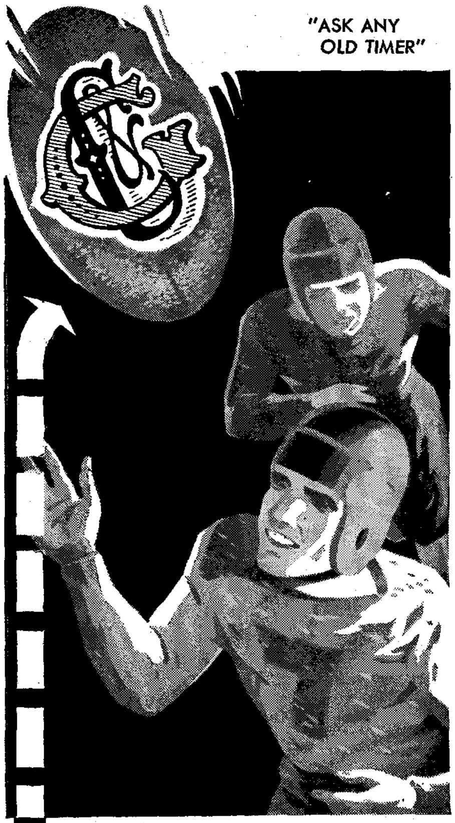
POPULAR RECORDS

Ladies in Albums

IN getting Hildegarde to put up an album of six songs by Vernon Duke, Decca seems to have hit on a natural. This young woman's style—soft, insinuating, and highlighted by a dozen little tricks all her own—is made to order for Duke's music. Furthermore, it's about time some recording company or other came through with a set devoted to Duke tunes, all of which have that extra something that puts them in the smart-music class. The new set (No. 149) contains a highly representative list of pieces, headed, I think you'll agree, by "April in Paris" and including "Now," "I Can't Get Started," "Suddenly," "What Is There to Say?" and "I Cling to You." To top things off, Duke sits in at the piano, duet fashion, with Leo Kahn for five of the numbers and accompanies the sixth, "April in Paris," all by himself.

Another worth-while Decca album (No. 143) offers Elvira Rios in an inviting selection of Cuban and Mexican pieces. The Señorita has a voice, and a good one, which is nothing to sneer at in these days when so many Latin-American carollers are trying to gloss over rusty vocal cords with cleverly managed accents. Miss Rios is right there with the accents, too. There's a lush, tropical warmth in the way she puts over such tuneful items as "Perfidia," "Tu No Comprendes," "Flores Negras," "Noche de Ronda," "Murmullo," and three others. You won't find anything wrong, either, in the way José Morand's orchestra handles the accompaniments.

SOME of the most sought-after high-priced records in the old Okeh catalogue, those early hot-jazz performances that have been collectors' items for a number of years, are now being



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reissued under the Columbia label for fifty cents apiece, together with a few never released before. What that will do to the collector business is, I suspect, nobody's business. A batch of these old-time classics is to be released once a month. The first to come out is a pretty generous one, consisting of four albums and fifteen single discs. Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Fletcher Henderson, and Bessie Smith are represented in the albums, and Henry Allen, Buster Bailey, the Chocolate Dandies, Johnny Dodds, Ted Lewis, and others turn up on the singles. Bessie Smith's "Cake Walking Babies," Fletcher Henderson's "Hop Off," and Louis Armstrong's "Twelfth Street Rag" are newcomers. Another Armstrong offering, "Heebie Jeebies," is a real curio. It seems that while it was being recorded back in 1926, Armstrong dropped the song sheet in the middle of his second vocal, filled in with some impromptu and strangely explosive gibberish, and that's how scat singing was born.

HERE are some of the month's best dance records, swing being marked by an asterisk:

The World Is Mad*—Count Basie and his orchestra. No words—the title's just one of those things; whatever you'd call the music, it takes two sides to do. It's filled with something the experts refer to as "bounce," liberally sprinkled with piano tinklings by the Count. (*Okeh 5816*)

Yesterthoughts and Stranger—Raymond Scott and his orchestra. Both numbers are performed in leisurely fashion. The treatment is symphonic, with a steadily flowing, unobtrusive rhythm for a background. Nan Wynn's singing of the vocal in "Yesterthoughts," a Victor Herbert melody lately given a lyric, is first rate. (*Columbia 35745*)

Ay-Ay-Ay* and Ain't She Sweet?*—Bunny Berigan and his orchestra. Berigan's trumpet runs wild and is supplemented by a series of solos from the other musicians and some solid ensemble work. (*Victor 26753*)

I Dream of Jeanie with the Light-Brown Hair and Help Me—Abe Lyman and his orchestra. Simplicity throughout. Stephen Foster's "Jeanie" is treated with respect and "Help Me" gets a Latin-American going-over. (*Bluebird B-10887*)

Scrub Me, Mama, with a Boogie Beat* and There I Go—Will Bradley and his orchestra. The "Scrub Me" item is done every bit as well as this band's earlier and crackajack "Beat Me, Daddy." Freddie Slack's piano playing and Ray McKinley's singing and drumming stand out. The rather restrained version of "There I Go" boasts a neat vocal by Jimmy Valentine. (*Columbia 35743*)

When You Awake and Two Dreams Met—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. They call smooth playing like this "commercial," as opposed to "musicians'," music; it's not complicated by ambitious figures. The song's the thing, and Dorsey's band is as good at the one kind of music as it is at the other. (*Victor 26764*)

—Offbeat

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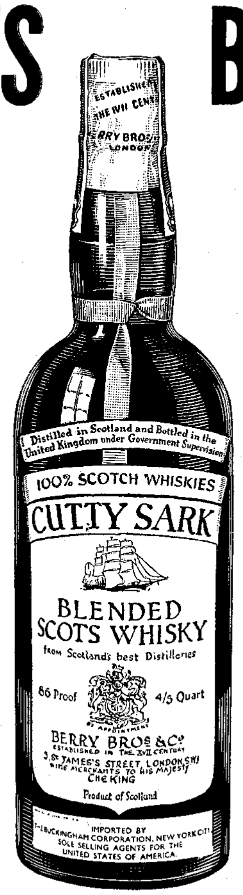
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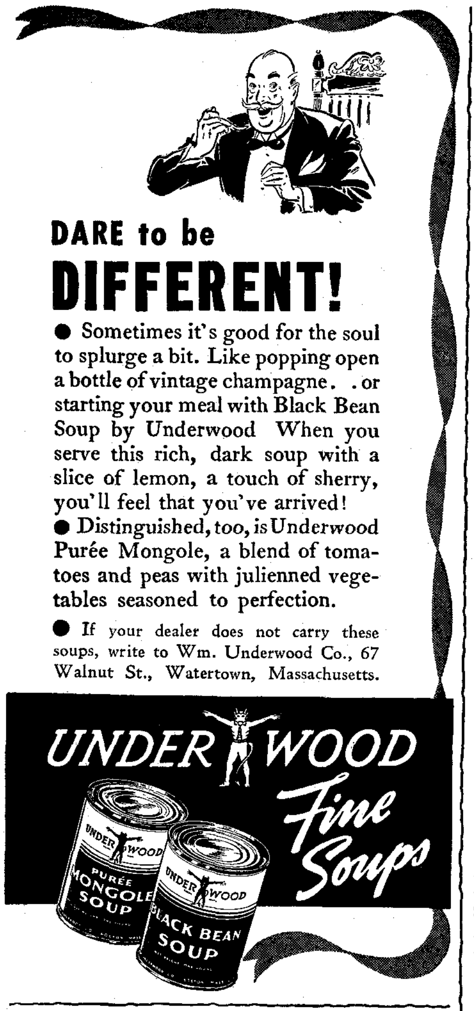
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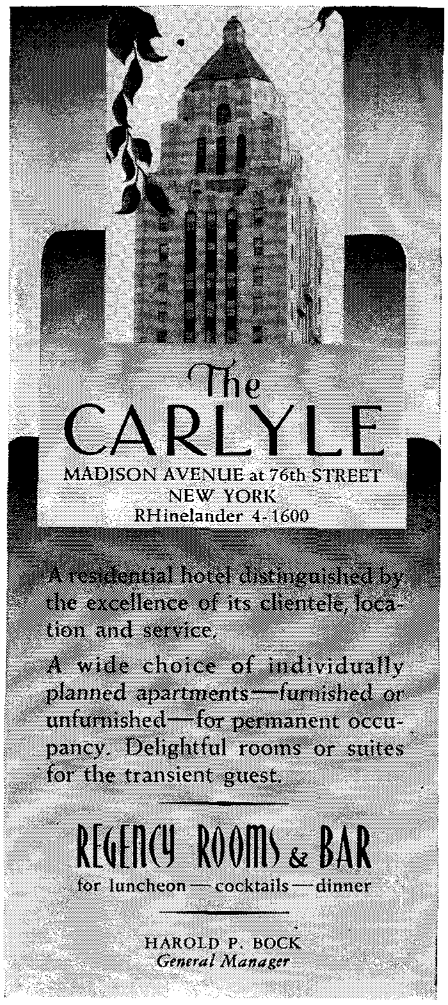
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IT'S beginning to be apparent, with night clubs scattered around town these days almost as profusely as political rallies, that either we'll all have to keep circulating frantically among them or a lot of proprietors are going to be awfully unhappy this winter, and maybe even broke. There are a few places, though, that don't have to worry about this. The Waldorf's Sert Room, for instance, has been on hand for a sufficient number of terms to be practically indispensable, and could undoubtedly get along nicely just on its name and a small jug band if it wanted to. That it doesn't is clearly established at the moment by its engagement of Eddy Duchin's band, Carol Bruce, who is not too busy appearing in magazines and a dozen or so other places to sing agreeably at supper, and a new dance team with the formidable title of Los Chavalillos Sevillanos. Left to right, they are Rosario and Antonio, and they are as spirited and talented a pair as has turned up recently.

The Rainbow Room, which at one time or another has tried out such curious forms of entertainment as ping-pong players and trained crows, has gone over into the Latin-American camp this fall, with Eddie Le Baron as top sergeant. His band is still improving, and my only qualm about it is that it will soon be without a leader, since it is surely impossible for anyone to keep on conducting congas as energetically as Mr. Le Baron does. The show consists of Elsie Houston, Vicente Gomez, and Jack Cole and his dancers. I am not positive that I fully understand Mr. Cole's dances; I know they are colorful and I suspect they are significant, but exactly of what I would hesitate to say. Mr. Gomez can easily be understood by anyone with an elementary notion of how a guitar works—at least until he begins to work his with such extraordinary deftness that it sounds like a string quartet. Miss Houston occasionally sings as if she had just invented the human voice and is investigating its noise-making potentialities, but she's fine in her more subdued moments and has undeniable animation at all times. It's a handsome show, presented, as you may know, in an extremely handsome room.

ALTHOUGH none of the Rockefellers, I imagine, can be found nightly scurrying from the Rainbow Room to the Grill down the corridor, it is becoming fashionable among other café owners to keep two places running at once and to migrate feverishly between them all night. The latest man to take up such commuting is Barney Josephson, who is now operating two Café Societys (or is it Cafés Society?)—the familiar one down in Greenwich Village and a new uptown one on that site at 128 East Fifty-eighth Street which seems to have been something of a jinx these last few years. The place has been redecorated in sprightly fashion with some satirical murals by Anton Refregier. Mr. Josephson has managed to round up an impressive collection of swing pianists. At the Café on Fifty-eighth Street are Teddy Wilson, Hazel Scott, Albert Ammons, and Pete Johnson; in the Village are Joe Sullivan, Meade Lux Lewis, and Art Tatum, who, if distinctions must be made, is currently my favorite of the lot. In addition there's the Golden Gate Quartet (uptown) and Billie Holiday and Sister Tharpe (downtown). At the Village place, too, is a strange young person, billed as James Copp III and His Things, whose singing, if you can call it that, baffles me but otherwise leaves me totally unmoved. It's hard to believe, in a way, that Café Society has actually invaded the East Fifties, but there it is, and if it doesn't prosper, I'll be convinced that the address really *is* jinxed.

Another man who spends a good part of his life in transit is Herbert Jacoby, of Le Ruban Bleu and the Club Brevoort. Although in the past he has introduced a singularly large number of admirable supper-club artists, he has an assortment on hand now that doesn't altogether live up to his exceptionally high standards. There is nothing the matter with the piano team of Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart at the Brevoort, but once they're finished, the show runs downhill rapidly until it reaches a male singer whose efforts are pretty far down indeed. Le Ruban Bleu, to begin at the top of its list, has Casper Reardon, who thinks it's perfectly proper to swing a harp and can illustrate his belief proficiently, and Paula Laurence, who is being introduced as "a fantastic young lady whose songs continue to defy analysis." I would be the last person in the world to defy a defi like that. There've been considerable alterations at Le Ruban Bleu. There's a stage now, which gives the customers more room (they can always use it here) and enables them to see what's going on more clearly than before. The walls have been covered with black patent leather, and somebody suggested the other night that Mr. Jacoby ought to put on a contest and offer a ruban bleu to the first masculine customer who can make himself a pair of evening shoes.

IT'S too bad the Versailles shuffles its entertainment around so often, because by the time I'm about to comment on the acrobats, the jugglers have moved in. During the course of any season, it's likely to have more first-rate performers than many other places, and this season it has already had Paul Draper, Sheila Barrett, Desi Arnaz, and the Hartmans. The Hartmans and Arnaz are around now, or were a minute ago, and they are worth seeing. Although the shows here occasionally run a little too long for my liking, the Versailles audience is generally a patient one and apt to be much more polite during a performance than a lot of glossier crowds I would gladly name if anybody asked me.

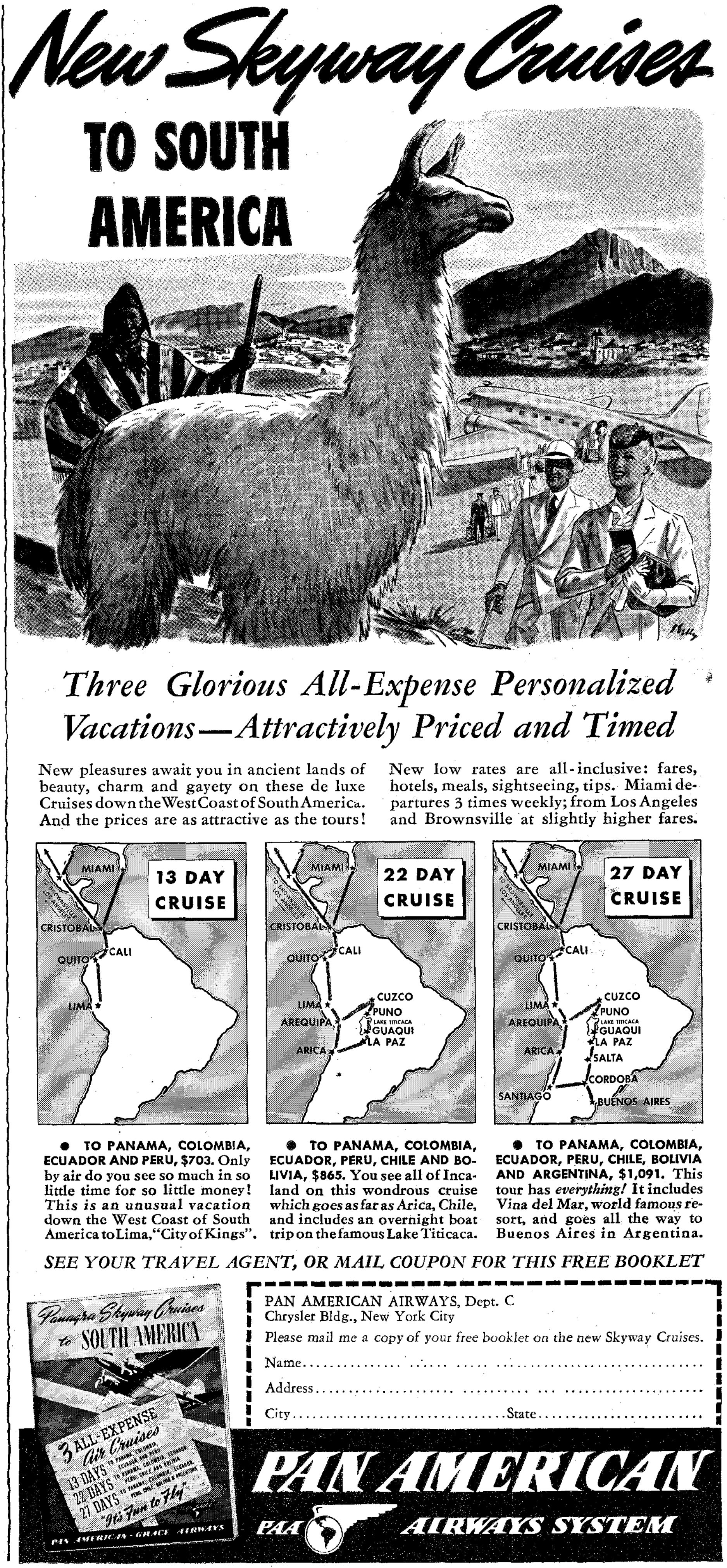
IN BRIEF: Le Coq Rouge, still carrying on as one of those pleasant places for a nice, unrushed time, has a bigger band than ever before and has turned over its upstairs room to Brick Top, the Parisian singer, who is supervising a comfortable supper club there. . . . Probably as enjoyable as any for that maid's-night-out party is the Montparnasse, still popular among upper East Siders, who are grateful for its handy location on Seventy-ninth Street. . . . For anyone's night out, the Algonquin has reopened its supper club, with Greta Keller again in charge, Cy Walter at the piano, and a new impersonator, Eddie Mayehoff, imported from radio. He has an extremely adjustable voice and some funny material; when he learns more about performing before a visible audience, he may be something to go out of your way for, or at least to go out to the Algonquin for. —CHECK

•

"Sure, I'm broke," he said. "Flat on my back. But I've been stony before. So now I'll work like a —— to get clear. It'll take about a year."

Barrymore's constant companion these days is John Decker, an artist, who has spent much time camouflaging exposed steam pipes in the house. He disguised them as knotty logs.—*Cleveland News.*

Penury won't seem so bad now.



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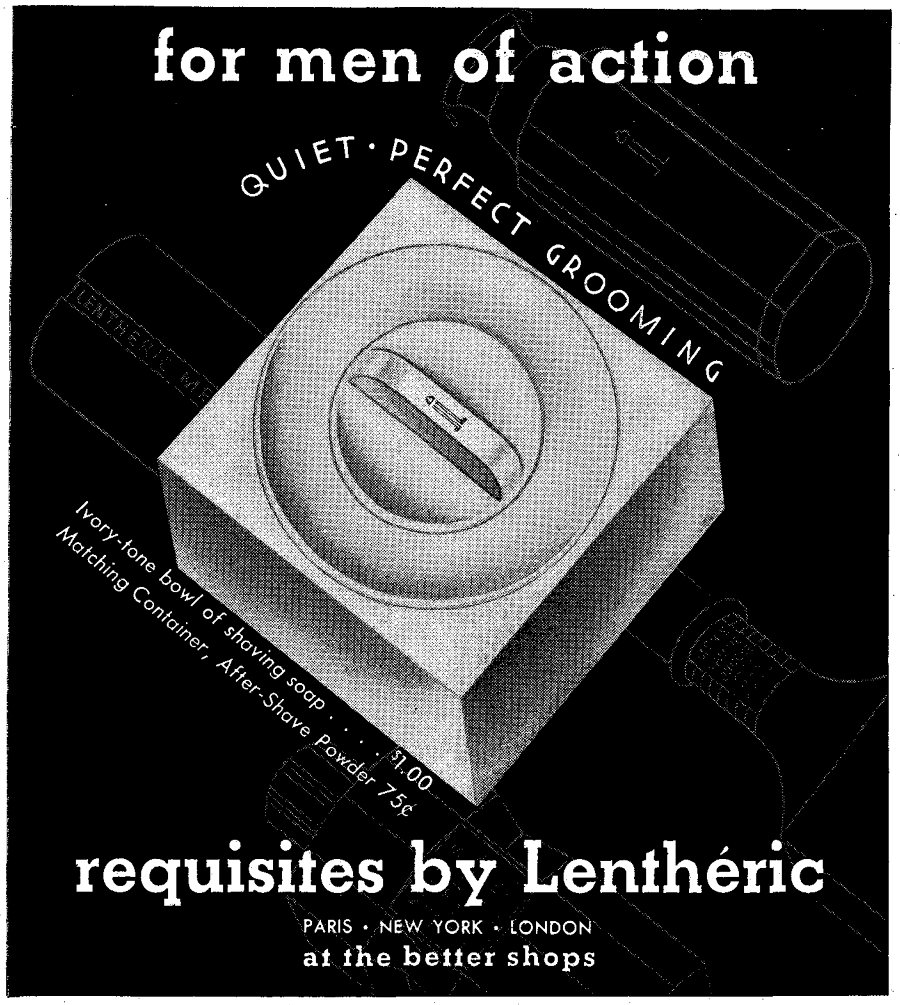
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THE RACE TRACK

Stimady and Parasang

SO far as I'm concerned, Stimady and Parasang made the most interesting contributions to racing at Empire City last week. After Stimady won the Ardsley Handicap, a former bookmaker, who is still a good judge of horses, predicted that he'd be one of the leading three-year-olds. Maybe the man's right; nothing this crop of two-year-olds may do is going to surprise me. In case Stimady's name stumps you, it's made up of the first four letters of Stimulus, his sire's name, and the last three of Beclady, his dam's. He was bred in Maryland by Mrs. C. W. Williams, sold to H. R. Bain, a Canadian, for $1,800, and claimed from Bain last July by M. E. Ryan for $3,250. Although Stimady has only one good eye, he has been able to see the winning post first in six of his twelve starts, and has won $13,220 in purses.

Parasang, who won the Scarsdale Handicap, has turned out to be the best horse in Sonny Whitney's stable. Nobody dreamed such a thing would ever be said of him when, one afternoon last April at Jamaica, he popped off in front and won the Experimental Handicap; at that time everyone rated Flight Command and Carrier Pigeon, Parasang's stablemates, five or ten pounds better. The case of Flight Command is lamentable. You may remember that he had a tantrum while at the post for the Experimental Handicap and broke open the doors of his stall in the starting gate. In doing so, he injured a nerve centre and hasn't been able to race since.

As usual, there were excuses for Foxbrough, who finished second in the Scarsdale. You heard people say, "If the race had been a little longer, he would have won sure. Next time you'll see!" Well, my guess is that next time, in a longer race, he'll still be second or third. Hash didn't run well in the Scarsdale, but then he hasn't run well in anything for weeks. I was disappointed in the performance of his brother, Monday Lunch, in the Ardsley. I daresay Monday Lunch will do better in the Pimlico Futurity this weekend. He couldn't do much worse.

EMPIRE CITY has been one of those meetings that pass too quickly. The racing has been entertaining and, although all the favorites didn't win, it has been fun to shuffle around through the piles of reddened maple leaves and listen to trainers' alibis. Maybe the Racing Commission might give a thought to extending next year's season for at least another week. I fancy that Mioland will win the Westchester Handicap this Saturday, and you could have a profitable double by also backing Level Best for the Autumn Day Stakes.

GETTING on to Pimlico, I don't believe the Special will determine who is the Horse of the Year, even if Challedon wins it. So many of the better racers have dropped out of it that maybe Alfred Vanderbilt should rename it the Survivors' Stakes. If you like long races—and who doesn't?—Pimlico will have a lot of them. In the course of the meeting at Baltimore, which will run through November 15th, there will be two at two miles and a half, one at two miles and a quarter, two at two miles and seventy yards, two at a mile and five furlongs, and four at a mile and a half.

THIS department is all for the Jockey's Community Fund and Guild in its request that the tracks insure riders and exercise boys. The New York racing associations say that the $12-a-race premium is too high. Well, the Guild has around 375 members, and the merriest suggestion I've heard is that the boys should go on a sit-down strike, and win on nothing but favorites. —AUDAX MINOR

•

A wise author never describes his heroine too closely. He just calls her beautiful and lets the reader create his own girl to fit the description. Give her merely a charming smile, a schoolgirl complexion and maybe a nice ankle, and let each reader fill in the rest himself. If you make her a brunette, and rhapsodize about her glorious dark hair and her fawn-like eyes, the half of your audience which prefers blondes will say "the devil with her," and quit reading.—*Ben Ames Williams quoted in the Boston Herald.*

That was the first time I saw . . . the girl. I saw red-gold hair, tousled and draggled, but good gold all the same; and I saw eyes too big that had blue in them. —*From "My Grandmother's Leg," by Ben Ames Williams.*

The devil with her!

•

SOCIOLOGY

57f Leisure in the Modern World . . . . has been cancelled.—*Program-correction sheet, University of Minnesota.*

By some narrow-minded Republican, probably.

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BOOKS

A New Novel from Charles Morgan—W. C. Williams

YOUR correspondent—who, on the whole, is no Morgan man, and found the babbling Sparkenbroke a little too rich for his queasy stomach—reports cheerfully that he retained Charles Morgan's new novel very nicely. I figure you should do no worse, providing you don't take "The Voyage" as seriously as Mr. Morgan would like you to take it. While the author doesn't work as hard over his spirituality as he did in "The Fountain" and "Sparkenbroke," "The Voyage" is a pretty gosh-darned spiritual book, and the purer you are in heart, the more you will see in it. As one whose heart is coated, I fear, with a thick daubing of common clay, I see in "The Voyage" a beguiling romance and not a piece of profound symbolism.

Mr. Morgan's book is about what his others were about—invulnerability, to use his favorite word. But whereas Sparkenbroke was a papier-mâché Byron ladling out his spiritual-erotic crises for the delectation of middle-aged ladies of unquestioned gentility, the hero of "The Voyage," though not overcredible, is a most engaging fellow, and you end by wishing him and his saintliness well. His name is Barbet Hazard, and he's a vine-grower, nature-lover, and practical mystic. Barbet is Mr. Morgan's special variation on the old fool-in-Christ pattern, and an engaging variation it is. Barbet says of himself, "I am not at all a saint, certainly not an ascetic, though I live plainly enough as a matter of taste, but I try to take the simplest possible view of everything and not to be shocked by myself or by anyone else."

This singlehearted simplicity (which is combined with practical sense, humor, and considerable understanding of human nature) enables him, though unarmed, to quell a prison revolt, to dominate easily all those he meets, and finally to attract to himself Thérèse Despreux, a young girl of his town who goes to Paris and triumphs brilliantly as woman of the world and *diseuse*. In theory, Thérèse—passionate, unchaste, headstrong, egotistic—is antipodal to Barbet, who is fairly chaste, cheerful, patient, and self-ignoring. Actually, they both—at least, this is what Mr. Morgan tells us—give off the same quality of life, as a heated iron gives off warmth, and while their lives can never run in the same channel, nothing on earth can prevent their loving each other.

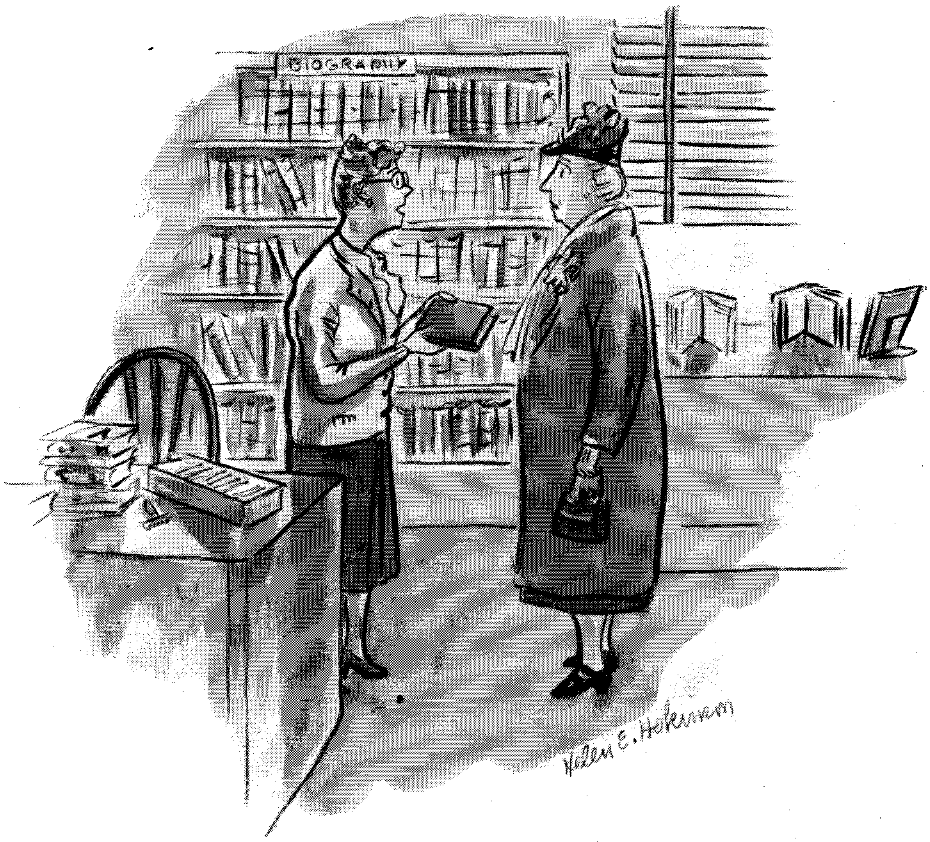
Well, their love story is a very odd one, not at all the kind of thing you're familiar with, and perhaps not entirely credible. Credible or not, however, it has sweetness and charm and is full of lyric moments, to which Mr. Morgan, who does not fear sentiment, does full justice.

A large part of the attraction of "The Voyage" lies in the background: the Charente and Paris of the mid-eighties during the uncertain days of the Third Republic, Zola, tilburies, café concerts—you can imagine the sort of thing. Mr. Morgan does not lay his color on too thickly. He gives you just enough to bring the savor of those dear, dead days (rather George Mooreish, come to think of it) sweetly into your nostrils without clogging them. His Thérèse is definitely a part of this background, with her charming theatricality, her peculiar *arrivisme*, her Yvette Guilbert charm. I don't quite believe in her, any more than I do in the saintly-earthy Barbet, but I like her, as a deftly spun figure of romance.

Mr. Morgan, in addition to being a novelist and a Womrath metaphysician, is a dramatic critic of considerable acumen. Some of the best things in the book have to do with acting in general, and with the tantalizing, subtle, evanescent, immeasurably poignant art of the *diseuse* in particular. Through the mouths of his characters—Barbet, Thérèse, the worldly and skeptical Courcelet, the shrewd impresario Plence—he gets said what seem to me many acute things and some very beautiful ones about the art of the music hall, the art in which the folk element and the element of sophistication are so strangely and often so wonderfully blended.

Altogether, "The Voyage," though far less oracular and pretentious than Mr. Morgan's other novels, is still fairly fancy for gross tastes like my own. It is best in isolated scenes and passages, in its delineation of the bohemian life of the period, in its post-Impressionist landscapes, and in its dulcet love scenes—very uncarnal, by the way. It is best, in other words, when Mr. Morgan is not delivering heavily freighted messages about the good life and the pure man and the invulnerable soul.

I should also add that the style of



"Lewis Gannett liked it, Harry Hansen liked it, William Rose Benét liked it, and Mrs. Roosevelt liked it, but it really isn't terribly good."

"The Voyage" is far less fancy than that of "Sparkenbroke." Mr. Morgan has not yet learned to take eloquence and wring its neck, but he is further along than he was five years ago in the direction of clean and lucid, though never vigorous, English prose. In fact, if he will stop worrying about being a stylist (that was the obsession, remember, that finally made his master, George Moore, unreadable), he should very soon command a good style.

William Carlos Williams, whose talents as a novelist have still to be properly evaluated, has written a sequel to "White Mule." He calls it "In the Money," and it's about the same Stecher family (Joe and Gurlie and their children, Flossie and Lottie), which too few readers, I fear, will remember from the earlier book. "In the Money" is a kind of radio serial rewritten by a serious artist: a succession of domestic trials, triumphs, and tribulations forming the content, but transfigured by Dr. Williams' patient and almost surgically dexterous feeling for the essence of the minutiae of American middle-class life. As in the first book, the children steal the show. It's not a very exciting show, by the way, and the author's style is transparently simple, almost to the point of monotony. I merely feel that there is nothing here not honestly observed, truly felt. Dr. Williams' effectiveness lies in his refusal to make use of effects.

—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sergeant Lamb's America, by Robert Graves. Mr. Graves turns his considerable historical-novel talents to our own Revolution, and writes a tale of the American colonies in the seventeen-seventies from the standpoint of a British soldier. You'll get a new point of view on the Boston Massacre, the famous tea-dumping, the riotous Liberty Boys, that rapscallion Samuel Adams, and his stooge, the estimable Mr. Hancock. Lively reading, with perhaps too much history and not enough novel.

Give Me Liberty, by John Erskine. Compared to Mr. Graves' serious piece of work, Mr. Erskine's story of Patrick Henry and the early days of liberty in Virginia is almost frivolous. The fortunes of a young Virginian (not much interested in politics), his new wife, and Henry himself lead up to the famous speech as a grand climax. It is probably not Mr.

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The many thousands who read *The Fountain* will find here the fulfillment of Charles Morgan's superb talents. We recommend as the Fall novel New Yorker readers will most enjoy—

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Erskine's fault that the speech, with its ringing ending, is the best part of the novel, as pertinent and powerful today as it was when it was delivered.

A MAN'S PLACE, by Ramón J. Sender, translated from the Spanish by Oliver La Farge. A novel of Spain from 1910 to 1925. The poorest man in town disappears for fourteen years. As a result, two men are physically tortured for his murder, the Liberal Party goes out of office, various wives are unfaithful to their husbands, and the town's head man loses his property and almost his life. The moral is that a small pebble makes ever-widening circles in a pond. Written with great neatness and competence, and with overtones that reach beyond the simple picture of a little village in a backward country.

NO. 21 CASTLE STREET, by H. W. Katz, translated from the German by Norbert Guterman. An almost too painful story of man's inhumanity to man. The main characters are a family of Galician Jews; the place is Germany; the time, 1914 to 1933. War, blockade, inflation, and depression have to be lived through. These combine to create the Nazis, who make the earlier misfortunes seem mild. A familiar tale, but Herr Katz tells it poignantly.

THE FIELDS OF PARADISE, by Ralph Bates. The story of a remote village in Mexico, the political bosses who terrorize it, and its rescue by a simple and sincere man with faith in himself and in his neighbors. The Mexican background is authentic and colorful. The struggle between a reckless and domineering aristocracy and the subdued masses is profoundly described not as peculiar to Mexico but as applicable to the whole world.

OLIVES ON THE APPLE TREE, by Guido d'Agostino. A novel of Americans in the making. Some of them adopt only the most superficial and unworthy customs of their new land; some are able to see farther, to the moral roots by which the best of us can hope to live. Mr. d'Agostino's Italian immigrants are warm-blooded and credible. Young Dr. Emilio, who wants to be an American in a hurry, is no less touching than Marco, the itinerant laborer, who is eager to discover and apply to himself the sound and true bases of American life.

GENERAL

A SURGEON EXPLAINS TO THE LAYMAN, by M. Benmosché, M.D. A sound book—well organized, reassur-

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HOME TOWN, by Sherwood Anderson. Nostalgic text-and-picture book that catches the tone of American small-town life from Vermont to Alabama. The Farm Security Administration contributes 111 first-rate documentary photographs by Marion Post, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and others. Part of the Face of America Series.

HARBOR OF THE SUN, by Max Miller. Rather easygoing history of San Diego, oldest port on our West Coast, and its long muster of Spaniards, Indians, pirates, whalers, Mormons, soldiers, and the rest, plus an account of modern tuna fishing and the naval and air base. In the Seaport Series. Illustrated.

ROGER FRY, by Virginia Woolf. This biography of the English art critic is a record of his versatile career, much of it from his own writings, and a revaluation of his work as a painter; it is also a tranquil, distinguished study of artistic sensibility, its growth and mutations, its products and effects. A skillful job in which Mrs. Woolf makes every fact count. Illustrated.

EYE WITNESS, by members of the Overseas Press Club of America, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. Twenty-three foreign correspondents' tales about happenings in Nicaragua, France, China, British Somaliland, and so on, by Linton Wells, Emil Lengyel, Eugene Lyons, and others. A few thrillers, but the book is not up to this group's previous volume, "The Inside Story."

SONS OF SINBAD, by Alan Villiers. Voyages in the Arabian Sea (including a trip in a dhow) and down the east coast of Africa to Zanzibar, pearl fishing in the Persian Gulf, etc. A-1 travel adventure, done in the author's best seagoing style. The descriptions of traditional Arab vessels will be of special interest to yachtsmen. Charts and photographs by Mr. Villiers.

AUTHOR IN TRANSIT, by Lancelot Hogben. The Germans called unannounced at Oslo one morning last April, and the British author of "Mathematics for the Million" had just time enough to depart for England by way of Sweden, Russia, Japan, Hawaii, and the United

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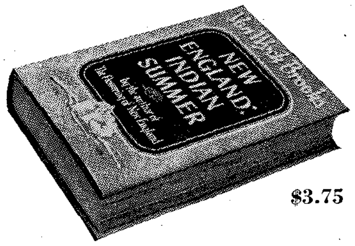

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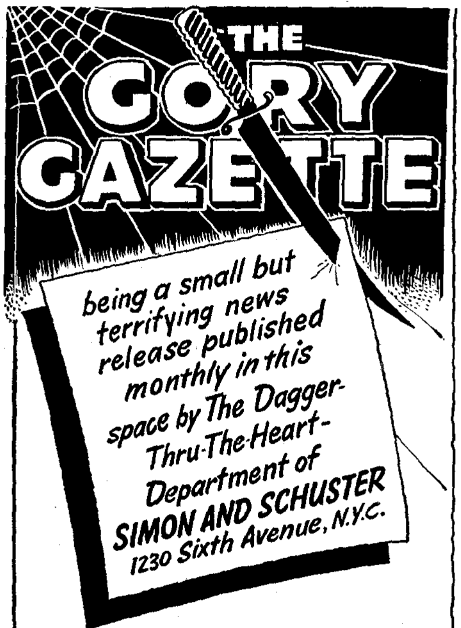
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GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
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The Gory Gazette is a paper for people who shudder. It will be entirely about Inner Sanctum Mysteries, which have been appearing with fits and starts (our editorial fits, reader's starts) for the past few years. It will be uncompromising in printing no advertising but its own. And it will appear in this space monthly.

Here's why. We (or I, if you're going to quibble) are Simon and Schuster's No. 1 murder aficionado. Armed with Sales Charts and a blunt instrument, we recently went into a huddle with other members of the Dagger-Thru-the-Heart Department. We emerged bloody but unbowed, and committed to a Program.

We said we'd publish one Inner Sanctum Mystery a month. We said we'd get a new trademark (note the Perfect Mystery Fan below). And that we'd talk about ourselves in a monthly column. Q.E.D.—*The Gory Gazette.*

This efficient précis so gratified us that we sat around in a dreamy stupor of satisfaction for a couple of weeks, until it was pointed out to us that we had been scooped on our own beat. The first Inner Sanctum Mystery—*The Goose Is Cooked* by EMMETT HOGARTH—had been making mystery history since September 13th while *The Gory Gazette* fiddled.

"All right," we said inadequately, "we'll make headline stuff of the second Inner Sanctum Mystery, just published":

SING A SONG OF HOMICIDE
by James R. Langham

Twin Homicide, Political Skullduggery Uncovered by Special Investigator Sammy Abbott, Alleged Killer

And whereas we refuse to use our own adjectives we unhesitatingly quote Will Cuppy of the Herald Tribune, who says: "The mood is merry, with just enough bodies to add a grim note—a mystery that makes you forget your troubles."

The Gory Gazette would not be dealing fairly with its readers if it didn't add that anyone who is reading this column when he could be reading *The Goose Is Cooked* and/or *Sing A Song of Homicide* is frittering away his time.

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The second Friday every month is Inner Sanctum Mystery Day

States. Aside from being a timely first-hand report on the countries visited en route, Mr. Hogben's entertaining travelogue is full of equable wit and well-informed comment.

LET THERE BE SCULPTURE, by Jacob Epstein. Full-bodied, rambling autobiography of the English-American sculptor. Reminiscences of London, Paris, and New York; the "thirty years' war" over Mr. Epstein's work, especially the Strand statues; and recollections of friends and sitters, among them Lady Gregory, Conrad, Einstein, Shaw, and Haile Selassie. Illustrated.

ALL OUT!, by Samuel Grafton. Pointing a moral in the experience of France and Britain, the author argues that democracy's best defence is "total democracy," which should begin by putting our ten million unemployed to work, on government rearmament projects if necessary. A hard-hitting pamphlet by this New York *Post* columnist—too black-and-white, but worth reading.

ARTISTS SAY THE SILLIEST THINGS, by Guy Pène du Bois. There's little here to illuminate either the theory or the practice of painting, but as a straight autobiography of a man who's been around a good deal in his fifty-odd years, it's lively reading.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BUCHAREST BALLERINA MURDERS, by Van Wyck Mason. Major Hugh North, of G-2, United States Army, digs up a secret formula, is threatened by Russian secret police, survives an air raid, charges a portion of the Rumanian Army, and comes out of it all safe and sound. This story, centred in Cernăuţi, Rumania, combines authentic-sounding atmosphere with weakish melodrama.

DEATH OF A PEER, by Ngaio Marsh. Uncle G. gets a skewer in the eye and the Lamprey family gets the title, the cash, and Scotland Yard on its doorstep in this neat piece by the author of "Death at the Bar." A few too many pages proving the Yard's ability to keep track of where everyone was when, but the writing is expert.

•

The militarisation of national consciousness has increased the demand for good wind players and a special appeal has to be made at this time to speed up a supply of good brasses.—*From a letter from the Committee on Musical Training and Scholarships of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society.*

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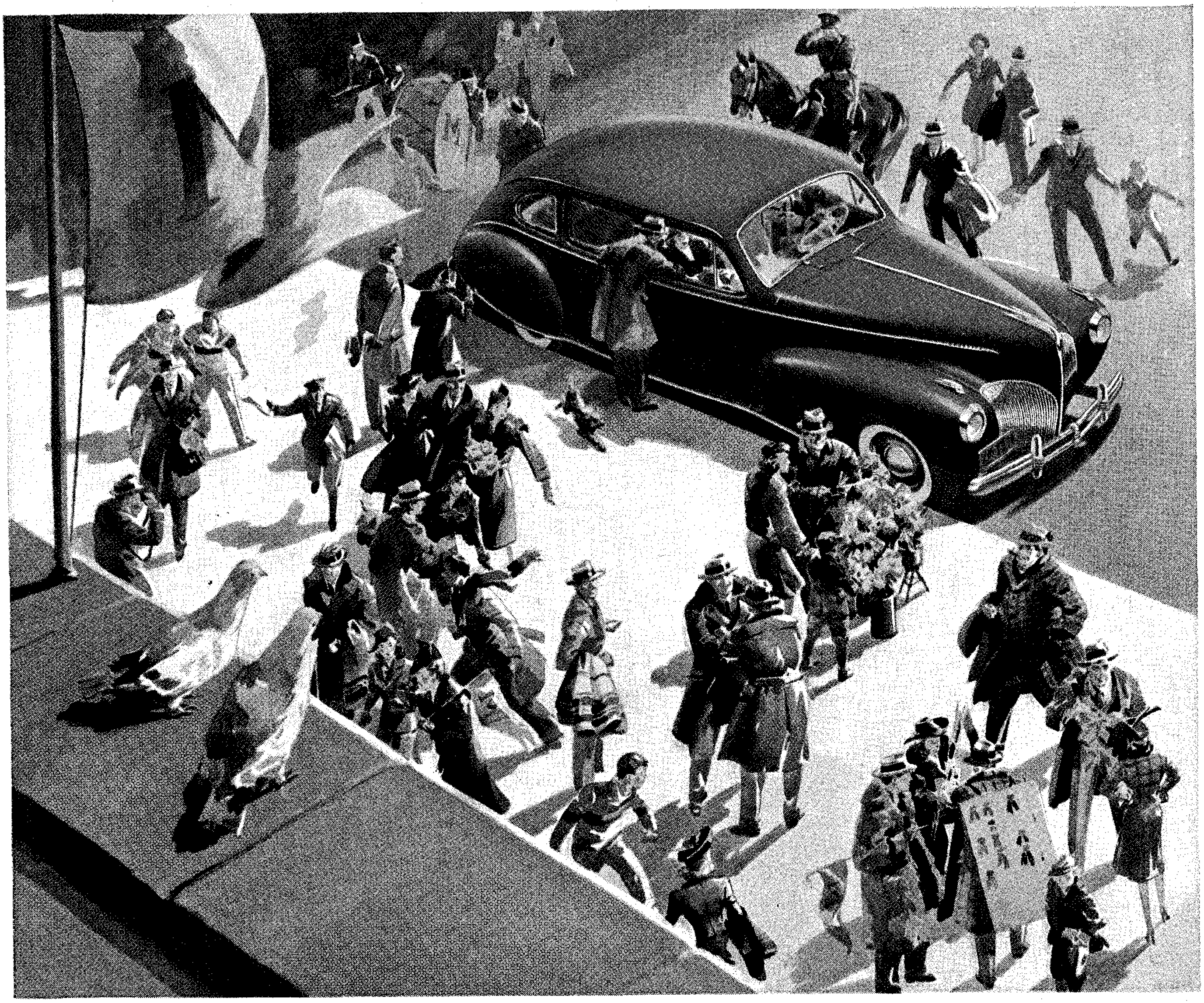

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A QUESTION: "Which cigarette really does get the finer tobaccos?"

Well, ask most independent experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—and they'll tell you: Luckies!

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

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With men who know tobacco best_ it's LUCKIES 2 to 1